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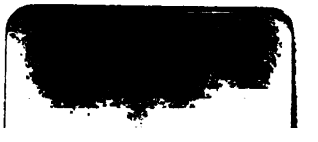

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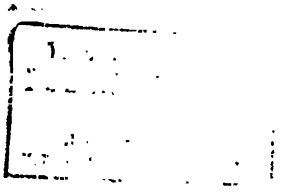

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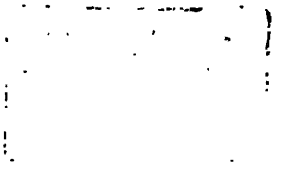

Edmund Gosse

Edmund Gosse

THE APPRECIATON OF POETRY

By Edmund Gosse

There never was a time when it was more essential than it is to-day to keep clearly before us the sovereign value of the best poetry, and to comprehend what the basis of its supremacy is. We are invaded by an enormous flood of cheap and commonplace literature, prepared to attract, and, for a few moments, to amuse tens of thousands of undisciplined readers, who cultivate on such food an appetite for more and more entertainment of the same kind. The traditional barriers of good taste, which made the many who did not appreciate the best bow to the judgment of the few who did, are broken down. It is quite customary to find people of finer instincts so disheartened in the face of all the gaudy trash that is circulated by the million in cheap newspapers and cheaper magazines, that they are prepared to give up the struggle. The time, they say, in which really admirable literature was a power, is over. This is the age of charlatanry and shoddy, they tell us, and it is useless to kick against the pricks. The human race has decided that the noblest things offer too great a strain to its weariness, and for the future it means to be comfortable with what is base and common. The era of poetry, these melancholy people declare to us, is over for ever.

This pessimistic view I hold to be as false as it is cowardly. As long as two people could be brought together who would read Milton or Keats, in unison, with the old rapture, the era of poetry would not be over. Indeed, even these two might be submerged, and a materialistic vulgarity engulph the entire world for a genera-

tion, and yet the poetic instinct would revive, because it is based on an essential requirement of human nature. But this dismal conception of what we are drifting towards, with our growing disposition for the cheap and trumpery, contains one element of valuable truth. It emphasises the fact that the best poetry is absolutely out of sympathy with, is diametrically opposed to, what is common, false, and ignoble. The croakers are perfectly right so far, that if the entire world were brought down to the level of taste for which the threepenny-halfpenny magazine caters, there would there and then ensue, for the time being, an end of the influence of poetry, because poetry cannot breathe in the baser element. But, fortunately, vulgarity can never absolutely invade an entire race; there must always be some—even if only a few, yet a few,—who are striving after the higher truth and the higher seriousness which Aristotle names as the qualities that distinguish poetry.

Nearly twenty years ago, in a famous essay, Matthew Arnold endeavoured to define what were meant by "truth" and "seriousness" in this respect. Suggestive as his introduction to poetry was, it does not entirely meet the requirements of those who ask in what great poetry consists. Arnold deals too exclusively with ideas, and with brief arrangements of words judged in relation to the ideas they express. What he says, and what he quotes, in this connection are valuable, but he is found to be confining himself to the quality of poetry; it will also be found that there are but few of his remarks which might not be directly adapted to examples of the highest prose. In the course of this essay, Matthew Arnold appears unwilling to speak of the art of verse, and yet the almost plastic characteristics of execution which essentially distinguish verse from prose must be considered in any really useful attempt to define the nature of the pleasure which poetry gives us. Perhaps, like several great poets, and Tennyson in particular, Matthew Arnold thought this should be kept a mystery, and not discussed in any way with the world at large. But nowadays it is useless to try to exclude the curious from any of the habits of the man of genius.

The poet, then, is distinguished by writing in verse or metre.

This is his medium, as oil or water-colour is the medium of a painter, and clay or marble that of a sculptor. Even those who break up prosody, and desire to resist the rules of verse, like Walt Whitman or the latest French and Belgian experimentalists, produce something in its place which forms a medium of the same kind as verse. It would be convenient if the word "poet" had remained exclusively in use for the practice of the art of verse, as "painter" and "sculptor" for that of their respective arts; but it has come to take a sentimental as well as a technical sense, and to mean a man of exalted and imaginative ideas. So that even Sir Philip Sidney, encouraging this heresy three hundred years ago, says, "It is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet." If he meant it in the sense in which he might have said, It is not brushes and a palette that make a painter, we can fully endorse his dictum, but if he meant that a man could be a poet and not write in verse, he uttered a dangerous although a common paradox.

The poet therefore writes in verse, and this is an artificial arrangement of words which must be taken into consideration first of all when we are discussing the magic of great poetry. Rhyme is an ornament suited to certain forms of song in certain languages, but it is far from being universal. Metre, on the other hand, is absolutely essential to our conception of civilised poetry, and even in races so far removed from our intellectual sympathy as the Japanese we find that from earliest times there have been obeyed rules of prosody which we can perfectly comprehend. The technical skill in verse which gives predominance in this department of poetry has been unequally distributed among the great poets. Milton, for instance, had a more delicate ear and a more far-spreading mastery over the instrument of verse than any other man who ever lived. Byron, on the other hand, was so weak in this respect that he has frequently been surpassed, as a metrical artist, by versifiers of the third or fourth rank. This does not settle the whole question of the relative value of poets, but it is an element in the final decision. Milton is such an adept in blank verse that he can bewitch us with a mere list of

proper names or a string of places. The pleasure which we receive from the melody of

> From Auran eastward to the royal towers
> Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
> Or where the sons of Eden long before
> Dwelt in Telassar,

is not a moral and is scarcely an intellectual one, but is sensuous, and founded on the exquisite art with which the greatest virtuoso in verse who has ever lived arranged the stops of his blank verse.

So, also, in the daintier parts of lyrical poetry, the senses are deliciously stirred by the alternations of rhyme in the songs of Shelley or Tennyson, or by the mellifluous assonances and alliterations of Poe. These are the legitimate and the necessary, although not the loftiest, concomitants of great poetry. The poets, with marked adroitness, introduce these appeals to the ear into some of their most abstruse meditations, as Mr. Swinburne relieves the dry thought of a very transcendental lyric with such pure melody as—

> By rose-hung river and light-foot rill
> There are who rest not; who think long
> Till they discern as from a hill,
> At the sun's hour of morning song,
> Known of souls only, and those souls free,
> The sacred spaces of the sea.

To scorn those beauties which form the basis of poetic pleasure because of their limitations, is unphilosophic; and those who underrate metrical execution have a difficulty in explaining to us why it is that the great poets have, with very rare exceptions, been marvellous technical artists in verse. One very obvious advantage which Shakespeare possesses over all his contemporaries is the variety, melody, and richness of his verse-effects. In all the great writers — it would be difficult to say why — a thought is found to gain splendour and definition by the mere fact of its being set in a verse-arrangement of perfect beauty. That everything in the order of nature is subservient to the human race, for instance, is not a very rousing idea, until Dryden clothes it in his organ-melody—

From harmony, divinest harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man,

and then we perceive and then we accept, with deep emotion, the majestic intelligence.

Wordsworth has observed that "the young, who in nothing can escape delusion, are especially subject to it in their intercourse with Poetry." That is to say, inexperienced persons are particularly liable to be deceived as to what is a good and what a bad poem. For this reason, I think the definite criterion of prosody a very valuable one in the training of the imagination. Before we attempt to deal with images and ideas, the ear of a child may be so delicately taught to respond to the intricacies and melodies of verse that it may start with a tendency in the right direction. If a young person is conscious of the enchantment of mere sound in "Lycidas" or in "The Lotus Eaters," there is already made a sensible advance towards his or her appreciation of the greatest poetry. The fact that really fine verse-writing rarely fails to distinguish the master-poets tends to give the tentative reader confidence. He finds a passage magnificently composed, and he is justified in expecting to find it not less splendidly supplied with thought and passion.

After metre, or its equivalents, the most radical part of poetry is the diction. Common speech transfers our meaning to our interlocutors with as little parade as possible; written prose has a more starched and self-conscious air, yet it aims at a straightforward statement of fact, without embroidery. But in poetry, the art of diction becomes essential. It is no longer purely what is said that is of moment, but how it is said is also of prime importance. The language of the poet is not that of ordinary life, and yet he is capable of error no less in boldly pushing too far beyond the common-place, than in timidly hugging the shore of it. In certain ages, as for instance in the eighteenth century, what the poets aimed at was a strenuous clearness and precision of diction;

their danger was to become prosaic in the effort of their reserve. Towards the middle of the seventeenth, as now at the close of the nineteenth century, the poets wished to dazzle us by the violent brilliance of their language; the snare of such an effort is that the poetry may become gaudy and unintelligible. Here, then, comes in the second requirement in one who studies verse,—he must learn to discriminate in questions of diction. He must be able to distinguish the virginal delicacy of an ode by Collins from the clay-cold dulness of one by Akenside; and he must be fired by the gorgeous parts of one of Crashaw's rhapsodies, without condoning the faults and ugliness of the merely grotesque passages.

One of the first lessons a reader will endeavour to learn with regard to poetry is the paramount value of a pure style. Purity may be allied to an extreme simplicity, to an intricate variety of thoughts and illustrations, or to a sublime magnificence of ornament. Hence in Chaucer, in Browning, in Milton alike we observe a genuine purity of style, yet expressed in forms so widely divergent that the beginner is apt to think them incompatible. Without this element, no expenditure of wit or intellect or learning or audacious force of literary character can ever suffice to keep a poet's writings vivid. The most extraordinary instance of this is John Donne, who probably brought to the service of poetry a greater array of qualities than any other man, outside the very highest class, has done in England. He was a complete heretic as to purity of style, and only began to reform when the briskness of his genius had evaporated. Consequently, when he writes such lines as—

> O more than Moon,
> Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere!

or

> I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
> Who died before the god of love was born,

being driven by stress of poetical passion into the momentary adoption of a pure style, he is comparable in these with Shakespeare or Coleridge; but such passages are mere islands, now, in a sea made turbid with radical offences against taste and reasonableness.

It may be questioned whether, at the present moment, there are not one or two flagrant Donnes flourishing on the English Parnassus.

It is absolutely necessary for the reader of the great poetry of the world to realise the solemnity of the poet's mission. He bends to entertain and even to divert us, but this is only in his easier moments. In him some of the old prophetic spirit lingers; he does not approach the public cap in hand, but he pronounces august truths, involved in forms of perennial beauty, which are just as beautiful, and just as true, whether mankind appreciates them or not. The poet emphasises the charm and mystery of nature, but he himself is more than any scenery—

> He murmurs near the running brooks
> A music sweeter than their own;

he takes the elements of the material world, and acts with them, not as an analyser, but as a maker, since

> Out of these, create he can
> Forms more real than living man,
> Nurselings of immortality.

The reader, therefore, sincerely desirous of being affected by the poets, submits his emotions and his intelligence to their prophetic teaching. He allows them to excite and uplift him; he does not resist the afflatus. Borne along upon the stream of melody, enraptured by the ceaseless pleasure produced by felicitous diction, the reader subjects his own spirit to that of the poet. Thus, not grudgingly, but eager to be pleased and blessed, he places himself in that passive and receptive condition which renders him open to the impressions of what Coleridge calls "the aggregative and associative power" of poetic fancy working in a perfectly favourable medium. It is because the maturity of youth is especially free from accidents which disturb this complete communion with the creative arts that young men and women, in their early prime, are particularly apt students of the best poetry. They are hindered neither by the ignorance of childhood nor the prejudice of age from submitting with an absolute suppleness of temperament to the

magic of the poet; and they arrive at the condition which Shakespeare describes in himself,

> When in the chronicle of wasted time
> I see description of the fairest wights,
> And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
> In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,

becoming, in the trance of fancy, himself a portion of this enchanting and shadowy procession.

For this purpose, a study of the best models is notoriously efficacious. But how are the best models to be discovered? Here an essentially modern heresy is surely to be guarded against. The fashion of to-day is to take no standard of taste, but what is called "the personality" of the reader. That is to say, the latter is to choose his poets as he chooses his flowers, because their colours and their perfumes are agreeable to him, or his fruits, because his palate approves of their flavours. But this is to place far too much confidence in the rude and untaught instinct. The perfectly naïve and ignorant person will not choose poetry successfully. In the first place, until the movement of metre and the exactitude of rhyme are taught, these are not healthily perceived by the ear. In the second place, a jingle will be preferred to a harmony, and an ambling narrative in ballad-measure to a masterpiece of concentrated lyrical passion. The natural man in his savage state—and he is none the less savage because semi-educated at a board-school—cannot be trusted to form a single instinctive impression of poetry.

The beauty of poetry, and the criterion by which that beauty can be discerned and weighed, have to be learned; this art does not appeal by instinct to the average sensual person. It is an initiation; it is a religion; and its rites are to be mastered only by a humble subjection to authority. Authority tells the young man that certain ancient productions are of extraordinary beauty. He is to believe that in Chaucer, in Spenser, in Milton, in Burns, in Shelley, in Keats, are to be found the masses of poetic substance, differing in specific character, but all generically one in their absolute excellence. The reader must take this at first on faith.

He may, in his inmost heart, find *The Knight's Tale* dull, be unable to understand *Epipsychidion*, be bewildered and affronted by the dry light of *Paradise Regained*. But he must understand that there are only two horns to his dilemma; it must either be that he has not a natural aptitude for appreciating poetry, or that sympathy and care are required to reveal to him the significance of these particular works. He must never suppose that a third horn exists, namely, that, because he does not find himself exhilarated by these particular poems, therefore they are not good. Meanwhile, if he is modest, tradition whispers to him that there are easier steps to an appreciation of Milton and Shelley and Chaucer than those upon which he has too ambitiously started.

The definition of poetry by Matthew Arnold, as "a criticism of life" has been widely objected to. It was, perhaps, not very happily expressed, but Arnold's meaning has been miscomprehended. He tried to condense in a neat formula an idea which cannot, it may be, find its adequate expression in so few words. Yet that idea is the basis of a just appreciation of what the best poetry is and should be to us. "Well may we mourn," says Arnold himself in another place—

> when the head
> Of a sacred poet lies low
> In an age which can rear them no more!
> The complaining millions of men
> Darken in labour and pain;
> But he was a priest to us all
> Of the wonder and bloom of the world,
> Which we saw with his eyes, and were glad.
> He is dead, and the fruit-bearing day
> Of his race is past on the earth;
> And darkness returns to our eyes.

Shelley has left us a definition which is more precise, although more transcendental than Arnold's. He says, in that Platonic "Defence of Poetry" which is too seldom studied,—"A poem is the very image of life expressed in its external truth." In other words, the great poet creates in his art a reflection of the forms of human nature, which remain there by a miracle after the actions which inspired them have passed away, as though the bosom of a little

lake in the mountains should preserve the reflected splendours of the sunrise untarnished through long hours of the common light of day. The principle of life is ceaseless procession, ceaseless revolution; the deeds and days of man hurry away, and are pushed into oblivion by their successors. But, since the beginning of civilisation, poetry has selected for preservation certain typical relations, combined shapes of beauty and pathos caught in the ever-revolving kaleidoscope. It is in this sense that poetry is, as Matthew Arnold felt it to be, a criticism of life itself.

The soul is kept alive by incessant reminders of the existence of its two great inspiring forces, the Heavenly and the Earthly Beauty. All that we call good and wise and desirable, moves under the sway of the imagination. Virtue itself is not passive, but active, and is the direct result of the identification of the soul with what is beautiful. No impulse of moral value can be followed, no work of passion or comprehension executed, without an appeal to the imaginative faculty. This faculty, however, would in many respects be vague in us, and would certainly be liable to heresies and vacillations to a much greater degree than happily it now is, were it not for Art, and particularly for Poetry, the divinest of the arts. The more intense is the impression of moral beauty, the more impassioned will be the appreciation of the purest and most perfect verse. Nor is this axiom belied by the accident that some of the most virtuous of men and women are congenitally deprived of appreciation of the plastic forms of poetry.

It is, however, to be sincerely regretted that there should be any, in whom the interior and spiritual light burns, who are deprived of the external and, as we may say, physical consolations of poetry. In all such cases, it is probable that the lack of enjoyment comes from a neglect of the best models and of guidance in taste at the early stages of mental development. There is less and less excuse for any one who endures the lack of these advantages. The best school, nay, the only wholesome school, for the appreciation of poetry is the reading of poetry. Let the student assure himself that he is provided with what the tradition of criticism has found to be the very noblest, and let him read that carefully and eagerly,

if possible aloud, to himself and then to others, with a humble enthusiasm; it is strange, indeed, if the mysterious sources of poetical pleasure are not opened to him. Read the best, will be our final charge,—only the best, but the best over and over and over again.

Edmund Gosse

EGERIA AND NUMA.

By LORD BYRON.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring;—whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy, creep,

Fantastically tangled; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven seems colored by its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
The purple Midnight veiled that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamored Goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love — the earliest oracle!

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
Blend a celestial with a human heart;
And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
Share with immortal transports? could thine art
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart —
The dull satiety which all destroys —
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloys?

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

I.

BY LIVY.

[For biographical sketch, see page 368, Vol. 2.]

THE Tarquins had fled to Lars Porsena, king of Clusium. There, mixing advice with their entreaties, they sometimes besought him not to suffer them, who were descended from the Etrurians, and of the same blood and name, to live in exile and poverty; at other times they advised him not to let this commencing practice of expelling kings pass unpunished. That liberty has charms enough in itself; and unless kings defend their crowns with as much vigor as the people pursue their liberty, that the highest must be reduced to a level with the lowest; there will be nothing exalted, nothing distinguished above the rest; and hence there must be an end of regal government, the most beautiful institution both among gods and men. Porsena, thinking that it would be an honor to the Tuscans both that there should be a king at Rome, and especially one of the Etrurian nation, marched towards Rome with a hos-

tile army. Never before on any other occasion did so great terror seize the senate; so powerful was the state of Clusium at the time, and so great the renown of Porsena. Nor did they only dread their enemies, but even their own citizens, lest the common people, through excess of fear, should, by receiving the Tarquins into the city, accept peace even if purchased with slavery. Many conciliatory concessions were therefore granted to the people by the senate during that period.

Some parts [of Rome] seemed secured by the walls, others by the interposition of the Tiber. The Sublician bridge well-nigh afforded a passage to the enemy, had there not been one man, Horatius Cocles (that defense the fortune of Rome had on that day), who, happening to be posted on guard at the bridge, when he saw the Janiculum taken by a sudden assault, and that the enemy were pouring down from thence in full speed, and that his own party, in terror and confusion, were abandoning their arms and ranks, laying hold of them one by one, standing in their way, and appealing to the faith of gods and men, he declared, that "their flight would avail them nothing if they deserted their post; if they passed the bridge and left it behind them, there would soon be more of the enemy in the Palatium and Capitol than in the Janiculum; for that reason he advised and charged them to demolish the bridge, by their sword, by fire, or by any means whatever; that he would stand the shock of the enemy as far as could be done by one man." He then advances to the first entrance of the bridge, and being easily distinguished among those who showed their backs in retreating from the fight, facing about to engage the foe hand to hand, by his surprising bravery he terrified the enemy.

Two indeed a sense of shame kept with him, Sp. Lartius and T. Herminius, men eminent for their birth, and renowned for their gallant exploits. With them he for a short time stood the first storm of the danger, and the severest brunt of the battle. But as they who demolished the bridge called upon them to retire, he obliged them also to withdraw to a place of safety on a small portion of the bridge still left. Then casting his stern eyes round all the officers of the Etrurians in a threatening manner, he sometimes challenged them singly, sometimes reproached them all; "the slaves of haughty tyrants, who, regardless of their own freedom, came to oppress the liberty of others." They hesitated for a considerable time, looking round one at the other, to commence the fight; shame then put the

army in motion, and a shout being raised, they hurl their weapons from all sides on their single adversary; and when they all stuck in the shield held before him, and he with no less obstinacy kept possession of the bridge with firm step, they now endeavored to thrust him down from it by one push, when at once the crash of the falling bridge, at the same time a shout of the Romans raised for joy at having completed their purpose, checked their ardor with sudden panic. Then Cocles says, "Holy father Tiberinus, I pray that thou wouldst receive these arms, and this thy soldier, in thy propitious stream." Armed as he was, he leaped into the Tiber, and amid showers of darts hurled on him, swam across safe to his party, having dared an act which is likely to obtain more fame than credit with posterity.

The state was grateful towards such valor; a statue was erected to him in the comitium, and as much land was given to him as he plowed around in one day. The zeal of private individuals also was conspicuous among the public honors. For, amid the great scarcity, each person contributed something to him according to his supply at home depriving himself of his own support.

II.

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. 2, p. 387.]

THERE can be little doubt that among those parts of early Roman history which had a poetical origin was the legend of Horatius Cocles. We have several versions of the story, and these versions differ from each other in points of no small importance. Polybius, there is reason to believe, heard the tale recited over the remains of some consul or prætor descended from the old Horatian patricians; for he introduces it as a specimen of the narratives with which the Romans were in the habit of embellishing their funeral oratory. It is remarkable that, according to him, Horatius defended the bridge alone, and perished in the waters. According to the chronicles which Livy and Dionysius followed, Horatius had two companions, swam safe to shore, and was loaded with honors and rewards.

These discrepancies are easily explained. Our own litera-

ture, indeed, will furnish an exact parallel to what may have taken place at Rome. It is highly probable that the memory of the war of Porsena was preserved by compositions much resembling the two ballads which stand first in the "Relics of Ancient English Poetry." In both those ballads the English, commanded by the Percy, fight with the Scots, commanded by the Douglas. In one of the ballads the Douglas is killed by a nameless English archer, and the Percy by a Scottish spearman: in the other, the Percy slays the Douglas in single combat, and is himself made prisoner. In the former, Sir Hugh Montgomery is shot through the heart by a Northumbrian bowman: in the latter he is taken, and exchanged for the Percy. Yet both the ballads relate to the same event, and that an event which probably took place within the memory of persons who were alive when both the ballads were made. One of the minstrels says: —

> Old men that knowen the grounde well yenoughe
> Call it the battell of Otterburn:
> At Otterburn began this spurne
> Upon a monnyn day.
> Ther was the dougghte Doglas slean:
> The Perse never went away.

The other poet sums up the event in the following lines: —

> Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne
> Bytwene the nyghte and the day:
> Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
> And the Percy was lede away.

It is by no means unlikely that there were two old Roman lays about the defense of the bridge; and that, while the story which Livy has transmitted to us was preferred by the multitude, the other, which ascribed the whole glory to Horatius alone, may have been the favorite with the Horatian house.

The following ballad is supposed to have been made about a hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. The author seems to have been an honest citizen, proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining after good old times which had never really existed. The allusion, however, to the partial manner in which the public lands were allotted could proceed only from a plebeian; and the allusion to the fraudulent sale of spoils marks the date of the poem, and shows that the poet shared in the general discontent with

which the proceedings of Camillus, after the taking of Veii, were regarded.

Niebuhr's supposition that each of the three defenders of the bridge was the representative of one of the three patrician tribes is both ingenious and probable, and has been adopted in the following poem.

HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX.

I.

Lars Porsena of Clusium
  By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
  And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
  To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
  The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
  Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
  Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
  Is on the march for Rome.

III.

The horsemen and the footmen
  Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market place;
  From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
  Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
  Of purple Apennine;

IV.

From lordly Volaterræ,
  Where scowls the far-famed hold

Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain tops
Fringing the southern sky;

V.

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

VI.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

VII.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the waterfowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

VIII.

The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap,
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

IX.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

X.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

XI.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

XII.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.

A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

XIV.

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburned husbandmen
With reaping hooks and staves,

XV.

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

XVII.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

XVIII.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith uprose the Consul,
Uprose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

XIX.

They held a council standing
Before the River Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

XX.

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

XXI.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,
  Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
  Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
  Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
  The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII.

And plainly and more plainly
  Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
  Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
  On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
  By reedy Thrasymene.

XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard,
  O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
  Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
  Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
  That wrought the deed of shame.

XXV.

But when the face of Sextus
  Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
  From all the town arose.
On the house tops was no woman
  But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
  And shook its little fist.

XXVI.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

XXVII.

Then outspake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

XXVIII.

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

XXIX.

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

XXX.

Then outspake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

And outspake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

XXXI.

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

XXXII.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

XXXIII.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

XXXIV.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an ax:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
  Right glorious to behold
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
  Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
  A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
  Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI.

The Three stood calm and silent,
  And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
  From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
  Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
  To win the narrow way;

XXXVII.

Aunus from green Tifernum,
  Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
  Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
  Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
  O'er the pale waves of Nar.

XXXVIII.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
  Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
  And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
  Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
  Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
  Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
  The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
  Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
  Along Albinia's shore.

XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns:
  Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
  Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
  No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
  Thy thrice accursed sail."

XLI.

But now no sound of laughter
  Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
  From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance
  Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
  To win the narrow way.

XLII.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
  And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
  Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
  Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
  Which none but he can wield.

XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XLV.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,

And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

XLVIII.

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

XLIX.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

L.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet peal
Dies fitfully away.

LI.

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;

Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

LII.

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII.

But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

LIV.

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more

LV.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

LVII.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

LVIII.

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

LIX.

"Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,

With parted lips and straining eyes,
  Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
  They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
  Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,
  Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
  And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
  And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
  But still again he rose.

LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
  In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
  Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
  By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
  Bore bravely up his chin.

LXIII.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
  "Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
  We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
  "And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
  Was never seen before."

LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom;
  Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
  To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
  And noise of weeping loud,

He enters through the River Gate,
  Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV.

They gave him of the corn land,
  That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
  Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
  And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
  To witness if I lie.

LXVI.

It stands in the Comitium
  Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
  Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
  In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

LXVII.

And still his name sounds stirring
  Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet blast that cries to them
  To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
  For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
  In the brave days of old.

LXVIII.

And in the nights of winter,
  When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
  Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
  Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
  Roar louder yet within;

LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

LXX.

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THE POET'S FUNCTION.

I.

By ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams: —
World losers and world forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the makers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful, deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
  In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
  And Babel itself with our mirth;
And o'erthrow them with prophesying
  To the Old of the New World's worth:
For each age is a dream that is dying,
  Or one that is coming to birth.

II.

By ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Come, poet, come!
A thousand laborers ply their task,
And what it tends to, scarcely ask.
And trembling thinkers on the brink
Shiver, and know not what to think.
To tell the purport of their pain,
And what our silly joys contain;
In lasting lineaments portray
The substance of the shadowy day;
Our real and inner deeds rehearse,
And make our meaning clear in verse—
Come, poet, come! for but in vain
We do the work or feel the pain,
And gather up the evening gain,
Unless before the end thou come
To take, ere they are lost, their sum.

Come, poet, come!
To give an utterance to the dumb,
And make vain babblers silent, come:
A thousand dupes point here and there,
Bewildered by the show and glare;
And wise men half have learned to doubt
Whether we are not best without.
Come, Poet! both but wait to see
Their error proved to them in thee.

Come, poet, come!
In vain I seem to call. And yet
Think not the living times forget.
Ages of heroes fought and fell
That Homer in the end might tell;
O'er groveling generations past
Upstood the Doric fane at last;

And countless hearts on countless years
Had wasted thoughts, and hopes, and fears,
Rude laughter and unmeaning tears,
Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome
The pure perfection of her dome.
Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see;
Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the dead had sown —
The dead forgotten and unknown.

CORIOLANUS.

BY PLUTARCH.

(Translated by Sir Thomas North.)

[PLUTARCH: A Greek writer of biographies and miscellaneous works; born about A.D. 50. He came of a wealthy and distinguished family and received a careful philosophical training at Athens under the Peripatetic philosopher Ammonius. After this he made several journeys, and stayed a considerable time in Rome, where he enjoyed friendly intercourse with persons of distinction, and conducted the education of the future Emperor Hadrian. He died about A.D. 120 in his native town, in which he held the office of archon and priest of the Pythian Apollo. His fame as an author is founded upon the celebrated "Parallel Lives," consisting of the biographies of forty-six Greeks and Romans, divided into pairs. Each pair contains the life of a Greek and a Roman, and generally ends with a comparison of the two. Plutarch's other writings, more than sixty short treatises on a great variety of subjects, are grouped under the title of "Morals."]

CAIUS MARTIUS, whose life we intend now to write, being left an Orphan by his Father, was brought up under his Mother, a Widow, who taught us by experience that Orphanage bringeth many discommodities to a Childe, but doth not hinder him to become an honest man, and to excell in vertue above the common sort: as they that are dearly borne, wrongfully do complaine, that it is the occasion of their casting away, for that no man in their youth taketh any care of them to see them well brought up, and taught that were meete. This man also is a good proofe to confirme some mens opinions: That a rare and excellent wit untaught, doth bring forth many good and evill things together; as a fat soyle that lieth unmanured bringeth forth both herbes and weedes. For this Martius naturall wit and great heart did marvellously stirre up his courage to do

Coriolanus

Photogravure from the painting in the Boydell Gallery

The Romans Enemies hearing of this rebellion, did straight enter the Territories of Rome with a marvellous great Power, spoiling and burning all as they came. Whereupon the Senate immediately made open Proclamation by sound of Trumpet, That all those that were of lawfull age to carry Weapon, should come and enter their names into the Muster-masters Booke, to go to the Warres: but no man obeyed their commandment. Whereupon their chiefe Magistrates, and many of the Senate, began to be of divers opinions among themselves. For some thought it was reason, they should somewhat yeeld to the poore Peoples request, and that they should a little qualifie the severity of the Law. Other held hard against that opinion, and that was Martius for one. For he alleged, that the Creditors losing their Money they had lent, was not the worst thing that was herein: but that the lenity that was favoured, was a beginning of disobedience, and that the proud attempt of Commonalty, was to abolish Law, and to bring all to confusion. Therefore he said, if the Senate were wise, they should betimes prevent and quench this ill favoured and worse meant beginning. The Senate met many daies in consultation about it: but in the end they concluded nothing.

The poore common People seeing no redresse, gathered themselves one day together, and one encouraging another, they all forsooke the City, and encamped themselves upon a hill, called at that day the holy hill along the River of Tiber, offering no creature any hurt or violence, or making any shew of actuall rebellion, saving that they cried as they went up and downe, that the rich men had driven them out of the City, and that throughout all Italy they might finde aire, water, and ground to bury them in. Moreover they said, to dwell at Rome was nothing else but to be slaine, or hurt with continuall Warres, and fighting for defence of the rich mens Goods. The Senate being afraid of their departure, did send unto them certain of the pleasantest old men, and the most acceptable to the People among them. Of those Menenius Agrippa was he, who was sent for chiefe man of the Message from the Senate. He after many good perswasions and gentle requests made to the People, on the behalfe of the Senate, knit up his Oration in the end, with a notable tale in this manner.

That on a time all the Members of mans body did rebell against the belly, complaining of it, that it onely remained in the midst of the body, without doing anything, neither did

beare any labour to the maintenance of the rest: whereas all other parts and Members did labour painfully, and were very carefull to satisfy the appetites and desires of the body. And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their folly, and said: It is true, I first receive all meates, that nourish mans body: but afterwards I send it againe to the nourishment of other parts of the same. Even so (quoth he) O you, my Masters, and Citizens of Rome, the reason is alike betweene the Senate and you. For matters being well digested, and their counsels thoroughly examined, touching the benefit of the Common-wealth, the Senators are cause of the common commodity that cometh unto every one of you.

The Perswasions pacified the People, conditionally, that the Senate would grant there should be yearly chosen five Magistrates, which they now call *Tribuni plebis*, whose Office should be to defend the poore People from violence and oppression. So Junius Brutus, and Sicinius Veletus, were the first Tribunes of the People that were chosen, who had onely beene the causers and procurers of this sedition. Hereupon the City being growne againe to good quiet and unity, the People immediately went to the Warres, shewing that they had a good will to do better than ever they did, and to be very willing to obey the Magistrates in that they would command, concerning the Warres. Martius also, though it liked him nothing to see the greatnesse of the People thus increased, considering it was to the prejudice and imbasing of the Nobility, and also saw that other noble Patricians were troubled as well as himselfe: he did perswade the Patricians, to shew themselves no less forward and willing to fight for their countrey, then the common People were: and to let them know by their deeds and acts, that they did not so much passe the People in power and riches, as they did exceed them in true Nobility and valiantnesse. . . .

Shortly after this, Martius stoode for the Consulship; and the common People favored his sute, thinking it would be a shame to them to deny and refuse the chiefest Nobleman of bloud, and most worthy person of Rome, and specially him that had done so great service and good to the Common-wealth. For the custome of Rome was at that time, that such as did sue for any Office, should for certaine dayes before be in the Market-place, onely with a poore Gowne on their backs, and without any coate underneath, to pray the Citizens to remember them at the day of election; which was thus devised, either to move

the People the more, by requesting them in such meane Apparell, or else because they might shew them their wounds they had gotten in the Warres in the service of the Common-wealth, as manifest markes and testimonies for their valiantnesse. Now Martius following this custome, shewed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeene years service at the Warres, and in many sundry Battels, being ever the foremost man that did set out feete to fight. So that there was not a man among the People, but was ashamed of himselfe, to refuse so valiant a man; and one of them said to another, we must needs choose him Consul, there is no remedy. But when the day of election was come, and that Martius came to the Market-place with great pompe, accompanied with all the Senate and the whole Nobility of the City about him, who sought to make him Consull, with the greatest instance and intreaty they could, or ever attempted for any man or matter: then the love and good will of the common People turned straight to an hate and envie toward him, fearing to put this Office of Soveraigne Authority into his hands, being a man somewhat partiall towards the Nobility, and of great credit and Authority among the Patricians, and as one they might doubt would take away altogether the liberty from the People. Whereupon for these considerations, they refused Martius in the end, and made two other that were Suters, Consuls.

The Senate being marvellously offended with the People, did account the shame of this refusall, rather to redound to themselves then to Martius: but Martius tooke it in far worse part then the Senate, and was out of all patience. For he was a man too full of passion and choler, and too much given over to selfe-will and opinion, as one of a high minde and great courage, that lacked the gravity and affability that is gotten with judgement of Learning and reason, which onely is to be looked for in a Governor of State: and that remembered not how wilfulnesse is the thing of the World, which a Governor of a Common-Wealth for pleasing should shunne, being that which Plato called solitarinesse. As in the end, all men that are wilfully given to a selfe-opinion and obstinate minde, and who will never yeeld to others reason, but to their owne, remaine without company and forsaken of all men. For a man that will live in the world, must needs have patience, which lusty blouds make but a mocke at. So Martius being a stout man of nature, that never yeelded in any respect, as one thinking that to over-

come alwaies, and to have the upper hand in all matters, was a token of magnanimity, and of no base and faint courage, which spitteth out anger from the most weake and passioned part of the heart, much like the matter of an imposthume: went home to his house, full fraighted with spite and malice against the People, being accompanied with all the lustieth young Gentlemen, whose mindes were nobly bent, as those that came of noble race, and commonly used for to follow and honor him. But then specially they flockt about him, and kept him company to his much harme, for they did but kindle and inflame his choler more and more, being sorry with him for the injury the People offered him, because he was their Captaine and Leader to the Warres, that taught them all Martial Discipline, and stirred up in them a noble emulation of honor and valiantnesse, and yet without envie, praising them that deserved best.

In the meane season, there came great plenty of Corne to Rome, that had beene bought, part in Italy, and part was sent out of Sicile, as given by Gelon the Tyrant of Syracusa: so that many stoode in great hope, that the dearth of Victuals being holpen, the civill dissention would also cease. The Senate sate in Councell upon it immediately, the common People stoode also about the Palace where the Councell was kept, gaping what resolution would fall out: perswading themselves that the Corne they had bought should be sold good cheape, and that which was given should be divided by the poll, without paying any penny, and the rather, because certaine of the Senators amongst them did so wish and perswade the same. "But Martius standing upon his feete, did somewhat sharply take up those who went about to gratifie the People therein: and called them People-pleasers, and Traytors to the Nobility. Moreover he said, they nourished against themselves, the naughty feede and cockle of insolvency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad amongst the People, which they should have cut off, if they had beene wise in their growth: and not (to their owne destruction) have suffered the People, to establish a Magistrate for themselves of so great Power and Authority, as that man had, to whom they had granted it. Who was also to be feared, because he obtained what he would, and did nothing but what he listed, neither passed for any obedience to the Consuls, but lived in all liberty, acknowledging no superior to command him, saving the onely heads and authors of their faction, whom he called his

Magistrates. Therefore, said he, they that gave counsell, and perswaded that the Corne should be given out to the common People *gratis*, as they used to do in the Cities of Greece, where the People had more absolute Power, did but only nourish their disobedience, which would breake out in the end, to the utter ruine and overthrow of the whole State. For they will not think it is done in recompense of their service past, sithence they know well enough they have so oft refused to go to the Warres, when they were commanded: neither for their mutinies when they went with us, whereby they have rebelled and forsaken their countrey: neither for their accusations which their flatterers have preferred unto them, and they have received, and made good against the Senate: but they will rather judge, we give and grant them this, as abasing ourselves and standing in feare of them, and glad to flatter them every way. By this meanes their disobedience will still grow worse and worse: and they will never leave to practice new seditions and uprores. Therefore it was a great folly for us, methinks, to do it: yea, shall I say more? we should if we were wise, take from them their Tribuneship, which most manifestly is the embasing of the Consulship, and the cause of the division of the City. The state whereof as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becometh dismembered in two factions, which maintaines alwaies civill dissention and discord betweene us, and will never suffer us againe to be united into one body."

Martius dilating the matter with many such reasons, wonne all the young men, and almost all the rich men to his opinion: insomuch, as they rang it out, that he was the onely man, and alone in the City, who stood out against the People, and never flattered them. There were onely a few old men that spake against him, fearing lest some mischiefe might fall out upon it, as indeed there followed no great good afterward. For the Tribunes of the People being present at this consultation of the Senate, when they saw that the opinion of Martius was confirmed with the more voyces, they left the Senate, and went downe to the People, crying out for helpe, and that they would assemble to save their Tribunes. Hereupon the People ranne on head in tumult together, before whom the words that Martius spake in the Senate were openly reported: which the People so stomacked, that even in that fury they were ready to flie upon the whole Senate. But the Tribunes laid all the fault and the burthen wholly upon Martius, and sent their Serjeants forth-

with to arrest him, presently to appeare in person before the People, to answer the words he had spoken in the Senate. Martius stoutly withstood these Officers that came to arrest him. Then the Tribunes in their owne persons, accompanied with the Aediles, went to fetch him by force, and so laid violent hands upon him. Howbeit the noble Patricians gathering together about him, made the Tribunes give back, and laid sore upon the Aediles: so for that time, the night parted them, and the tumult appeased. . . .

Martius came and presented himselfe to answer the Accusations against him, and the People held their peace, and gave attentive eare, to heare what he would say. But where they thought to have heard very humble and lowly words come from him, he began not onely to use his wonted boldness of speaking (which of itselfe was very rough and unpleasant, and did more aggravate his accusation, then purge his innocency) but also gave himselfe in these words to thunder, and looke therewithall so grimly, as though he made no reckoning of the matter. This stirred coalls among the People, who were in wonderfull fury at it, and their hate and malice grew so toward him, that they could hold no longer, beare, nor indure his bravery and carelesse boldnesse. Whereupon Sicinius, the cruellest and stoutest of the Tribunes, after he had whispered a little with his companions, did openly pronounce in the face of all the People, Martius as condemned by the Tribunes to die. Then presently he commanded the Aediles to apprehend him, and carry him straight to the Rock Tarpeian, and to cast him headlong downe the same. When the Aediles came to lay hands on Martius to do that they were commanded, divers of the People themselves thought it too cruell and violent a deede. The Noblemen being much troubled to see so much force and rigour used, began to crie aloud: Helpe Martius: so those that laid hands on him being rapulsed, they compassed him in round among themselves, and some of them holding up their hands to the People, besought them not to handle him thus cruelly.

But neither their words nor crying out could ought prevaile, the tumult and hurly burly was so great, untill such time as the Tribunes owne friends and kinsmen weighing with themselves the impossibility to convey Martius to execution, without great slaughter and murder of the Nobility: did perswade and advise not to proceede in so violent and extraordinary a sort, a to put such a man to death, without lawfull processe in Law, but

that they should referre the sentence of his death, to the free voyce of the People. Then Sicinius bethinking himselfe a little, did aske the Patricians for what cause they tooke Martius out of the Officers hands that went to do execution? The Patricians asked him againe, why they would of themselves so cruelly and wickedly put to death, so noble and valiant a Roman as Martius was, and that without Law and Justice? Well, then, said Sicinius, if that be the matter, let there be no quarrell or dissention against the People: for they do grant your demand, that his Cause should be heard according to the Law. Therefore, said he to Martius, we do will and charge you to appeare before the People, the third day of our next sitting and assembly here, to make your purgation for such Articles as shall be objected against you, that by free voyce the People may give sentence upon you as shall please them. The Noblemen were glad then of the adjournment, and were much pleased they had gotten Martius out of this danger.

After declaration of the Sentence, the People made such joy, as they never rejoiced more for any Battel they had wonne upon their Enemies, they were so brave and lively, and went home so jocondly from the Assembly, for triumph of this sentence. The Senate againe in contrary manner were as sadde and heavie, repenting themselves beyond measure, that they had not rather determined to have done and suffered any thing whatsoever, before the common People should so arrogantly and outragiously have abused their Authority. There needed no difference of Garments I warrant you, nor outward shewes to know a Plebeian from a Patrician, for they were easily discerned by their lookes. For he that was on the Peoples side, looked cheerfully on the matter: but he that was sadde, and hung downe his head, he was sure of the Noblemens side. Saving Martius alone, who neither in his countenance nor in his gate, did ever shew himselfe abashed, or once let fall his great courage: but he onely of all other Gentlemen that were angry at his fortune, did outwardly shew no manner of passion, nor care at all of himselfe. Not that he did patiently beare and temper his evill happe, in respect of any reason he had, or by his quiet condition: but because he was so carried away with the vehemency of anger, and desire of revenge, that he had no sense nor feeling of the hard state he was in, which the common People judge not to be sorrow, although indeede it be the very same. For when sorrow (as you would say) is set on

fire, then it is converted into spite and malice, and driveth away from that time all faintnesse of heart and naturall feare. . . .

Now that Martius was even in that taking, it appeared true soone after by his doings. For when he was come home to his house againe, and had taken his leave of his Mother and Wife, finding them weeping and shriking out for sorrow, and had also comforted and perswaded them to be content with his chance: he went immediately to the Gate of the City, accompanied with a great number of Patricians, that brought him thither, from whence he went on his way with three or foure of his friends onely, taking nothing with him, nor requesting any thing of any man. So he remained a few daies in the Countrey at his houses, turmoyled with sundry sorts and kinds of thoughts, such as the fire of his choler did stir up. In the end seeing he could resolve no way, to take a profitable or honourable course, but onely was pricked forward still to be revenged of the Romans: he thought to raise up some great Warres against them, by their neerest neighbours. Whereupon he thought it his best way, first to stir up the Volsces against them. . . .

In this while, all went still to wracke at Rome. For to come into the field to fight with the Enemy, they could not abide to heare of it, they were one so much against another, and full of seditious words, the Nobility against the People, and the People against the Nobility. Untill they had intelligence at the length, that the Enemies had laid siege to the City of Lavinium, in the which were all the Temples and Images of their gods their Protectors, and from whence came first their ancient Originall, for that Aeneas at his first arivall into Italy did build that City. Then fell there out a marvellous sudden change of minde among the People, and farre more strange and contrary in the Nobility. For the People thought it good to repeale the condemnation and exile of Martius. The Senate assembled upon it, would in no case yeeld to that: who either did it of a selfe-will to be contrary to the Peoples desire, or because Martius should not returne thorow the grace and favour of the People. Or else, because they were throughly angry and offended with him, that he would set upon the whole, being offended but by a few, and in his doings would shew himselfe an open Enemy besides unto his Countrey: notwithstanding the most part of them tooke the wrong they had done him, in marvellous ill part, and as if the injury had beene done unto themselves.

Report being made of the Senates resolution, the People found themselves in a straight: for they could authorize and confirme nothing by their voyces, unlesse it had beene first propounded and ordained by the Senate. But Martius hearing this stirre about him, was in a greater rage with them then before: insomuch as he raised his Siege incontinently befor the City of Lavinium, and going towards Rome, lodged his Campe within forty Furlong of the City, at the Ditches called Cluiliea. His incamping so neere Rome, did put all the whole City in a wonderfull feare; howbeit for the present time it appeased the sedition and dissention betwixt the Nobility and the People. For there was no Consull, Senator, nor Magistrate, that durst once contrary the opinion of the People, for the calling home againe of Martius. When they saw the Women in a marvellous feare, running up and downe the City: the Temples of the gods full of old People, weeping bitterly in their Prayers to the gods: and finally, not a man either wise or hardy to provide for their safety: then they were all of opinion, that the People had reason to call home Martius againe, to reconcile themselves to him, and that the Senate on the contrary part, were in marvellous great fault, to be angry and in choler with him, when it stoode them upon, rather to have gone out and intreated him. So they all agreed together to send Ambassadours unto him, to let him understand how his countreymen did call him home againe, and restored him to all his Goods, and besought him to deliver them from this Warre.

The Ambassadours that were sent, were Martius familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him, as of their familiar friend and kinsman. Howbeit they found nothing lesse; for at their coming they were brought through the Campe, to the place where he was set in his Chaire of State, with a marvellous and unspeakable Majesty, having the chiefest men of the Volsces about him: so he commanded them to declare openly the cause of their coming. Which they delivered in the most humble and lowly words they possibly devise, and with all modest countenance and behaviour agreeable to the same. When they had done their Message: for the injury they had done him, he answered them very hotly and in great choler: but as Generall of the Volsces, he willed them to restore unto the Volsces, all their Lands and Cities they had taken from them in former Warres: and moreover, that they should give them the like honour and

freedom of Rome, as they had before given to the Latines. For otherwise they had no other meane to end this Warre, if they did not grant these honest and just Conditions of Peace. Thereupon he gave them thirty dayes respite to make him answer. So the Ambassadours returned straight to Rome, and Martius forthwith departed with his army out of the Territories of the Romanes.

Wherefore, the time of Peace expired, Martius being returned into the Dominions of the Romanes againe with all his Army, they sent another Ambassade unto him, to pray Peace, and the remove of the Volsces out of their Countrey: that afterwards they might with better leisure fall to such Agreements together, as should be thought most meete and necessary. For the Romanes were no men that would ever yeelde for feare. But if he thought the Volsces had any ground to demand reasonable Articles and Conditions, all that they would reasonably aske should be granted unto by the Romanes, who of themselves would willingly yeeld to reason, conditionally, that they should lay downe Armes. Martius to that answered: that as Generall of the Volsces he would reply nothing unto it: but yet as a Romane Citizen, he counsell them to let fall their pride, and to be conformable to reason, if they were wise: and that they should returne againe within three dayes, delivering up the Articles agreed upon, which he had first delivered them. Otherwise, that he would no more give them assurance or safe conduct to returne againe into his Campe, with such vaine and frivolous messages.

Now the Romane Ladies and Gentlewomen did visit all the Temples and gods of the same, to make their Prayers unto them: but the greatest Ladies (and more part of them) were continually about the Altar of Jupiter Capitolin, among which Troupe by name, was Valeria, Publicolaes owne Sister. The selfe-same Publicola, who did such notable service to the Romanes, both in Peace and Warres, and was dead also certaine yeares before, as we have declared in his Life. His Sister Valeria was greatly honoured and reverenced among all the Romanes: and did so modestly and wisely behave herselfe, that she did not shame nor dishonour the House she came of. So she suddenly fell into such a fancy, as we have rehearsed before, and had (by some gods as I thinke) taken hold of a noble device. Whereupon she rose, and the other Ladies with her, and they all together went straight to the House of Vo-

lumnia, Martius mother: and coming in to her, found her, and Martius Wife her Daughter in Law, set together, and having her Husband Martius young Children in her lappe.

[They pray her to intercede with Martius, and she consents, though with scant hopes.]

She tooke her Daughter in Law and Martius Children with her, and being accompanied with all the other Romane Ladies, they went in troope together unto the Volsces Campe: whom when they saw, they of themselves did both pity and reverence her, and there was not a man among them that once durst say a word unto her. Now was Martius set then in his Chaire of State, with all the Honours of a Generall, and when he had spied the Women coming afar off, he marvelled what the matter meant: but afterwards knowing his Wife which came foremost, he determined at first to persist in his obstinate and inflexible rankor. But overcome in the end with naturall affection, and being altogether altered to see them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his Chaire, but coming downe in haste, he went to meete them, and first he kissed his Mother, and imbraced her a pretty while, then his Wife and little Children. And Nature so wrought with him, that the teares fell from his eyes, and he could not keepe himself from making much of them, but yeelded to the affection of his blood, as if he had beene violently carried with the fury of a most swift running streame. After he had thus lovingly received them, and perceiving that his Mother Volumnia would begin to speake to him, he called the chiefest of the Councell of the Volsces to heare what she would say. Then she spake in this sort:

"If we held our peace (my Son) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore Bodies, and present sight of our Rayment, would easily bewray to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad, but thinke now with thy selfe, how much more unfortunate then all the Women living, we are come hither, considering that the fight which should be most pleasant to all other to behold, spightfull Fortune had made most fearfull to us, making my selfe to see my Sonne, and my Daughter here her Husband, besieging the Walls of his native Countrey: so as that which is the onely comfort to all other in their adversity and misery, to pray unto the gods, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thing which plungeth us into most deepe perplexity. For we cannot (alas) together

pray both for victory to our Countrey, and for safety of thy life also: but a world of grievous curses, yea more then any mortall Enemy can heape upon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our Prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy Wife and Children, to forgo one of the two: either to lose the Person of thy selfe, or the Nurse of their native Countrey. For my selfe (my Sonne) I am determined not to tarry till Fortune in my life time do make an end of this Warre. For if I cannot perswade thee, rather to do good unto both Parties, then to overthrow and destroy the one, preferring Love and Nature before the Malice and Calamity of Warres, thou shalt see, my Sonne, and trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner march forward to assault thy Countrey, but thy foote shall treade upon thy Mothers Wombe, that brought thee first into this World. And I may not defer to see the day, either that my Sonne be led Prisoner in triumph by his naturall Countreymen, or that he himselfe do triumph of them, and of his naturall Countrey. For if it were so, that my request tended to save thy Countrey, in destroying the Volsces, I must confess, thou wouldest hardly and doubtfully resolve on that. For as to destroy thy naturall Countrey, it is altogether unmeet and unlawfull, so were it not just, and lesse honourable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my onely demand consisteth, to make a Gaole-delivery of all evils, which delivereth equall benefit and safety, both to the one and the other, but most honourable for the Volsces. For it shall appeare, that having victory in their hands, they have of speciall favour granted us singular graces, Peace and Amity, albeit themselves have no lesse part of both than we. Of which good, if so it came to passe, thy selfe is the onely Authour, and so hast thou the onely honour. But if it faile, and fall out contrary, thy selfe alone deservedly shall carry the shamefull reproach and burthen of either party. So, though the end of Warre be uncertaine, yet this notwithstanding is most certaine, that if it be thy chance to conquer, this benefit shall thou reape of thy goodly Conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy Countrey. And if Fortune overthrow thee, then the World will say, that through desire to revenge thy private injuries, thou hast for ever undone thy good friends, who did most lovingly and courteously receive thee."

Martius gave good eare unto his Mothers words, without interrupting her Speech at all, and after she had said what she

would, he held his peace a pretty while, and answered not a word. Hereupon she began againe to speake unto him, and said: "My Sonne, why doest thou not answer me? doest thou think it good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire for revenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty for thee to grant thy Mothers request, in so weighty a cause? dost thou take it honourable for a Nobleman, to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not in like case thinke it an honest Noblemans part, to be thankfull for the goodnesse that Parents do shew to their Children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to beare unto them? No man living is more bound to shew himselfe thankfull in all parts and respects then thyselfe: who so universally shewest all ingratitude. Moreover (my Sonne) thou hast sorely taken of thy Countrey, exacting grievous payments upon them, in revenge of the injuries offered thee; besides, thou hast not hitherto shewed thy poore Mother any courtesie. And therefore it is not onely honest, but due unto me, that without compulsion I should obtaine my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I can not perswade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?" And with these words, her selfe, his Wife and Children fell downe upon their knees before him: Martius seeing that, could refraine no longer, but went straight and lift her up, crying out, Oh Mother, what have you done to me? And holding her hard by the right hand, Oh Mother, said he, you have wonne a happy victory for your countrey, but mortall and unhappy for your Sonne: for I see my selfe vanquished by you alone.

These words being spoken openly, he spake a little apart with his Mother and Wife, and then let them returne againe to Rome, for so they did request him; and so remaining in Campe that night, the next morning he dislodged, and marched homeward into the Volsces Countrey againe, who were not all of one minde, nor all alike contented. For some misliked him and that he had done: other being well pleased that Peace should be made, said: that neither the one nor the other, deserved blame nor reproach. Other though they misliked that was done, did not thinke him an ill man for that he did, but said, he was not to be blamed, though he yeelded to such a forcible extremity. Howbeit no man contraried his departure, but all obeyed his commandment, more for respect for his worthinesse and valiancy than for feare of his Authority.

CARTHAGE AND THE PHŒNICIANS.

By R. BOSWORTH SMITH.

It was well for the development and civilization of the ancient world that the Hebrew fugitives from Egypt were not able to drive at once from the whole coast of Syria its old inhabitants; for the accursed race of the Canaanites, whom, for their licentious worship and cruel rites, they were bidden to extirpate from Palestine itself, were no other than those enterprising mariners and those dauntless colonists who, sallying from their narrow roadsteads, committed their fragile barks to the mercy of unknown seas, and, under their Greek name of Phœnicians, explored island and promontory, creek and bay, from the coast of Malabar even to the lagunes of the Baltic. From Tyre and Sidon issued those busy merchants who carried, with their wares, to distant shores the rudiments of science and of many practical arts which they had obtained from the far East, and which, probably, they but half understood themselves. It was they who, at a period antecedent to all contemporary historical records, introduced written characters, the foundation of all high intellectual development, into that country which was destined to carry intellectual and artistic culture to the highest point which humanity has yet reached. It was they who learned to steer their ships by the sure help of the Polar Star, while the Greeks still depended on the Great Bear; it was they who rounded the Cape of Storms, and earned the best right to call it the Cape of Good Hope, 2000 years before Vasco da Gama. Their ships returned to their native shores bringing with them sandalwood from Malabar, spices from Arabia, fine linen from Egypt, ostrich plumes from the Sahara. Cyprus gave them its copper, Elba its iron, the coast of the Black Sea its manufactured steel. Silver they brought from Spain, gold from the Niger, tin from the Scilly Isles, and amber from the Baltic.

Where they sailed, there they planted factories which opened a caravan trade with the interior of vast continents hitherto regarded as inaccessible, and which became inaccessible for centuries again when the Phœnicians disappeared from history. They were as famous for their artistic skill as for their enterprise and energy. Did the greatest of the Jewish kings desire to adorn the Temple which he had erected to the Most High in

the manner least unworthy of Him? A Phœnician king must supply him with the well-hewn cedars of his stately Lebanon, and the cunning hand of a Phœnician artisan must shape the pillars and the lavers, the oxen and the lions of brass, which decorated the shrine. Did the King of Persia himself, in the intoxication of his pride, command miracles to be performed, boisterous straits to be bridged, or a peninsula to become an island? It was Phœnician architects who lashed together the boats that were to connect Asia with Europe, and it was Phœnician workmen who knew best how to economize their toil in digging the canal that was to transport the fleet of Xerxes through dry land, and save it from the winds and waves of Mount Athos. The merchants of Tyre were, in truth, the princes, and her traffickers the honorable men of the earth. Wherever a ship could penetrate, a factory be planted, a trade developed or created, there we find these ubiquitous, these irrepressible Phœnicians.

We know well what the tiny territory of Palestine has done for the religion of the world, and what the tiny Greece has done for its intellect and its art; but we are apt to forget that what the Phœnicians did for the development and intercommunication of the world was achieved by a state confined within narrower boundaries still. In the days of their greatest prosperity, when their ships were to be found on every known and on many unknown seas, the Phœnicians proper of the Syrian coast remained content with a narrow strip of fertile territory, squeezed in between the mountains and the sea, of the length of some thirty and of the average breadth of only a single mile! And if the existence of a few settlements beyond these limits entitles us to extend the name of Phœnicia to some 120 miles of coast, with a plain behind it which sometimes broadened out into a sweep of a dozen miles, was it not sound policy, even in a community so enlarged, to keep for themselves the gold they had so hardly won, rather than lavish it on foreign mercenaries in the hope of extending their sway inland, or in the vain attempt to resist by force of arms the mighty monarchs of Egypt, of Assyria, or of Babylon? Their strength was to sit still, to acknowledge the titular supremacy of any one who chose to claim it, and then, when the time came, to buy the intruder off.

The land-locked sea, the eastern extremity of which washes the shores of Phœnicia proper, connecting as it does three

continents, and abounding in deep gulfs, in fine harbors, and in fertile islands, seems to have been intended by Nature for the early development of commerce and colonization. By robbing the ocean of half its mystery and of more than half its terrors, it allured the timid mariner, even as the eagle does its young, from headland on to headland, or from islet to islet, till it became the highway of the nations of the ancient world; and the products of each of the countries whose shores it laves became the common property of all.

But in this general race of enterprise and commerce among the nations which bordered on the Mediterranean, it is to the Phœnicians that unquestionably belongs the foremost place. In the dimmest dawn of history, many centuries before the Greeks had set foot in Asia Minor or in Italy, before even they had settled down in secure possession of their own territories, we hear of Phœnician settlements in Asia Minor and in Greece itself, in Africa, in Macedon, and in Spain. There is hardly an island in the Mediterranean which has not preserved some traces of these early visitors: Cyprus, Rhodes, and Crete in the Levant; Malta, Sicily, and the Balearic Isles in the middle passage; Sardinia and Corsica in the Tyrrhenian Sea; the Cyclades, as Thucydides tells us, in the mid-Ægean; and even Samothrace and Thasos at its northern extremity, where Herodotus, to use his own forcible expression, himself saw a whole mountain "turned upside down" by their mining energy; all have either yielded Phœnician coins and inscriptions, have retained Phœnician proper names and legends, or possess mines, long perhaps disused, but which were worked as none but Phœnicians ever worked them.

And among the Phœnician factories which dotted the whole southern shore of the Mediterranean, from the east end of the greater Syrtis even to the Pillars of Hercules, there was one which, from a concurrence of circumstances, was destined rapidly to outstrip all the others, to make herself their acknowledged head, to become the Queen of the Mediterranean, and, in some sense, of the Ocean beyond, and, for a space of over a hundred years, to maintain a deadly and not unequal contest with the future mistress of the world.

The rising African factory was known to its inhabitants by the name of Kirjath-Hadeschath, or New Town, to distinguish it from the much older settlement of Utica, of which it may have been to some extent an offshoot. The Greeks, when they

came to know of its existence, called it Karchedon, and the Romans, Carthago. The date of its foundation is uncertain; but the current tradition refers it to a period about a hundred years before the founding of Rome. The fortress that was to protect the young settlement was built upon a peninsula projecting eastwards from the inner corner of what is now called the Gulf of Tunis, the largest and most beautiful roadstead of the North African coast. The suburbs and gardens of Carthage, with the city proper, covered an area twenty-three miles in circumference. Its population must have been fully proportionate to its size. Just before the third Punic war, when its strength had been drained by the two long wars with Rome and by the incessant depredations of that chartered brigand Massinissa, it contained 700,000 inhabitants; and towards the close of the final siege, the Byrsa [citadel] alone was able to give shelter to a motley multitude of 50,000 men, women, and children.

Facing the Hermæan promontory (Cape Bon), the north-eastern horn of the Gulf of Tunis, at a distance of only ninety miles, was the Island of Sicily, which, as a glance at the map, and as the sunken ridge extending from one to the other, still clearly show, must have once actually united Europe to Africa. This fair island it was which, crowded even in those early days with Phœnician factories, seemed to beckon the chief of Phœnician cities onwards towards an easy and a natural field of foreign conquest. This it was which proved to be the apple of fierce discord for centuries between Carthage and the Greek colonies, which soon disputed its possession with her. This, in an ever checkered warfare, and at the cost of torrents of the blood of her mercenaries, and of untold treasures of her citizens, enriched Carthage with the most splendid trophies — stolen trophies though they were — of Greek art. This, finally, was the chief battlefield of the contending forces during the whole of the first Punic war — in the beginning, that is, of her fierce struggle for existence with all the power of Rome.

What were the causes of the rapid rise of Carthage; what was the extent of her African and her foreign dominions, and the nature of her hold upon them; what were the peculiar excellences and defects of her internal constitution and what the principles on which she traded and colonized, conquered and ruled; — to these and other questions some answer must be given: but how are we to give it? No native poet, whose

writings have come down to us, has sung of the origin of Carthage, or of her romantic voyages; no native orator has described, in glowing periods which we can still read, the splendor of her buildings and the opulence of her merchant princes; no native annalist has preserved the story of her long rivalry with Greeks and Etruscans, and no African philosopher has moralized upon the stability of her institutions or the causes of her fall. All have perished. The text of three treaties with Rome, made in the days of her prosperity; the log-book of an adventurous Carthaginian admiral, dedicated on his return from the Senegal or the Niger as a votive offering in the temple of Baal; some fragments of the practical precepts of a Carthaginian agriculturist, translated by the order of the utilitarian Roman Senate; a speech or two of a vagabond Carthaginian in the Pænulus of Plautus, which has been grievously mutilated in the process of transcribing it into Roman letters; a few Punic inscriptions buried twenty feet below the surface of the ground, entombed and preserved by successive Roman, and Vandal, and Arab devastations, and now at length revealed and deciphered by the efforts of French and English archæologists; the massive substructions of ancient temples; the enormous reservoirs of water; and the majestic procession of stately aqueducts which no barbarism has been able to destroy — these are the only native or semi-native sources from which we can draw the outlines of our picture: and we must eke out our narrative of Carthage in the days of her prosperity, as best we may, from a few chapters of reflections by the greatest of the Greek philosophers, from the late Roman annalists who saw everything with Roman eyes, and from a few but precious antiquarian remarks in the narrative of the great Greek historian, Polybius, who, with all his love of truth and love of justice, saw Carthage only at the moment of her fall, and was the bosom friend of her destroyer.

In her origin, at least, Carthage seems to have been like other Phœnician settlements—a mere commercial factory. Her inhabitants cultivated friendly relations with the natives, looked upon themselves as tenants at will rather than as owners of the soil, and as such, cheerfully paid a rent to the African Berbers for the ground covered by their dwellings. It was the instinct of self-preservation alone which dictated a change of policy, and transformed this peace-loving mercantile community into the warlike and conquering state, of which the whole of the West-

ern Mediterranean was so soon to feel the power. The result of this change of policy was that the western half of the Mediterranean became — what at one time the whole of it had bidden fair to be — a Phœnician lake, in which no foreign merchantmen dared to show themselves. It was a vast preserve, to be caught trespassing upon which, so Strabo tells us, on the authority of Eratosthenes, insured the punishment of instant death by drowning. No promontory was so barren, no islet so insignificant, as to escape the jealous and ever-watchful eye of the Carthaginians. In Corsica, if they could not get any firm or extensive foothold themselves, they at least prevented any other state from doing the like. Into their hands fell, in spite of the ambitious dreams of Persian kings and the aspirations of patriot Greeks, that "greatest of all islands," the island of Sardinia; theirs were the Ægatian and the Liparæan, the Balearic and the Pityusian Isles; theirs the tiny Elba, with its inexhaustible supply of metals; theirs, too, Malta still remained, an outpost pushed far into the domain of their advancing enemies, a memorial of what once had been, and, perhaps, to the sanguine Carthaginian temperament, an earnest of what might be again hereafter. Above all, the Phœnician settlements in Spain, at the innermost corner of the great preserve, with the adjacent silver mines which gave to these settlements their peculiar value, were now trebly safe from all intruders.

Elated, as it would seem, by their naval successes, which were hardly of their own seeking, the Carthaginians thought that they might now at last become the owners of the small strip of African territory which they had hitherto seemed to occupy on sufferance only; and they refused the ground rent which, up till now, they had paid to the adjoining tribes. Step by step they enlarged their territories at the expense of the natives, till the whole of the rich territory watered by the Bagradas became theirs. The nomadic tribes were beaten back beyond the river Triton into the country named, from the roving habits of its inhabitants, Numidia, or into the desert of Tripolis. The agricultural tribes were forced to pay tribute to the conquerors for the right of cultivating their own soil, or to shed their blood on the field of battle in the prosecution of further conquests from the tribes beyond. Nor did the kindred Phœnician settlements in the adjoining parts of Africa escape unscathed. Utica alone, owing probably to her antiquity and to the semi-parental relation in which she stood to Carthage, was allowed

to retain her walls and full equality of rights with the rising power; but Hippo Zarytus, and Adrumetum, the greater and the lesser Leptis, were compelled to pull down their walls and acknowledge the supremacy of the Carthaginian city.

All along the northern coast of Africa the original Phœnician settlers, and probably to some extent the Carthaginians themselves, had intermarried with the natives. The product of these marriages was that numerous class of Liby-Phœnicians which proved to be so important in the history of Carthaginian colonization and conquest; a class which, equidistant from the Berbers on the one hand and from the Carthaginians proper on the other, and composed of those who were neither wholly citizens nor yet wholly aliens, experienced the lot of most half castes, and were alternately trusted and feared, pampered and oppressed, loved and hated, by the ruling state.

One enterprise which was undertaken by the Carthaginians, in obedience to the fiat of the king of Persia, to the lasting good of humanity failed of its object. Xerxes (B.C. 480), advancing with his millions of barbarians upon Athens from the east, bade, so it is said, Hamilcar advance with his 300,000 mercenaries upon Syracuse from the west. The torch of Greek learning and civilization was to be extinguished at the most opposite ends of the Greek world at one and the same moment; but happily for mankind at large, both attempts were foiled. The efforts of Xerxes ended in the destruction of the Persian fleet at Salamis, and the disgraceful flight of the king to Asia; the efforts of Hamilcar ended in his defeat and death at Himera, and in the destruction of 150,000 of his army; and by a dramatic propriety which is not common in history, whatever it may be in fiction, this double victory of Greek civilization is said to have taken place in the same year and on the very same day.

The constitution of Carthage was not the work of a single legislator, as that of Sparta is said to have been, nor of a series of legislators like that of Athens; it was rather, like that of England, the growth of circumstances and of centuries. It obtained the praise of Aristotle for its judicious admixture of the monarchical, the oligarchical, and the democratical elements. The original monarchical constitution — doubtless inherited from Tyre — was represented by two supreme magistrates called by the Romans Suffetes. Their name is the same as the Hebrew Shofetim, mistranslated in our Bible, Judges. The

Hamilcars and Hannos of Carthage were, like their prototypes, the Gideons and the Samsons of the Book of Judges, not so much the judges as the protectors and the rulers of their respective states. They are compared by Greek writers to the two kings of Sparta, and by the Romans to their own consuls. Beneath these kings came, in the older constitution, a council, called by the Greeks the Gerusia, or Council of Ancients, consisting of twenty-eight members, over which the Suffetes presided. This council declared war, ordered levies of troops, appointed generals, sent out colonies. If the council and Suffetes agreed, their decision was final; if they disagreed, the matter was referred to the people at large. In this and in other ways each element of the body politic had its share in the administration of the State.

But the Carthaginian constitution described and praised by Aristotle is not the same as that of the Punic wars. In the interval which separates the two epochs, short as it is, a great change which must have been long preparing, had been completed. The Suffetes had gradually become little more than an honorary magistracy. The Senate over which they presided had allowed the main part of their power to slip out of their hands into those of another body, called the Judges, or "The Hundred," which, if it seemed to be more liberal in point of numbers and in conformation, was much more exclusive in policy and in spirit. The appeal to the people was only now resorted to in times of public excitement, when the rulers, by appearing to share power, tried to lesson envy, and allowed the citizens to go through the form of registering what, practically, they had already decreed. The result was an oligarchy, like that of Venice: clear-sighted and consistent, moderate, nay, often wise in its policy, but narrow in its views, and often suspicious alike of its opponents and of its friends.

By the old constitution the Senate had the right to control the magistrates; but this new body of Judges controlled the Senate, and therefore, in reality, the magistrates also. Nor was it content to control the Senate; it practically superseded it. Its members did not, as a rule, appropriate the offices of State to themselves; but they could summon their holders before them, and so draw their teeth. No Shofete, no senator, no general, was exempt from their irresponsible despotism. The Shofetes presided, the senators deliberated, the generals fought, as it were, with a halter round their necks. The sen-

tences passed by the Hundred, if they were often deserved, were often also, like those of the dreaded "Ten" at Venice, to whom they bore a striking resemblance, arbitrary and cruel. The unsuccessful general, whether his ill success was the result of uncontrollable circumstances or of culpable neglect, might be condemned to crucifixion; indeed, he often wisely anticipated his sentence by committing suicide.

Within the ranks of this close oligarchy, first-rate ability would seem to have been at a discount. Indeed, the exact equality of all within the privileged ranks is as much a principle of oligarchy as is the equal suppression of all that is outside of it. Language bears testimony to this, in the name given alike to the Homoioi of Sparta and the "Peers" of England. It was jealousy, for instance, of the superior abilities of the family of Mago, and their prolonged preëminence in the Carthaginian state, which had in the fifth century B.C. cemented the alliance between other and less able families of the aristocracy, and so had first given rise to this very institution of the Hundred Judges; and it was the same mean jealousy of all that is above itself which afterwards, in the time of the Punic wars, united as one man a large part of the ruling oligarchs in the vain effort to control and to thwart, and to annoy with a thousand petty annoyances, the one family of consummate ability which Carthage then possessed — that noble-minded Barcine gens, that "lion's brood," who were brought to the front in those troublous times by the sheer force of their genius, and who for three generations ruled by the best of all rights, the right divine, that of unswerving devotion to their country, of the ability to rule, and the will to use that ability well.

Carthage was beyond doubt the richest city of antiquity. Her ships were to be found on all known seas, and there was probably no important product, animal, vegetable, or mineral, of the ancient world, which did not find its way into her harbors and pass through the hands of her citizens. But it is remarkable, that while in no city then known did commerce rank so high, the noblest citizens even of Carthage seem to have left commercial enterprise to those who came next below them in the social scale. They preferred to live on their estates as agriculturists or country gentlemen, and derived their princely revenues from their farms or their mines, which were worked by prodigious gangs of slaves. The cultivation of the

soil was probably nowhere carried on with such astonishing results as in the smiling country which surrounded Carthage.

Those members of the Carthaginian aristocracy who did not find a sufficient field for their ability in agriculture or in politics, in literature or in commerce, took refuge in the profession of arms, and formed always the chief ornament, and often the chief strength, of the Punic armies. At one period, at least, of the history of the state, they formed a so-called "Sacred Band," consisting of 2500 citizens, who, clad in resplendent armor, fought around the person of their general in chief, and, feasting from dishes of the costliest gold and silver plate, commemorated in their pride the number of their campaigns by the number of rings on their fingers.

But the most important factor in the history of a people — especially if it be a Semitic people — is its religion. The religion of the Carthaginians was what their race, their language, and their history would lead us to expect. It was, with slight modifications, the religion of the Canaanites, the religion, that is, which, in spite of the purer monotheism of the Hebrews and the higher teachings of their prophets, so long exercised a fatal fascination over the great bulk of the Hebrew race. Baal-Moloch was a malignant deity; he was the fire god, rejoicing in "human sacrifices and in parents' tears." His worshipers gashed and mutilated themselves in their religious frenzy. Like Kronos or Saturn — to whom the Greeks and Romans aptly enough compared him — he was the devourer of his own children. In times of unbroken security the Carthaginians neglected or forgot him; but when they were elated by an unlooked-for victory, or depressed by a sudden reverse, that fanaticism which is often dormant but never altogether absent from the Semitic breast, burst forth into a devouring flame, which gratified to the full his thirst for human blood. Tanith or Astarte, in the nobler aspects which she sometimes presented, as the goddess of wedded love or war, of the chase or of peaceful husbandry, was identified by the Romans, now with Juno, now with Diana, and now again with Ceres; but, unfortunately, it was when they identified her with their Venus Cœlestis that they came nearest to the truth. Her worship, like that of the Babylonian Mylitta, required immorality, nay, consecrated it. The "abomination of the Sidonians" was also the abomination of the Carthaginians.

But there was one god who stood in such a peculiar relation

to Carthage, and whose worship seems to have been so much more genial and so much more spiritual than the rest, that we are fain to dwell upon it as a foil to what has preceded. This god was Melcarth, — that is, Melech-Kirjath, or the king of the city; he is called by the Greeks "the Phœnician Hercules," and his name itself has passed, with a slight alteration, into Greek mythology as Melicertes. The city of which he was preëminently the god was Tyre. There he had a magnificent temple which was visited for antiquarian purposes by Herodotus. It contained two splendid pillars, one of pure gold, the other, as Herodotus believed, of emerald, which shone brilliantly at night, but there was no image of the god to be seen. The same was the case in his famous temple at Thasos, and the still more famous one at Gades, which contained an oracle, a hierarchy of priests, and a mysterious spring which rose and fell inversely with tide, but still no image. At Carthage, Melcarth had not even a temple. The whole of the city was his temple, and he refused to be localized in any particular part of it. He received, there is reason to believe, no sacrifices of blood; and it was his comparatively pure and spiritual worship which, as we see repeatedly in Carthaginian history, formed a chief link in the chain that bound the parent to the various daughter cities scattered over the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean.

The Carthaginian proper names which have come down to us form one among many proofs of the depth of their religious feelings; for they are all, or nearly all, compounded with the name of one or other of their chief gods. Hamilcar is he whom Melcarth protects; Hasdrubal is he whose help is in Baal; Hannibal, the Hanniel of the Bible, is the grace of Baal; and so on with Bomilcar, Himilco, Ethbaal, Maherbal, Adherbal, and Mastanabal.

A considerable native literature there must have been at Carthage, for Mago, a Carthaginian Shofete, did not disdain to write a treatise of twenty-eight books upon the agricultural pursuits which formed the mainstay of his order; and when the Roman Senate, in their fatuous disregard for intellect, gave over with careless profusion to their friends, the Berber chiefs, the contents of all the libraries they had found in Carthage, they reserved for this work the especial honor of an authorized translation into Latin, and of a formal recommendation of its practical maxims to the thrifty husbandmen of Rome.

It was the one fatal weakness of the Carthaginian State for military purposes that the bulk of their vast armies consisted not of their own citizens, nor even of attached and obedient subjects, but of foreign mercenaries. There were few countries and few tribes in the western world which were not represented in a Carthaginian army. Money or superior force brought to Carthage samples of every nation which her fleets could reach. Native Libyan and Liby-Phœnicians, Gauls and Spaniards, slingers from the far-famed Balearic Isles, Greeks and Ligurians, Volscians and Campanians, were all to be found within its ranks.

But it was the squadrons of light horsemen drawn from all the nomad tribes lying between the Altars of the Phileni on the east and the Pillars of Hercules on the west, which formed its heart. Mounted on their famous barbs, with a shield of elephant's hide on their arm and a lion's skin thrown over their shoulders, the only raiment they ever wore by day and the only couch they ever cared to sleep on at night; without a saddle and without a bridle, or with a bridle only of twisted reeds which they rarely needed to touch; equally remarkable for their fearlessness, their agility, and their cunning; equally formidable, whether they charged or made believe to fly; they were, at once, the strength and the weakness, the delight and the despair of the Carthaginian state. Under the mighty military genius of Hannibal — with the ardor which he breathed into the feeblest and the discipline which he enforced on the most undisciplined of his army — they faced without shrinking the terrors of the Alps and the malaria of the marshes, and they proved invincible against all the power of Rome, at the Ticinus and the Trebia, at Thrasimene and at Cannæ; but, as more often happened, led by an incompetent general, treated by him, as not even Napoleon treated his troops, like so many beasts for the slaughter, and sometimes even basely deserted or betrayed into the enemies' hand, they naturally proved a two-edged weapon, piercing the hand that leaned upon it, faithless and revengeful, learning nothing and forgetting nothing, finding once and again in the direst extremity of Carthage their own deadliest opportunity.

But if the life of the great capitalists of Carthage was as brilliant as we have described it, how did it fare with the poorer citizens, with those whom we call the masses, till we sometimes forget that they are made up of individual units?

If we know little of the rich, how much less do we know of the poor of Carthage and her dependencies. The city population, with the exception — a large exception doubtless — of those engaged in commerce, well contented, as it would seem, like the Romans under the Empire, if nothing deprived them of their bread and of their amusements, went on eating and marrying and multiplying till their numbers became excessive, and then they were shipped off by the prudence of their rulers to found colonies in other parts of Africa or in Spain. Their natural leaders — or, as probably more often happened, the bankrupt members of the aristocracy — would take the command of the colony, and obtain free leave, in return for their services, to enrich themselves by the plunder of the adjoining tribes. To so vast an extent did Carthage carry out the modern principle of relieving herself of a superfluous population, and at the same time of extending her empire, by colonization, that, on one occasion, the admiral, Hanno, whose "Periplus" still remains, was dispatched with sixty ships of war of fifty oars each, and with a total of not less than 30,000 half-caste emigrants on board, for the purpose of founding colonies on the shores of the ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules.

To defray the expenses of this vast system of exploration and colonization, as well as of their enormous armies, the most ruinous tribute was imposed and exacted with unsparing rigor from the subject native states, and no slight one from the cognate Phœnician cities. The taxes paid by the natives sometimes amounted to a half of their whole produce, and among the Phœnician dependent cities themselves we know that the lesser Leptis alone paid into the Carthaginian treasury the sum of a talent daily. The tribute levied on the conquered Africans was paid in kind, as is the case with the Rayahs of Turkey to the present day, and its apportionment and collection were doubtless liable to the same abuses and gave rise to the same enormities as those of which Europe has lately heard so much. Hence arose that universal disaffection, or rather that deadly hatred, on the part of her foreign subjects, and even of the Phœnician dependencies, towards Carthage, on which every invader of Africa could safely count as his surest support. Hence the ease with which Agathocles, with his small army of 15,000 men, could overrun the open country, and the monotonous uniformity with which he entered, one after another, two hundred towns, which Carthaginian jealousy had deprived of

their walls, hardly needing to strike a blow. Hence too the horrors of the revolt of the outraged Libyan mercenaries, supported as it was by the free-will contributions of their golden ornaments by the Libyan women, who hated their oppressors as perhaps women only can, and which is known in history by the name of the "War without Truce," or the "Inexpiable War."

It must, however, be borne in mind that the inherent differences of manners, language, and race between the native of Africa and the Phœnician incomer were so great; the African was so unimpressible, and the Phœnician was so little disposed to understand or to assimilate himself to his surroundings, — that even if the Carthaginian government had been conducted with an equity, and the taxes levied with a moderation, which we know was far from being the case, a gulf profound and impassable must probably have always separated the two peoples. This was the fundamental, the ineradicable weakness of the Carthaginian Empire, and in the long run outbalances all the advantages obtained for her by her navies, her ports, and her well-stocked treasury; by the energies and the valor of her citizens; and by the consummate genius of three, at least, of her generals. It is this, and this alone, which in some measure reconciles us to the melancholy, nay, the hateful, termination of the struggle. But if, under the conditions of ancient society, and the savagery of the warfare which it tolerated, there was an unavoidable necessity for either Rome or Carthage to perish utterly, we must admit, in spite of the sympathy which the brilliancy of the Carthaginian civilization, the heroism of Hamilcar and Hannibal, and the tragic catastrophe itself, call forth, that it was well for the human race that the blow fell on Carthage rather than on Rome. A universal Carthaginian Empire could have done for the world, as far as we can see, nothing comparable to that which the Roman universal Empire did for it. It would not have melted down national antipathies; it would not have given a common literature or language; it would not have prepared the way for a higher civilization and an infinitely purer religion. Still less would it have built up that majestic fabric of law which forms the basis of the legislation of all the states of modern Europe and America.

QUEEN DIDO'S LOVE AND FATE.

(By Virgil: translated by John Conington.)

[PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO, the great Roman epic poet, was born near Mantua, B.C. 70, and finely educated. Stripped of his estate in Augustus' confiscations, he regained it, like Horace, through Mæcenas' influence; became the friend of both, and also of Augustus, with whom he was traveling when he died, B.C. 19. His works are the "Eclogues" or "Bucolics" (only part of them pastorals, however), modeled on Theocritus' idyls; the "Georgics," a poetical treatise on practical agriculture which made farming the fashionable "fad" for a time; and the "Æneid," an epic on the adventures of Æneas, the mythical founder of Rome, — imitative of Homer's form and style.]

BUT the queen, pierced long since by love's cruel shaft, is feeding the wound with her lifeblood, and wasting under a hidden fire. Many times the hero's own worth comes back to her mind, many times the glory of his race; his every look remains imprinted on her breast, and his every word, nor will trouble let soothing sleep have access to her frame.

The dawn goddess of the morrow was surveying the earth with Phœbus' torch in her hand, and had already withdrawn the dewy shadow from the sky, when she, sick of soul, thus bespoke the sister whose heart was one with hers: — "Anna, my sister, what dreams are these that confound and appall me? Who is this new guest that has entered our door? What a face and carriage! What strength of breast and shoulders! I do believe — it is no mere fancy — that he has the blood of gods in his veins. An ignoble soul is known by the coward's brand. Ah! by what fates he has been tossed! What wars he was recounting, every pang of them borne by himself! Were it not the fixed, immovable purpose of my mind never to consent to join myself with any in wedlock's bands, since my first love played me false and made me the dupe of death — had I not been weary of bridal bed and nuptial torch, perchance I might have stooped to this one reproach. Anna, for I will own the truth, — since the fate of Sychæus, my poor husband, — since the sprinkling of the gods of my home with the blood my brother shed, he and he only has touched my heart and shaken my resolution till it totters. I recognize the traces of the old flame. But first I would pray that earth may yawn for me from her foundations, or the all-powerful sire hurl me thunder-stricken to the shades, to the wan shades of Erebus and abysmal night, ere I violate thee, my woman's honor, or unknit the bonds thou tiest. He who first wedded me, he has

carried off my heart — let him keep it all his own, and retain it in his grave." Thus having said, she deluged her bosom with a burst of tears.

Anna replies: "Sweet love, dearer than the light to your sister's eye, are you to pine and grieve in loneliness through life's long spring, nor know aught of a mother's joy in her children, nor of the prizes Venus gives? Think you that dead ashes and ghosts low in the grave take this to heart? Grant that no husbands have touched your bleeding heart in times gone by, none now in Libya, none before in Tyre; yes, Iarbas has been slighted, and the other chieftains whom Afric, rich in triumphs, rears as its own — will you fight against a welcome, no less than an unwelcome, passion? Nor does it cross your mind in whose territories you are settled? On one side the cities of the Gætulians, a race invincible in war, and the Numidians environ you, unbridled as their steeds, and the inhospitable Syrtis; on another, a region unpeopled by drought, and the widespread barbarism of the nation of Barce. What need to talk of the war cloud threatening from Tyre, and the menaces of our brother? It is under Heaven's auspices, I deem, and by Juno's blessing, that the vessels of Ilion have made this voyage hither. What a city, my sister, will ours become before your eyes! what an empire will grow out of a marriage like this! With the arms of the Teucrians at its back, to what a height will the glory of Carthage soar! Only be it yours to implore the favor of Heaven, and having won its acceptance, give free course to hospitality and weave a chain of pleas for delay, while the tempest is raging its full on the sea, and Orion, the star of rain, while his ships are still battered, and the rigor of the sky still unyielding." By these words she added fresh fuel to the fire of love, gave confidence to her wavering mind, and loosed the ties of woman's honor.

First they approach the temples and inquire for pardon from altar to altar; duly they slaughter chosen sheep to Ceres the lawgiver, to Phœbus, and to father Lyæus — above all to Juno, who makes marriage bonds her care. Dido herself, in all her beauty, takes a goblet in her hand, and pours it out full between the horns of a heifer of gleaming white, or moves majestic in the presence of the gods towards the richly laden altars, and solemnizes the day with offerings, and gazing greedily on the victims' opened breasts, consults the entrails yet quivering with life. Alas! how blind are the eyes of seers! What can

vows, what can temples do for the madness of love? All the while a flame is preying on the very marrow of her bones, and deep in her breast a wound keeps noiselessly alive. She is on fire, the ill-fated Dido, and in her madness ranges the whole city through, like a doe from an arrow shot, whom, unguarded in the thick of the Cretan woods, a shepherd, chasing her with his darts, has pierced from a distance, and left the flying steel in the wound, unknowing of his prize; she at full speed scours the forests and lawns of Dicte; the deadly reed still sticks in her side. Now she leads Æneas with her through the heart of the town, and displays the wealth of Sidon, and the city built to dwell in. She begins to speak, and stops midway in the utterance. Now, as the day fades, she seeks again the banquet of yesterday, and once more in frenzy asks to hear of the agonies of Troy, and hangs once more on his lips as he tells the tale. Afterwards, when the guests are gone, and the dim moon in turn is hiding her light, and the setting stars invite to slumber, alone she mourns in the empty hall, and presses the couch he has just left; him far away she sees and hears, herself far away; or holds Ascanius long in her lap, spellbound by his father's image, to cheat, if she can, her ungovernable passion. The towers that were rising rise no longer; the youth cease to practice arms, or to make ready havens and bulwarks for safety in war; the works are broken and suspended, the giant frowning of the walls, and the engine level with the sky.

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Meantime the sky begins to be convulsed with a mighty turmoil; a stormcloud follows of mingled rain and hail. The Tyrian train, all in confusion, and the chivalry of Troy, and the hope of Dardania, Venus' grandson, have sought shelter in their terror up and down the country, some here, some there. The streams run in torrents down the hills. Dido and the Trojan chief find themselves in the same cave. Earth, the mother of all, and Juno give the sign.

Lightnings blaze, and heaven flashes in sympathy with the bridal; and from mountain tops the nymphs give the nuptial shout. That day was the birthday of death, the birthday of woe. Henceforth she has no thought for the common eye, or the common tongue; it is not a stolen passion that Dido has now in her mind — no, she calls it marriage; that name is the screen of her sin.

[Jove commands Mercury to visit Æneas and bear him the divine injunction, according to the decree of the Fates, to leave Carthage and fulfill his destiny—of founding through his descendants the great city in Latium.]

ÆNEAS DESERTS HIS QUEEN.

Soon as his winged feet alit among the huts of Carthage, he sees Æneas founding towers and making houses new. A sword was at his side, starred with yellow jaspers, and a mantle drooped from his shoulders, ablaze with Tyrian purple—a costly gift which Dido had made, varying the web with threads of gold. Instantly he assails him: "And are you at a time like this laying the foundations of stately Carthage, and building, like a fond husband, your wife's goodly city, forgetting, alas! your own kingdom and the cares that should be yours? It is no less than the ruler of the gods who sends me down to you from his bright Olympus—he whose nod sways heaven and earth; it is he that bids me carry his commands through the flying air. What are you building? what do you look to in squandering your leisure in Libyan land? If you are fired by no spark of ambition for the greatness in your view, and will not rear a toilsome fabric for your own praise, think of Ascanius rising into youth, think of Iulus, your heir and your hope, to whom you owe the crown of Italy and the realm of Rome." With these words Cyllene's god quitted mortal sight ere he had well ceased to speak, and vanished away from the eye into unsubstantial air.

The sight left Æneas dumb and aghast indeed; his hair stood shudderingly erect; his speech clave to his throat. He burns to take flight and leave the land of pleasure, as his ears ring with the thunder of Heaven's imperious warning. What—ah! what is he to do? with what address can he now dare to approach the impassioned queen? what first advances can he employ? And thus he dispatches his rapid thought hither and thither, hurrying it east and west, and sweeping every corner of the field. So balancing, at last he thought this judgment the best. He calls Mnestheus and Sergestus and brave Serestus; bids them quietly get ready the fleet, muster the crews on the shore, with their arms in their hands, hiding the reason for so sudden a change. Meantime he, while Dido, kindest of friends, is in ignorance, deeming love's chain too strong to be snapped, will feel his way, and find what are the happiest

moments for speech, what the right hold to take of circumstance. At once all gladly obey his command, and are busy on the tasks enjoined.

But the queen (who can cheat a lover's senses?) scented the plot, and caught the first sound of the coming stir, alive to fear in the midst of safety. Fame, as before, the same baleful fiend, whispered in her frenzied ear that the fleet was being equipped and the voyage got ready. She storms in impotence of soul, and, all on fire, goes raving through the city, like a Mænad starting up at the rattle of the sacred emblems, when the triennial orgies lash her with the cry of Bacchus, and Cithæron's yell calls her into the night. At length she thus bespeaks Æneas, unaddressed by him: —

"To hide, yes, hide your enormous crime, perfidious wretch, did you hope *that* might be done — to steal away in silence from my realm? Has our love no power to keep you? has our troth, once plighted, none, nor she whom you doom to a cruel death, your Dido? Nay, are you fitting out your fleet with winter's sky overhead, and hastening to cross the deep in the face of all the northern winds, hard-hearted as you are? Why, suppose you were not seeking a strange clime and a home you know not — suppose old Troy were still standing — would even Troy draw you to seek her across a billowy sea? Flying, and from me! By the tears I shed, and by your plighted hand, since my own act, alas! has left me naught else to plead — by our union — by the nuptial rites thus prefaced — if I have ever deserved well of you, or aught of mine ever gave you pleasure — have pity on a falling house, and strip off, I conjure you, if prayer be not too late, the mind that clothes you. It is owing to you that the Libyan tribes and the Nomad chiefs hate me, that my own Tyrians are estranged; owing to you, yes, you, that my woman's honor has been put out, and that which was my one passport to immortality, my former fame. To whom are you abandoning a dying woman, my guest? — since the name of husband has dwindled to that. Why do I live any longer? — to give my brother Pygmalion time to batter down my walls, or Iarbas the Moor to carry me away captive? Had I but borne any offspring of you before your flight, were there some tiny Æneas to play in my hall, and remind me of you, though but in look, I should not then feel utterly captive and forlorn."

She ceased. He all the while, at Jove's command, was keeping his eyes unmoved, and shutting up in his heart his great

love. At length he answers in brief: "Fair queen, name all the claims to gratitude you can. I shall never gainsay one, nor will the thought of Elissa ever be unwelcome while memory lasts, while breath animates this frame. A few words I will say, as the case admits. I never counted — do not dream it — on stealthily concealing my flight. I never came with a bridegroom's torch in my hand, nor was this the alliance to which I agreed. For me, were the Fates to suffer me to live under a star of my own choosing, and to make with care the terms I would, the city of Troy, first of all the dear remains of what was mine, would claim my tendance. Priam's tall rooftree would still be standing, and my hand would have built a restored Pergamus, to solace the vanquished. But now to princely Italy Grynean Apollo, to Italy his Lycian oracles, bid me repair. There is my heart, there my fatherland. If you are riveted here by the sight of your stately Carthage, a daughter of Phœnicia by a Libyan town, why, I would ask, should jealousy forbid Teucrians to settle in Ausonian land? We, like you, have the right of looking for a foreign realm. There is my father Anchises, oft as night's dewy shades invest the earth, oft as the fiery stars arise, warning me in dreams and appalling me by his troubled presence. There is my son Ascanius, and the wrongs heaped on his dear head every day that I rob him of the crown of Hesperia, and of the land that fate makes his. Now, too, the messenger of the gods, sent down from Jove himself (I swear by both our lives) has brought me orders through the flying air. With my own eyes I saw the god in clear daylight entering the walls, and took in his words with the ears that hear you now. Cease then to harrow up both our souls by your reproaches: my quest of Italy is not of my own motion."

Long ere he had done this speech she was glaring at him askance, rolling her eyes this way and that, and scanning the whole man with her silent glances, and thus she bursts forth all ablaze: "No goddess was mother of yours, no Dardanus the head of your line, perfidious wretch! — no, your parent was Caucasus, rugged and craggy, and Hyrcanian tigresses put their breasts to your lips. For why should I suppress aught? or for what worse evil hold myself in reserve? Did he groan when I wept? did he move those hard eyes? did he yield and shed tears, or pity her that loved him? What first? what last? Now, neither Juno, queen of all, nor Jove, the almighty Father,

eyes us with impartial regard. Nowhere is there aught to trust — nowhere. A shipwrecked beggar, I welcomed him, and madly gave him a share of my realm; his lost fleet, his crews, I brought back from death's door. Ah! Fury sets me on fire, and whirls me round! Now, prophet Apollo, now the Lycian oracles. Now the messenger of the gods, sent down by Jove himself, bears his grim bidding through the air! Aye, of course, that is the employment of the powers above, those the cares that break their repose! I retain not your person, nor refute your talk. Go, chase Italy with the winds at your back; look for realms with the whole sea between you. I have hope that on the rocks midway, if the gods are as powerful as they are good, you will drain the cup of punishment, with Dido's name ever on your lips. I will follow you with murky fires when I am far away; and when cold death shall have parted soul and body, my shade shall haunt you everywhere. Yes, wretch, you shall suffer. I shall hear it — the news will reach me down among the dead." So saying, she snaps short her speech, and flies with loathing from the daylight, and breaks and rushes from his sight, leaving him hesitating, and fearing, and thinking of a thousand things to say. Her maidens support her, and carry her sinking frame into her marble chamber, and lay her on her bed.

But good Æneas, though yearning to solace and soothe her agonized spirit, and by his words to check the onset of sorrow, with many a groan, his whole soul upheaved by the force of love, goes nevertheless about the commands of Heaven, and repairs to his fleet. The Teucrians redouble their efforts, and along the whole range of the shore drag their tall ships down. The keels are careened and floated. They carry oars with their leaves still on, and timber unfashioned as it stood in the woods, so strong their eagerness to fly. You may see them all in motion, streaming from every part of the city. Even as ants when they are sacking a huge heap of wheat, provident of winter days, and laying up the plunder in their stores; a black column is seen moving through the plain, and they convey their booty along the grass in a narrow path: some are putting their shoulders to the big grains, and pushing them along; others are rallying the force and punishing the stragglers; the whole track is in a glow of work.

Death of Dido.

What were your feelings then, poor Dido, at a sight like this! How deep the groans you heaved, when you looked out from your lofty tower on a beach all seething and swarming, and saw the whole sea before you deafened with that hubbub of voices! Tyrant love! what force dost thou not put on human hearts? Again she has to condescend to tears, again to use the weapons of entreaty, and bow her spirit in suppliance under love's yoke, lest she should have left aught untried, and be rushing on a needless death.

"Anna, you see there is hurrying all over the shore — they are met from every side; the canvas is already wooing the gale, and the joyful sailors have wreathed the sterns. If I have had the foresight to anticipate so heavy a blow, I shall have the power to bear it too, my sister. Yet, Anna, in my misery, perform me this one service. You, and you only, the perfidious man was wont to make his friend — aye, even to trust you with his secret thoughts. You, and you only, know the subtle approaches to his heart, and the times of essaying them. Go, then, my sister, and supplicate our haughty foe. Tell him I was no party to the Danaan league at Aulis to destroy the Trojan nation; I sent no ships to Pergamus; I never disinterred his father Anchises, his dust or his spirit. Why will he not let my words sink down into his obdurate ears? Whither is he hurrying? Let him grant this last boon to her who loves him so wildly; let him wait till the way is smoothed for his flight, and there are winds to waft him. I am not asking him now to renew our old vows which he has forsworn. I am not asking him to forego his fair Latium, and resign his crown. I entreat but a few vacant hours, a respite and breathing space for my passion, till my fortune shall have taught baffled love how to grieve. This is my last request of you. Oh, pity your poor sister! — a request which when granted shall be returned with interest in death."

Such was her appeal — such the wailing which her afflicted sister bears to him, and bears again; but no wailing moves him, no words find him a gentle listener. Fate bars the way, and Heaven closes the hero's relenting ears. Even as an aged oak, still hale and strong, which Alpine winds, blowing now here, now there, strive emulously to uproot — a loud noise is heard, and, as the stem rocks, heaps of leaves pile the ground; but

the tree cleaves firmly to the cliff; high as its head strikes into the air, so deep its root strikes down to the abyss — even thus the hero is assailed on all sides by a storm of words: his mighty breast thrills through and through with agony; but his mind is unshaken, and tears are showered in vain.

Then at last, maddened by her destiny, poor Dido prays for death: heaven's vault is a weariness to look on. To confirm her in pursuing her intent, and closing her eyes on the sun, she saw, as she was laying her offerings on the incense-steaming altars — horrible to tell — the sacred liquor turn black, and the streams of wine curdle into loathly gore. This appearance she told to none, not even to her sister. Moreover, there was in her palace a marble chapel to her former husband, to which she used to pay singular honors, wreathing it with snowy fillets and festal boughs; from it she thought she heard a voice, the accents of the dead man calling her, when the darkness of night was shrouding the earth; and on the roof a lonely owl in funereal tones kept complaining again and again, and drawing out wailingly its protracted notes; and a thousand predictions of seers of other days come back on her, terrifying her with their awful warnings. When she dreams, there is Æneas himself driving her in furious chase: she seems always being left alone to herself, always pacing companionless on a never-ending road, and looking for her Tyrians in a realm without inhabitants — like Pentheus, when in frenzy he sees troops of Furies, and two sons, and a double Thebes rising round him; or Agamemnon's Orestes rushing over the stage, as he flies from his mother, who is armed with torches and deadly snakes, while the avenging fiends sit couched on the threshold. . . .

Meanwhile Æneas, resolved on his journey, was slumbering in his vessel's tall stern, all being now in readiness. To him a vision of the god appearing again with the same countenance, presented itself as he slept, and seemed to give this second warning — the perfect picture of Mercury, his voice, his blooming hue, his yellow locks, and the youthful grace of his frame: "Goddess-born, at a crisis like this can you slumber on? Do you not see the wall of danger which is fast rising round you, infatuate that you are, nor hear the favoring whisper of the western gale? She is revolving in her bosom thoughts of craft and cruelty, resolved on death, and surging with a changeful tempest of passion. Will you not haste away while haste is in your power? You will look on a sea convulsed with

ships, an array of fierce torch fires, a coast glowing with flame, if the dawn goddess shall have found you loitering here on land. Quick! — burst through delay. A thing of moods and changes is woman ever." He said, and was lost in the darkness of night.

At once Æneas, scared by the sudden apparition, springs up from sleep, and rouses his comrades. "Wake in a moment, my friends, and seat you on the benches. Unfurl the sails with all speed. See! here is a god sent down from heaven on high, urging us again to hasten our flight, and cut the twisted cables. Yes! sacred power, we follow thee, whoever thou art, and a second time with joy obey thy behest. Be thou with us, and graciously aid us, and let propitious stars be ascendant in the sky." So saying, he snatches from the scabbard his flashing sword, and with the drawn blade cuts the hawsers. The spark flies from man to man; they scour, they scud, they have left the shore behind; you cannot see the water for ships. With strong strokes they dash the foam, and sweep the blue.

And now Aurora was beginning to sprinkle the earth with fresh light, rising from Tithonus' saffron couch. Soon as the queen from her watchtower saw the gray dawn brighten, and the fleet moving on with even canvas, and coast and haven forsaken, with never an oar left, thrice and again smiting her beauteous breast with her hands, and rending her golden locks, "Great Jupiter!" cries she, "shall he go? Shall a chance comer boast of having flouted our realm? Will they not get their arms at once, and give chase from all the town, and pull, some of them, the ships from the docks? Away! bring fire; quick! get darts, ply oars! What am I saying? Where am I? What madness turns my brain? Wretched Dido! do your sins sting you now? They should have done so then, when you were giving your crown away. What truth! what fealty! — the man who, they say, carries about with him the gods of his country, and took up on his shoulders his old worn-out father! Might I not have caught and torn him piecemeal, and scattered him to the waves? — destroyed his friends, aye, and his own Ascanius, and served up the boy for his father's meal? But the chance of a battle would have been doubtful. Let it have been. I was to die, and whom had I to fear? I would have flung torches into his camp, filled his decks with flame, consumed son and sire and the whole line, and leapt myself upon the pile. Sun, whose torch shows thee all that is done on earth,

and thou, Juno, revealer and witness of these stirrings of the heart, and Hecate, whose name is yelled in civic crossways by night, avenging fiends, and gods of dying Elissa, listen to this! Let your power stoop to ills that call for it, and hear what I now pray! If it must needs be that the accursed wretch gain the haven and float to shore — if such the requirement of Jove's destiny, such the fixed goal — yet grant that, harassed by the sword and battle of a warlike nation, a wanderer from his own confines, torn from his Iulus' arms, he may pray for succor, and see his friends dying miserably round him! Nor when he has yielded to the terms of an unjust peace, may he enjoy his crown, or the life he loves; but may he fall before his time, and lie unburied in the midst of the plain! This is my prayer — these the last accents that flow from me with my lifeblood. And you, my Tyrians, let your hatred persecute the race and people for all time to come. Be this the offering you send down to my ashes: never be there love or league between nation and nation. Arise from my bones, my unknown avenger, destined with fire and sword to pursue the Dardanian settlers, now or in after days, whenever strength shall be given! Let coast be at war with coast, water with wave, army with army; fight they, and their sons, and their sons' sons!"

Thus she said, as she whirled her thought to this side and that, seeking at once to cut short the life she now abhorred. Then briefly she spoke to Barce, Sychæus' nurse, for her own was left in her old country, in the black ashes of the grave: "Fetch me here, dear nurse, my sister Anna. Bid her hasten to sprinkle herself with water from the stream, and bring with her the cattle and the atoning offerings prescribed. Let her come with these; and do you cover your brow with the holy fillet. The sacrifice to Stygian Jove, which I have duly commenced and made ready, I wish now to accomplish, and with it the end of my sorrows, giving to the flame the pile that pillows the Dardan head!" She said: the nurse began to quicken her pace with an old wife's zeal.

But Dido, wildered and maddened by her enormous resolve, rolling her bloodshot eye, her quivering cheeks stained with fiery streaks, and pale with the shadow of death, bursts the door of the inner palace, and frantically climbs the tall pile, and unsheathes the Dardan sword, a gift procured for a far different end. Then, after surveying the Trojan garments and the bed, too well known, and pausing awhile to weep and

think, she pressed her bosom to the couch, and uttered her last words: —

"Relics, once darlings of mine, while Fate and Heaven gave leave, receive this my soul, and release me from these my sorrows. I have lived my life — the course assigned me by Fortune is run, and now the august phantom of Dido shall pass underground. I have built a splendid city. I have seen my walls completed. In vengeance for a husband, I have punished a brother that hated me — blest, ah! blest beyond human bliss, if only Dardan ships had never touched coasts of ours!" She spoke — and kissing the couch: "Is it to be death without revenge? But be it death," she cries — "this, this is the road by which I love to pass to the shades. Let the heartless Dardanian's eyes drink in this flame from the deep, and let him carry with him the presage of my death."

She spoke, and even while she was yet speaking, her attendants see her fallen on the sword, the blade spouting blood, and her hands dabbled in it. Their shrieks rise to the lofty roof; Fame runs wild through the convulsed city. With wailing and groaning, and screams of women, the palace rings; the sky resounds with mighty cries and beating of breasts — even as if the foe were to burst the gates and topple down Carthage or ancient Tyre, and the infuriate flame were leaping from roof to roof among the dwellings of men and gods.

Her sister heard it. Breathless and frantic, with wild speed, disfiguring her cheeks with her nails, her bosom with her fists, she bursts through the press, and calls by name on the dying queen: "Was this your secret, sister? Were you plotting to cheat me? Was this what your pile was preparing for me, your fires, and your altars? What should a lone heart grieve for first? Did you disdain your sister's company in death? You should have called me to share your fate — the same keen sword pang, the same hour, should have been the end of both. And did these hands build the pile, this voice call on the gods of our house, that you might lie there, while I, hard-hearted wretch, was away? Yes, sister, you have destroyed yourself and me, the people and the elders of Sidon, and your own fair city. Let in the water to the wounds; let me cleanse them, and if any remains of breath be still flickering, catch them in my mouth!" As she thus spoke, she was at the top of the lofty steps, and was embracing and fondling in her bosom her dying sister, and stanching with her robe the black streams of

blood. Dido strives to raise her heavy eyes, and sinks down again; the deep stab gurgles in her breast. Thrice, with an effort, she lifted and reared herself up on her elbow; thrice she fell back on the couch, and with helpless wandering eyes aloft in the sky, sought for the light and groaned when she found it.

Then Juno almighty, in compassion for her lengthened agony and her trouble in dying, sent down Iris from Olympus to part the struggling soul and its prison of flesh. For, as she was dying, not in the course of fate, nor for any crime of hers, but in mere misery, before her time, the victim of sudden frenzy, not yet had Proserpine carried off a lock of her yellow hair, and thus doomed her head to Styx and the place of death. So then Iris glides down the sky with saffron wings dew-besprent, trailing a thousand various colors in the face of the sun, and alights above her head. "This I am bidden to bear away as an offering to Pluto, and hereby set you free from the body." So saying, she stretches her hand and cuts the lock: at once all heat parts from the frame, and the life has passed into air.

PRECEPTS, PRAYERS, AND HYMNS FROM THE ZEND-AVESTA.

(Translated by James Darmesteter and L. H. Mills.)

[The Avesta (Zend means commentary; the name has also been given to the old Persian language of the most antique portion) is the collection of sacred books—chiefly liturgy—of the ancient Persians, and of the modern Parsee sect, their descendants who have not become Mohammedans. The portion called the Gâthas is represented to be the utterances of Zoroaster or Zarathushtra himself, the lawgiver and religious founder whose existence is still a hopeless problem: even of the associated translators above, Professor Darmesteter decisively pronounces him mythical; Mr. Mills with equal confidence holds him historical and the Gâthas substantially authentic. He assigns him to a period probably not earlier than B.C. 1500, or later than 900. "Let the Zendist study the Gâthas well," he says, "and then let him turn to the Yasts or the Vendîdâd: he will go from the land of reality to the land of fable. He leaves in the one a toiling prophet, to meet in the other a phantastic demi-god."]

KEEPING CONTRACTS AND OATHS.

IF MEN of the same faith, either friends or brothers, come to an agreement together, that one may obtain from the other either goods, or a wife, or knowledge, let him who wants to

have goods have them delivered to him; let him who wants to have a wife receive and wed her; let him who wants to have knowledge be taught the holy word.

He shall learn on, during the first part of the day and the last, during the first part of the night and the last, that his mind may be increased in knowledge and wax strong in holiness; so shall he sit up, giving thanks and praying to the gods, that he may be increased in knowledge; he shall rest during the middle part of the day, during the middle part of the night, and thus shall he continue until he can say all the words which former Aêthrapaitis (teaching priests) have said.

Before the water and the blazing fire, O Spitama Zarathustra! let no one make bold to deny having received from his neighbor the ox or the garment.

Verily I say it unto thee, O Spitama Zarathustra! the man who has a wife is far above him who begets no sons; he who keeps a house is far above him who has none; he who has children is far above the childless man; he who has riches is far above him who has none.

And of two men, he who fills himself with meat is filled with the good spirit much more than he who does not do so: the latter is all but dead; the former is above him by the worth of an asperena (dirhem, dime), by the worth of a sheep, by the worth of an ox, by the worth of a man.

It is this man that can strive against the onsets of Astô-Vîdhôtu; that can strive against the self-moving arrow; that can strive against the winter fiend, with thinnest garment on; that can strive against the wicked tyrant and smite him on the head; it is this man that can strive against the ungodly Ashemaogha who does not eat.

The Holiness of Husbandry.

(Ahura Mazda said:) "Unhappy is the land that has long lain unsown with the seed of the sower and wants a good husbandman, like a well-shapen maiden who has long gone childless and wants a good husband.

"He who would till the earth, O Spitama Zarathustra! with the left arm and the right, with the right arm and the left, unto him will she bring forth plenty like a loving bride on her bed, unto her beloved; the bride will bring forth children, the earth will bring forth plenty of fruit.

"He who would till the earth, O Spitama Zarathustra! with the left arm and the right, with the right arm and the left, unto him thus says the Earth: 'O thou man! who dost till me with the left arm and the right, with the right arm and the left, hither shall people ever come and beg for bread; here shall I ever go on bearing, bringing forth all manner of food, bringing forth profusion of corn.'

"He who does not till the earth, O Spitama Zarathustra! with the left arm and the right, with the right arm and the left, unto him thus says the Earth: 'O thou man! who dost not till me with the left arm and the right, with the right arm and the left, ever shalt thou stand at the door of the stranger, among those who beg for bread; ever shalt thou wait there for the refuse that is brought unto thee, brought by those who have profusion of wealth.'"

O Maker of the material world, thou Holy One! What is the food that fills the law of Mazda?

Ahura Mazda answered: "It is sowing corn again and again, O Spitama Zarathustra!

"He who sows corn, soweth holiness; he makes the law of Mazda grow higher and higher; he makes the law of Mazda as fat as he can with a hundred acts of adoration, a thousand oblations, ten thousand sacrifices.

"When barley is coming forth, the Daêvas start up; when the corn is growing rank, then faint the Daêvas' hearts; when the corn is being bound, the Daêvas groan; when wheat is coming forth, the Daêvas are destroyed. In that house they can no longer stay, from that house they are beaten away, wherein wheat is thus coming forth. It is as though red-hot iron were turned about in their throats, when there is plenty of corn.

"Then let the priest teach people this saying: 'No one who does not eat has strength to do works of holiness, strength to do works of husbandry, strength to beget children. By eating, every material creature lives; by not eating it dies away.'" . . .

"He who, tilling the earth, O Spitama Zarathustra! would not kindly and piously give to one of the faithful, he shall fall down into the darkness of Spenta Armaiti (the earth), down into the world of woe, the dismal realm. down into the house of hell."

To the Sun.

Unto the undying, shining, swift-horsed Sun;

Be propitiation, with sacrifice, prayer, propitiation, and glorification.

We sacrifice unto the undying, shining, swift-horsed Sun.

When the light of the sun waxes warmer, when the brightness of the Sun waxes warmer, then up stand the heavenly Yazatas, by hundreds and thousands; they gather together its Glory, they make its Glory pass down, they pour its Glory upon the earth, made by Ahura, for the increase of the world of holiness, for the increase of the creatures of holiness, for the increase of the undying, shining, swift-horsed Sun.

And when the Sun rises up, then the earth, made by Ahura, becomes clean; the running waters become clean, the waters of the wells become clean, the waters of the Sea become clean; the standing waters become clean; all the holy creatures, the creatures of the Good Spirit, become clean.

Should not the Sun rise up, then the Daêvas would destroy all the things that are in the Seven Karshvares, nor would the heavenly Yazatas find any way of withstanding or repelling them in the material world.

He who offers up a sacrifice unto the undying, shining, swift-horsed Sun — to withstand darkness, to withstand the Daêvas born of darkness, to withstand the robbers and bandits, to withstand the Yâtus and Pairikas, to withstand death that creeps in unseen — offers it up to Ahura Mazda, offers it up to the Amesha-Spentas, offers it up to his own soul. He rejoices all the heavenly and worldly Yazatas, who offers up a sacrifice unto the undying, shining, swift-horsed Sun.

I will sacrifice unto Mithra, the lord of wide pastures, who has a thousand ears, ten thousand eyes.

I will sacrifice unto the club of Mithra, the lord of wide pastures, well struck down upon the skulls of the Daêvas.

I will sacrifice unto that friendship, the best of all friendships, that reigns between the moon and the sun.

For his brightness and glory, I will offer unto him a sacrifice worth being heard, namely, unto the undying, shining, swift-horsed Sun. Unto the undying, shining, swift-horsed Sun we offer up the libations, the Haoma and meat, the baresma, the wisdom of the tongue, the holy spells, the speech, the deeds, the libations, and the rightly spoken words.

To Mithra.

We sacrifice unto Mithra, the lord of wide pastures, sleepless, and ever awake.

To whom Ahura Mazda offered up a sacrifice in the shining Garô-nmâna (Paradise).

With his arms lifted up towards Immortality, Mithra, the lord of wide pastures, drives forward from the shining Garô-nmâna, in a beautiful chariot that drives on, ever-swift, adorned with all sorts of ornaments, and made of gold.

At his right hand drives Rashnu Razista, the most beneficent and well-shapen.

At his left hand drives the most upright *K*ista, the holy one, bearing libations in her hands, clothed with white clothes, and white herself; and the cursing thought of the Law of Mazda.

Close by him drives the strong cursing thought of the wise man, opposing foes in the shape of a boar, a sharp-toothed he-boar, a sharp-jawed boar, that kills at one stroke, pursuing, wrathful, with a dripping face, strong and swift to run, and rushing all around.

Behind him drives Âtar (the Genius of Fire), all in a blaze, and the awful kingly Glory.

On a side of the chariot of Mithra, the lord of wide pastures, stand a thousand bows well made, with a string of cowgut; they go through the heavenly space, they fall through the heavenly space upon the skulls of the Daêvas.

On a side of the chariot of Mithra, the lord of wide pastures, stand a thousand vulture-feathered arrows, with a golden mouth, with a horn shaft, with a brass tail, and well made. They go through the heavenly space, they fall through the heavenly space upon the skulls of the Daêvas.

On a side of the chariot of Mithra, the lord of wide pastures, stand a thousand spears, well made and sharp-piercing. They go through the heavenly space, they fall through the heavenly space upon the skulls of the Daêvas.

On a side of the chariot of Mithra, the lord of wide pastures, stand a thousand steel hammers, two-edged, well made. They go through the heavenly space, they fall through the heavenly space upon the skulls of the Daêvas.

On a side of the chariot of Mithra, the lord of wide pastures, stand a thousand swords, two-edged and well made.

They go through the heavenly space, they fall through the heavenly space upon the skulls of the Daêvas.

On a side of the chariot of Mithra, the lord of wide pastures, stand a thousand maces of iron, well made. They go through the heavenly space, they fall through the heavenly space upon the skulls of the Daêvas.

On a side of the chariot of Mithra, the lord of wide pastures, stands a beautiful well-falling club, with a hundred knots, a hundred edges, that rushes forward and fells men down; a club cast out of red brass, of strong, golden brass; the strongest of all weapons, the most victorious of all weapons. It goes through the heavenly space, it falls through the heavenly space upon the skulls of the Daêvas.

After he has smitten the Daêvas, after he has smitten down the man who lied unto Mithra, Mithra, the lord of wide pastures, drives forward. . . .

Angra Mainyu (Ahriman), who is all death, flees away in fear; Aeshma, the evil-doing Peshotanu, flees away in fear; the long-handed Boshyaster flees away in fear; all the Daêvas unseen and the Varenya fiends flee away in fear.

Oh! May we never fall across the rush of Mithra, the lord of wide pastures, when in anger! May Mithra, the lord of wide pastures, never smite us in his anger; he who stands up upon this earth as the strongest of all gods, the most valiant of all gods, the most energetic of all gods, the swiftest of all gods, the most fiend-smiting of all gods, he, Mithra, the lord of wide pastures.

Gatha-Dualism of Good and Evil.

The primeval spirits as a pair, each independent in his action, have been famed. A better thing, and a worse, they two, as to thought, as to word, and as to deed. And between these two let the wisely acting choose aright. Choose ye not as the evil-doers!

When the two spirits came together at the first to make life, and life's absence, and to determine how the world at last shall be ordered, for the wicked the worst life (Hell), for the holy the Best Mental State (Heaven).

He who was the evil of them both chose the evil, thereby making the worst of possible results; but the more bounteous spirit chose the Divine Righteousness.

And between these two spirits the Demon-Gods and their worshipers can make no righteous choice, since we have beguiled them. As they were questioning and debating in their council, the worst mind approached them that he might be chosen. And thereupon they rushed together unto the Demon of Fury, that they might pollute the lives of mortals.

Upon this Aramaiti (Saints' Piety) approached, and with her came the Sovereign Power, the Good Mind, and the Righteous Order. And Aramaiti gave a body (to the spiritual creations of good and evil).

And when vengeance shall have come upon these wretches (Devil-worshipers), then, O Mazda! the kingdom shall have been gained by thee by thy Good Mind within thy Folk.

And may we be such as those who bring on this great renovation, and make this world progressive. The Ahuras of Mazda may we be in helpful readiness to meet thy people, presenting benefits in union with the Righteous Order.

LEGEND OF TANTALUS AND THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

By PINDAR.

(Translated by Ernest Myers.)

[PINDAR, one of the greatest lyric artists of the world, was born about B.C. 522, near Thebes. Though sought as a court star by the greatest princes of his age, he refused to give up independence or Theban citizenship. He died probably in 443. His life work was writing odes to be sung in honor of victories in athletic contests at the great Greek religious festivals. These he made vehicles for the legendary lore of old Greece, at first so lavishly that the elder poetess Corinna told him "one should sow with the hand and not the sack."]

FIRST OLYMPIAN ODE: FOR HIERON OF SYRACUSE, WINNER IN THE HORSE RACE.

BEST is Water of all, and Gold as a flaming fire in the night shineth eminent amid lordly wealth; but if of prizes in the games thou art fain, O my soul, to tell, then, as for no bright star more quickening than the sun must thou search in the void firmament by day, so neither shall we find any games greater

than the Olympic whereof to utter our voice: for hence cometh the glorious hymn and entereth into the minds of the skilled in song, so that they celebrate the son of Kronos [Zeus], when to the rich and happy hearth of Hieron they are come; for he wieldeth the scepter of justice in Sicily of many flocks, culling the choice fruits of all kinds of excellence: and with the flower of music is he made splendid, even such strains as we sing blithely at the table of a friend.

Take from the peg the Dorian lute, if in anywise the glory of Pherenikos [the winning horse] at Pisa hath swayed thy soul unto glad thoughts, when by the banks of Alpheos he ran, and gave his body ungoaded in the course, and brought victory to his master, the Syracusans' king, who delighteth in horses.

Bright is his fame in Lydian Pelops' colony [Peloponnesos], inhabited of a goodly race, whose founder mighty earth-enfolding Poseidon loved, what time from the vessel of purifying Klotho took him with the bright ivory furnishment of his shoulder [*i.e.* at birth].

Verily many things are wondrous, and haply tales decked out with cunning fables beyond the truth make false men's speech concerning them. For Charis [goddess of Grace or Beauty], who maketh all sweet things for mortal men, by lending honor unto such maketh oft the unbelievable thing to be believed; but the days that follow after are the wisest witnesses.

Meet is it for a man that concerning gods he speak honorably; for the reproach is less. Of thee, son of Tantalos, I will speak contrariwise to them who have gone before me, and I will tell how when thy father had bidden thee to that most seemly feast at his beloved Sipylos, repaying to the gods their banquet, then did he of the Bright Trident [Poseidon], his heart vanquished by love, snatch thee and bear thee behind his golden steeds to the house of august Zeus in the highest, whither again on a like errand came Ganymede in the after time.

But when thou hadst vanished, and the men who sought thee long brought thee not to thy mother, some one of the envious neighbors said secretly that over water heated to boiling they had hewn asunder with a knife thy limbs, and at the tables had shared among them and eaten sodden fragments of thy flesh. But to me it is impossible to call one of the blessed gods cannibal; I keep aloof; in telling ill tales is often little gain.

Now if any man ever had honor of the guardians of Olympus, Tantalos was that man; but his high fortune he could not digest,

and by excess thereof won him an overwhelming woe, in that the Father hath hung above him a mighty stone that he would fain ward from his head, and therewithal he is fallen from joy.

This hopeless life of endless misery he endureth with other three [Sisyphos, Ixion, and Tityos], for that he stole from the immortals and gave to his fellows at a feast the nectar and ambrosia, whereby the gods had made him incorruptible. But if a man thinketh that in doing aught he shall be hidden from God, he erreth.

Therefore also the immortals sent back again his son to be once more counted with the short-lived race of men. And he, when toward the bloom of his sweet youth the down began to shade his darkening cheek, took counsel with himself speedily to take to him for his wife the noble Hippodameia from her Pisan father's hand.

And he came and stood upon the margin of the hoary sea, alone in the darkness of the night, and called aloud on the deep-voiced Wielder of the Trident; and he appeared unto him nigh at his foot.

Then he said unto him: "Lo now, O Poseidon, if the kind gifts of the Cyprian goddess are anywise pleasant in thine eyes, restrain Oinomaos' bronze spear, and send me unto Elis upon a chariot exceeding swift, and give the victory to my hands. Thirteen lovers already hath Oinomaos slain, and still delayeth to give his daughter in marriage. Now a great peril alloweth not of a coward: and forasmuch as men must die, wherefore should one sit vainly in the dark through a dull and nameless age, and without lot in noble deeds? Not so, but I will dare this strife: do thou give the issue I desire."

Thus spake he, nor were his words in vain; for the god made him a glorious gift of a golden car and winged, untiring steeds: so he overcame Oinomaos and won the maiden for his bride.

And he begat six sons, chieftains, whose thoughts were ever of brave deeds: and now hath he part in honor of blood-offerings in his grave beside Alpheos' stream, and hath a frequented tomb, whereto many strangers resort: and from afar off he beholdeth the glory of the Olympian games in the courses called of Pelops, where is striving of swift feet and of strong bodies brave to labor; but he that overcometh hath for the sake of those games a sweet tranquillity throughout his life for evermore.

Now the good that cometh of to-day is ever sovereign unto every man. My part it is to crown Hieron with an equestrian strain in Æolian mood: and sure am I that no host among men that now are shall I ever glorify in sounding labyrinths of song more learned in the learning of honor and withal with more might to work thereto. A god hath guard over thy hopes, O Hieron, and taketh care for them with a peculiar care: and if he fail thee not, I trust that I shall again proclaim in song a sweeter glory yet, and find thereto in words a ready way, when to the fair-shining hill of Kronos I am come. Her strongest-winged dart my Muse hath yet in store.

Of many kinds is the greatness of men; but the highest is to be achieved by kings. Look not thou for more than this. May it be thine to walk loftily all thy life, and mine to be the friend of winners in the games, winning honor for my art among Hellenes everywhere.

THE MISPLACED FINE LADY.

By SIMONIDES OF AMORGOS.

[About 660 B.C. The lines are from a poem on the genesis of the different kinds of women, from different animals. The slut is from a hog, the cunning from a fox, the snarling and prying from a dog, the lazy glutton from mud, the capricious from the sea, the strong but balky and incontinent from an ass, the sullen and thievish from a weasel, the fine lady from a thoroughbred, the ugly, sly, and malicious from an ape, the good housewife from a bee. The translation is Mure's.]

Next in the lot a gallant dame we see,
Sprung from a mare of noble pedigree.
No servile work her spirit proud can brook;
Her hands were never taught to bake or cook;
The vapor of the oven makes her ill;
She scorns to empty slops or turn the mill.
No household washings her fair skin deface,
Her own ablutions are her chief solace.
Three baths a day, with balms and perfumes rare,
Refresh her tender limbs; her long rich hair,
Each time she combs, and decks with blooming flowers,
No spouse more fit than she the idle hours
Of wealthy lords or kings to recreate,
And grace the splendor of their courtly state.
For men of humbler sort no better guide
Heaven in its wrath to ruin can provide.

OBSERVATIONS OF HESIOD.

(From the "Works and Days.")

[HESIOD: A celebrated Greek poet, probably of the century after Homer, say about B.C. 800. He was a native of Ascra in Bœotia. His authentic writings are the "Theogony" (genealogy of the gods) and "Works and Days" (that is, labors of the year, and the proper seasons for them), full of shrewd and often bitter comments on and advice concerning all the affairs of life. There are also fragments. The first-named work is probably much altered from his own composition; possibly the second, but its best things must belong to one mind.]

COMPETITION is good for men.

Potter is jealous of potter, and mechanic of mechanic; beggar has a grudge against beggar, poet against poet. ["Two of a trade can never agree." Note that beggars and poets were both dependent on the doles of the property-owning classes.]

Half is more than the whole.

The avenger of perjury runs side by side with unjust judgments; the course of Justice is resistless, though she be dragged where her bribe devourers lead her. ["Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."] Clad in mist, she follows wailing cities and settlements, bringing evil on men who have driven her out. A whole city often reaps the fruit of a bad man's deeds.

A man works evil for himself in working it for another, and the wicked scheme is worst for him who devises it. ["Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein."]

To be a just man is an evil if the unjust is to have the whip hand of justice. [Personal wrong here overpowers Hesiod's abstract philosophy.] But do you heed justice and forbear violence. Fishes, beasts, and fowls are to eat each other ["Let dogs delight"], for they have no justice; but to men is given justice, which is for the best.

Whoever swears a false oath leaves the human race the worse; a true-swearing man leaves it the better.

Wickedness you can pick up in heaps; the road is level, and it dwells close by. But to virtue the gods have attached labor; the way to it is long, steep, and rugged at first, but when you have reached the summit the way is easy.

Famine is the sluggard's companion. Both immortals and mortals hate sluggards.

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Labor is best, if, turning a foolish mind from others' goods to work, you will study your own living.

A false shame possesses a needy man.

Invite the man who loves you to dinner, but let your enemy alone. Especially invite your neighbor; for if anything happens to you, neighbors will come running half dressed, but relatives will wait to dress first. A bad neighbor is as great a misfortune as a good one is a blessing. Not an ox would die if there were no bad neighbors.

Pay back all you borrow from a neighbor in full measure, and better if you can, so that you may have something to rely on in case of need.

Dishonest gains are as bad as losses. Whatever a man shamelessly seizes, be it ever so little, poisons his blood.

Love the man who loves you, and keep close to him who sticks to you, and give to him who has given to you — not to him who has not. No one gives to the stingy.

Take your fill at the beginning and the end of the cask, but spare it in the middle: sparingness is too late at the bottom. [The rich and the poor may get what they are able to buy; the middling must be cautious. The young with spare strength and the old with their work done can be reckless; the middle-aged cannot.]

Pay your friend as fairly as another.

Call in witnesses even for dealings with your brother; trust has ruined as many men as mistrust.

Twice or thrice you may get help from neighbors; but if you trouble them further, you will talk in vain.

Put nothing off till to-morrow or the day after. A dilatory man is forever wrestling with losses.

It will not always be summer: build houses for yourselves.

Hire a man servant without a house of his own, and a female servant without children; keep a sharp-toothed dog, and feed him well.

Praise a small vessel; lade your goods in a large one, as your gain will be greater.

It is dreadful to die in the waves.

Do not put all your means into ship cargoes; leave the major part on shore. It is sad, too, if when you have loaded your wagon too heavily the axle breaks, and the load is lost. ["Don't put all your eggs in one basket."]

Marry a maiden living near, for fear you may marry one who will give your neighbors cause to mock you.

Don't make your friend equal to a brother; but if you do, be careful not to give the first provocation. But if he talks against you, pay him back double. If he wishes to be reconciled, however, and make amends, accept them. A man is in bad case when he keeps changing friends.

Don't lie for the sake of talking.

Don't let your face tell tales on your mind.

Don't be called host to everybody or to nobody; nor one who keeps bad company or abuses good men.

Never sneer at a man's poverty. The greatest treasure is a reticent tongue.

If you speak ill of others, you may hear more of yourself.

Don't be boorish at a feast where the guests all pay; for there one gets the greatest pleasure at the least expense.

Don't go to church with dirty clothes on. [Literally, Do not make libations to Zeus with unwashed hands.] For your prayers will not be heard. [That is, if you do not think your religion of importance enough to make some effort at decency in its rites, it will not do you much good.]

The Hawk and the Nightingale.

Now then will I speak a fable to kings, wise even though they are. Thus the hawk addressed the nightingale of variegated throat, as he carried her in his talons, when he had caught her, very high in the clouds.

She then, pierced on all sides by his crooked talons, was wailing piteously, whilst he victoriously addressed his speech to her. "Wretch, wherefore criest thou? 'tis a much stronger that holds thee. Thou wilt go that way by which I may lead thee, songstress though thou art; and my supper, if I choose, I shall make, or shall let go. But senseless is he who chooses to contend against them that are stronger, and he is robbed of victory, and suffers griefs in addition to indignities."

Pandora's Box.

Now the gods keep hidden for men their means of subsistence; for else easily mightest thou even in one day have wrought, so that thou shouldest have enough for the year,

even though being idle: else straightway wouldst thou lay by the rudder above the smoke, and the labors of oxen and of toil-enduring mules would be undone. But Jove in wrath at his heart concealed it, because wily Prometheus had beguiled him. Therefore, I ween, he devised baneful cares for men. And fire he hid, which indeed the good son of Iapetus stole back for mankind from counselor Jove in a hollow fennel stalk, after he had escaped the notice of Jove delighting in the thunder-bolt.

Him then cloud-compelling Jove addressed in wrath: "O son of Iapetus, knowing beyond all in counsels, thou exultest in having stolen fire, and deceived my wisdom, a severe woe to thyself and to men that shall come after. To them now will I give evil instead of fire, wherewith all may delight themselves at heart, hugging their own evil." So spake he: and outlaughed the sire of men and gods; but he bade Vulcan the illustrious with all speed mix earth with water, and endue it with man's voice and strength, and to liken in countenance to immortal goddesses the fair, lovely beauty of a maiden; then he bade Minerva teach her work, to weave the highly wrought web; and golden Aphrodite to shed around her head grace, and painful desire, and cares that waste the limbs; but to endue her with a shameless mind and tricksy manners he charged the conductor, Argicide Mercury.

So he bade; but they obeyed Jove, the sovereign son of Cronus, and forthwith out of the earth the famous crippled god fashioned one like unto a modest maiden, through the counsels of Jove, the son of Cronus, and the goddess, gleaming-eyed Minerva, girdled and arrayed her; and around her skin the goddess Graces and august Persuasion hung golden chains, whilst fair-tressed Hours crowned her about with flowers of spring, and Pallas Minerva adapted every ornament to her person. But in her breast, I wot, conductor Mercury wrought falsehoods, and wily speeches, and tricksy manners, by the counsels of deep-thundering Jove; and the herald of the gods placed within her, I ween, a winning voice; and this woman he called Pandora, because all, inhabiting Olympian mansions, bestowed on her a gift — a mischief to inventive men.

But when he had perfected the dire inextricable snare, father Jove proceeded to send to Epimetheus the famous slayer of Argus, swift messenger of the gods, carrying her as a gift; nor did Epimetheus consider how Prometheus had told him never

to accept a gift from Olympian Jove, but to send it back, lest haply any ill should arise to mortals. But he, after receiving it, felt the evil, when now he possessed it.

Now aforetime, indeed, the races of men were wont to live on the earth apart and free from ills, and without harsh labor, and painful diseases, which have brought death on mortals. For in wretchedness men presently grow old. But the woman having with her hands removed the great lid from the vessel, dispersed them; then contrived she baneful cares for men. And Hope alone there in unbroken abode kept remaining within, beneath the verge of the vessel, nor did it flit forth abroad; for before that, she had placed on the lid of the vessel, by the counsels of ægis-bearing, cloud-compeller Jove. But myriad other ills have roamed forth among men. For full indeed is earth of woes, and full the sea; and in the day as well as at night diseases unbidden haunt mankind, silently bearing ills to men, for counselor Jove hath taken from them their voice. Thus not in any way is it possible to escape the will of Jove.

FRAGMENTS OF ARCHILOCHUS.

[ARCHILOCHUS was the earliest of Greek satirists, about B.C. 700, inventor of the iambic verse; by the ancients ranked second only to Homer, and equally first in his own department, inferior rather in subject than in genius. He was famed for personal lampoons so stinging that they are said to have driven their subjects to suicide; but he wrote also better things. All that would exhibit his surpassing greatness, however, is lost: the first piece following is the longest remnant that survives.

All translations not credited are made for this work.]

I.

ON SELF-CONTROL.

(Translated by William Hay.)

TOSSED on a sea of troubles, Soul, my Soul,
Thyself do thou control;
And to the weapons of advancing foes
A stubborn breast oppose;
Undaunted 'mid the hostile might
Of squadrons burning for the fight.

Thine be no boasting when the victor's crown
Wins thee deserved renown;
Thine no dejected sorrow, when defeat
Would urge a base retreat:
Rejoice in joyous things — nor overmuch
Let grief thy bosom touch
'Midst evil, and still bear in mind
How changeful are the ways of humankind.

II.

FATE.

Cast all care upon the gods: for often from the dust they raise
Men who grovel in abasement, toiling in the meanest ways;
Often too they hurl men headlong — trip and throw us on our face,
While we strut in pride, and leave us, beggared, homeless, in a daze,
Once again to seek our fortune, all misfortunes at our heels.

III.

THE DAILY MIRACLE.

There is naught to be despaired of, naught to be avowed absurd,
Naught a wonder, when the Father of the Skies
From the noonday brings the night, with the hiding of the light,
Sunshine goes, and gloomy fear upon us lies.
Just from this alone we know there is nothing here below
Unbelievable or desperate for men;
None should wonder at whatever they behold in our affairs.
Should the very dolphins of the ocean for a den
Of the beasts of earth exchange their briny fields and lairs,
These the thundering wave prefer to mainland home,
Those the mountain find more grateful than the foam.

IV.

THE FOX'S INVOCATION.

O Father Zeus, thy might in heaven controls all mortals' fate;
Thou seest the deeds of humankind, the crooked and the straight;
In brutes as well thou lov'st the just, the wrongful has thy hate.

V.

CAMEO OF A GIRL.

(Translated by J. A. Symonds.)

Holding a myrtle rod she blithely moved,
And a fair blossoming rose; the flowing hair
Shadowed her shoulders, falling to her girdle.

VI.

THE IDEAL CAPTAIN.

A long-legged straddling giant is not my choice for a chief —
Curled and haughty and shaven, a proper sort of a beau:
Give me a bow-legged bantam, stout if his body is brief,
Firm on his feet, quick-witted, full of spirit and go.

VII.

HIS DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF HIS VALOR.

Some Thracian is pluming himself on the shield that he found in a bush,
Where blameless I left my armor, sorely against my grain;
But I saved myself from the consequence of death that day, at least:
Let the shield go — I can get one no worse when I want it again.

VIII.

HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I am an expert craftsman in one tremendous art —
To wreak full vengeance on the one who plays a foeman's part.

NIGHT.

BY ALCMAN.

(Translated by William Mure.)

[ALCMAN (flourished about 650) was one of the founders of Greek lyric poetry: identified with Sparta, though not a native.]

OVER the drowsy earth still night prevails;
Calm sleep the mountain tops and shady vales,
The rugged cliffs and hollow glens,
The castle on the hill. Deep in the sea
The countless finny race and monster brood
Tranquil repose. Even the busy bee
Forgets her daily toil. The silent wood
No more with noisy hum of insect rings,
And all the feathered tribes, by gentle sleep subdued,
Roost in the glade, and hang their drooping wings.

SOCIALISM IN SPARTA.

By PLUTARCH.

(From the "Life of Lycurgus.")

LYCURGUS found a prodigious inequality: the city was overcharged with many indigent persons who had no land, and the wealth centered in the hands of a few. Determined, therefore, to root out the evils of insolence, envy, avarice, and luxury, and those distempers of a state still more inveterate and fatal, — I mean poverty and riches, — he persuaded them to cancel all former divisions of land, and to make new ones, in such a manner that they might be perfectly equal in their possessions and way of living. Hence, if they were ambitious of distinction they might seek it in virtue, as no other difference was left between them but that which arises from the dishonor of base actions and the praise of good ones. His proposal was put in practice. He made nine thousand lots for the territory of Sparta, which he distributed among so many citizens, and thirty thousand for the inhabitants of the rest of Laconia. Each lot was capable of producing (one year with another) seventy bushels of grain for each man, and twelve for each woman, besides a quantity of wine and oil in proportion. Such a provision they thought sufficient for health and a good habit of body, and they wanted nothing more. A story goes of our legislator, that some time after returning from a journey through the fields just reaped, and seeing the shocks standing parallel and equal, he smiled, and said to some that were by, "How like is Laconia to an estate newly divided among many brothers!"

After this, he attempted to divide also the movables, in order to take away all appearance of inequality; but he soon perceived that they could not bear to have their goods directly taken from them, and therefore took another method, counterworking their avarice by a stratagem. First he stopped the currency of the gold and silver coin, and ordered that they should make use of iron money only, then to a great quantity and weight of this he assigned but a small value; so that to lay up ten *minæ*, a whole room was required, and to remove it, nothing less than a yoke of oxen. When this became current, many kinds of injustice ceased in Lacedæmon. Who would steal or take a

bribe, who would defraud or rob, when he could not conceal the booty; when he could neither be dignified by the possession of it, nor if cut in pieces be served by its use? For we are told that, when hot they quenched it in vinegar, to make it brittle and unmalleable, and consequently unfit for any other service.

In the next place, he excluded unprofitable and superfluous arts: indeed, if he had not done this, most of them would have fallen of themselves, when the new money took place, as the manufactures could not be disposed of. Their iron coin would not pass in the rest of Greece, but was ridiculed and despised; so that the Spartans had no means of purchasing any foreign or curious wares; nor did any merchant ship unlade in their harbors. There were not even to be found in all their country either sophists, wandering fortune tellers, keepers of infamous houses or dealers in gold and silver trinkets, because there was no money. Thus luxury, losing by degrees the means that cherished and supported it, died away of itself: even they who had great possessions had no advantage from them, since they could not be displayed in public, but must lie useless in unregarded repositories. Hence it was that excellent workmanship was shown in their useful and necessary furniture, as beds, chairs, and tables; and the Lacedæmonian cup called *cothon*, as Critias informs us, was highly valued, particularly in campaigns; for the water, which must then of necessity be drank, though it would often otherwise offend the sight, had its muddiness concealed by the color of the cup, and the thick part stopping at the shelving brim, it came clearer to the lips.

Desirous to complete the conquest of luxury, and exterminate the love of riches, he introduced a third institution, which was wisely enough and ingeniously contrived. This was the use of public tables, where all were to eat in common of the same meat, and such kinds of it as were appointed by law. At the same time they were forbidden to eat at home, upon expensive couches and tables, to call in the assistance of butchers and cooks, or to fatten like voracious animals in private. For so not only their manners would be corrupted, but their bodies disordered; abandoned to all manner of sensuality and dissoluteness, they would require long sleep, warm baths, and the same indulgence as in perpetual sickness. To effect this was certainly very great; but it was greater still, to secure riches from rapine and from envy, as Theophrastus expresses it, or

rather by their eating in common, and by the frugality of their table, to take from riches their very being. For what use or enjoyment of them, what peculiar display of magnificence could there be, where the poor man went to the same refreshment with the rich? It must further be observed, that they had not the privilege to eat at home, and so to come without appetite to the public repast: they made a point of it to observe any one that did not eat and drink with them, and to reproach him as an intemperate and effeminate person that was sick of the common diet.

There were fifteen persons to a table, or a few more or less. Each of them was obliged to bring in monthly a bushel of meal, eight gallons of wine, five pounds of cheese, two pounds and a half of figs, and a little money to buy flesh and fish. If any of them happened to offer a sacrifice of first fruits, or to kill venison, he sent a part of it to the public table; for after a sacrifice or hunting, he was at liberty to sup at home; but the rest were to appear at the usual place. For a long time this eating in common was observed with great exactness: so that when king Agis returned from a successful expedition against the Athenians, and from a desire to sup with his wife, requested to have his portion at home, the Polemarchs refused to send it: nay, when, through resentment, he neglected, the day following, to offer the sacrifice usual on occasion of victory, they set a fine upon him.

Children also were introduced at these public tables, as so many schools of sobriety. There they heard discourses concerning government, and were instructed in the most liberal breeding. There they were allowed to jest without scurrility, and were not to take it ill when the raillery was returned. For it was reckoned worthy of a Lacedæmonian to bear a jest; but if any one's patience failed, he had only to desire them to be quiet, and they left off immediately. When they first entered, the oldest man present pointed to the door, and said, "Not a word spoken in this company goes out there."

The admitting of any man to a particular table was under the following regulation. Each member of that small society took a little ball of soft bread in his hand. This he was to drop, without saying a word, into a vessel called *caddos*, which the waiter carried upon his head. In case he approved of the candidate, he did it without altering the figure, if not, he first pressed it flat in his hand; for a flatted ball was considered as a nega-

tive. And if but one such was found, the person was not admitted, as they thought it proper that the whole company should be satisfied with each other. He who was thus rejected, was said to have no luck in the *caddos*.

The dish that was in the highest esteem amongst them was the black broth. The old men were so fond of it that they ranged themselves on one side and eat it, leaving the meat to the young people. It is related of a king of Pontus, that he purchased a Lacedæmonian cook, for the sake of this broth. But when he came to taste it he strongly expressed his dislike, and the cook made answer, "Sir, to make this broth relish, it is necessary first to bathe in the Eurotas." After they had drunk moderately, they went home without lights. Indeed, they were forbidden to walk with a light either on this or any other occasion, that they might accustom themselves to march in the darkest night boldly and resolutely. Such was the order of their public repasts.

Lycurgus left none of his laws in writing; it was ordered in one of the *Rhetræ* that none should be written. For what he thought most conducive to the virtue and happiness of a city, was principles interwoven with the manners and breeding of the people. These would remain immovable, as founded in inclination, and be the strongest and most lasting tie; and the habits which education produced in the youth, would answer in each the purpose of a lawgiver. As for smaller matters, contracts about property, and whatever occasionally varied, it was better not to reduce these to a written form and unalterable method, but to suffer them to change with the times, and to admit of additions or retrenchments at the pleasure of persons so well educated. For he resolved the whole business of legislation into the bringing up of youth. And this, as we have observed, was the reason why one of his ordinances forbade them to have any written laws.

Another ordinance, leveled against magnificence and expense, directed that the ceilings of houses should be wrought with no tool but the ax, and the doors with nothing but the saw. For, as Epaminondas is reported to have said afterwards, of his table, "Treason lurks not under such a dinner," so Lycurgus perceived before him, that such a house admits of no luxury and needless splendor. Indeed, no man could be so absurd as to bring into a dwelling so homely and simple, bedsteads with silver feet, purple coverlets, golden cups, and a train

of expense that follows these: but all would necessarily have the bed suitable to the room, the coverlet of the bed and the rest of their utensils and furniture to that. From this plain sort of dwellings proceeded the question of Leotychidas the elder to his host, when he supped at Corinth, and saw the ceiling of the room very splendid and curiously wrought, "Whether trees grew square in his country."

A third ordinance of Lycurgus was, that they should not often make war against the same enemy, lest, by being frequently put upon defending themselves, they too should become able warriors in their turn. And this they most blamed king Agesilaus for afterwards, that by frequent and continued incursions into Bœotia, he taught the Thebans to make head against the Lacedæmonians. This made Antalcidas say, when he saw him wounded, "The Thebans pay you well for making them good soldiers who neither were willing nor able to fight you before."

As for the education of youth, which he looked upon as the greatest and most glorious work of a lawgiver, he began with it at the very source, by regulating the marriages. For he did not (as Aristotle says) desist from his attempt to bring the women under sober rules. They had indeed assumed great liberty and power on account of the frequent expeditions of their husbands, during which they were left sole mistresses at home, and so gained an undue deférence and improper titles; but notwithstanding this he took all possible care of them. He ordered the virgins to exercise themselves in running, wrestling, and throwing quoits and darts; that their bodies being strong and vigorous, the children afterwards produced from them might be the same; and that, thus fortified by exercise, they might the better support the pangs of childbirth, and be delivered with safety.

In order to take away the excessive tenderness and delicacy of the sex, the consequence of a recluse life, he accustomed the virgins occasionally to be seen naked as well as the young men, and to dance and sing in their presence on certain festivals. There they sometimes indulged in a little raillery upon those that had misbehaved themselves, and sometimes they sung encomiums on such as deserved them, thus exciting in the young men a useful emulation and love of glory. For he who was praised for his bravery and celebrated among the virgins, went away perfectly happy: while their satirical glances, thrown out in sport, were no less cutting than serious admonitions, espe-

cially as the kings and senate went with the other citizens to see all that passed. As for the virgins appearing naked, there was nothing disgraceful in it, because everything was conducted with modesty, and without one indecent word or action. Nay, it caused a simplicity of manners and an emulation for the best habit of body; their ideas, too, were naturally enlarged, while they were not excluded from their share of bravery and honor. Hence they were furnished with sentiments and language such as Gorgo, the wife of Leonidas, is said to have made use of. When a woman of another country said to her, "You of Lacedæmon are the only women in the world that rule the men," she answered, "We are the only women that bring forth men."

These public dances and other exercises of the young maidens naked, in sight of the young men, were, moreover, incentives to marriage; and, to use Plato's expression, drew them almost as necessarily by the attractions of love, as a geometrical conclusion follows from the premises. To encourage it still more, some marks of infamy were set upon those that continued bachelors. For they were not permitted to see these exercises of the naked virgins; and the magistrates commanded them to march naked round the marketplace in the winter, and to sing a song composed against themselves, which expressed how justly they were punished for their disobedience to the laws. They were also deprived of that honor and respect which the younger people paid to the old; so that nobody found fault with what was said to Dercyllidas, though an eminent commander. It seems, when he came one day into company, a young man, instead of rising up and giving place, told him, "You have no child to give place to me, when I am old."

It was not left to the father to rear what children he pleased, but he was obliged to carry the child to a place called Lesche, to be examined by the most ancient men of the tribe, who were assembled there. If it was strong and well-proportioned, they gave orders for its education, and assigned it one of the nine thousand shares of land; but if it was weakly and deformed, they ordered it to be thrown into the place called Apothetæ, which is a deep cavern near the mountain Taygetus; concluding that its life could be no advantage either to itself or to the public, since nature had not given it at first any strength or goodness of constitution. For the same reason the women did not wash their new-born infants with water, but with wine, thus making some trial of their habit of body, imagining that sickly

and epileptic children sink and die under the experiment, while healthy became more vigorous and hardy.

Great care and art was also exerted by the nurses; for, as they never swathed the infants, their limbs had a freer turn, and their countenances a more liberal air; besides, they used them to any sort of meat, to have no terrors in the dark, nor to be afraid of being alone, and to leave all ill humor and unmanly crying. Hence people of other countries purchased Lacedæmonian nurses for their children; and Alcibiades the Athenian is said to have been nursed by Amicla, a Spartan. But if he was fortunate in a nurse, he was not so in a preceptor; for Zopyrus, appointed to that office by Pericles, was, as Plato tells us, no better qualified than a common slave. The Spartan children were not in that manner, under tutors purchased or hired with money, nor were the parents at liberty to educate them as they pleased; but as soon as they were seven years old, Lycurgus ordered them to be enrolled in companies, where they were all kept under the same order and discipline, and had their exercises and recreations in common. He who showed the most conduct and courage amongst them, was made captain of the company. The rest kept their eyes upon him, obeyed his orders, and bore with patience the punishment he inflicted: so that their whole education was an exercise of obedience. The old men were present at their diversions, and often suggested some occasion of dispute or quarrel, that they might observe with exactness the spirit of each, and their firmness in battle.

As for learning, they had just what was absolutely necessary. All the rest of their education was calculated to make them subject to command, to endure labor, to fight and conquer. They added, therefore, to their discipline, as they advanced in age — cutting their hair very close, making them go barefoot, and play, for the most part, quite naked. At twelve years of age, their under-garment was taken away, and but one upper one a year allowed them. Hence they were necessarily dirty in their persons, and not indulged the great favor of baths, and oils, except on some particular days of the year. They slept in companies, on beds made of the tops of reeds, which they gathered with their own hands, without knives, and brought from the banks of the Eurotas. In winter they were permitted to add a little thistle down, as that seemed to have some warmth in it.

At this age, the most distinguished amongst them became the favorite companions of the elder; and the old men attended more constantly their places of exercise, observing their trials of strength and wit, not slightly and in a cursory manner, but as their fathers, guardians, and governors: so that there was neither time nor place where persons were wanting to instruct and chastise them. One of the best and ablest men of the city was, moreover, appointed inspector of the youth, and he gave the command of each company to the discreetest and most spirited of those called Irens. An Iren was one that had been two years out of the class of boys; a Melliren one of the oldest lads. This Iren, then, a youth twenty years old, gives orders to those under his command in their little battles, and has them to serve him at his house. He sends the oldest of them to fetch wood, and the younger to gather pot herbs: these they steal where they can find them, either slyly getting into gardens, or else craftily and warily creeping to the common tables. But if any one be caught, he is severely flogged for negligence or want of dexterity. They steal, too, whatever victuals they possibly can, ingeniously contriving to do it when persons are asleep, or keep but indifferent watch. If they are discovered, they are punished not only with whipping, but with hunger.

Indeed, their supper is but slender at all times, that, to fence against want, they may be forced to exercise their courage and address. This is the first intention of their spare diet: a subordinate one is, to make them grow tall. For when the animal spirits are not too much oppressed by a great quantity of food, which stretches itself out in breadth and thickness, they mount upwards by their natural lightness, and the body easily and freely shoots up in height. This also contributes to make them handsome: for thin and slender habits yield more freely to nature, which then gives a fine proportion to the limbs; while the heavy and gross resist her by their weight.

The boys steal with so much caution, that one of them having conveyed a young fox under his garment, suffered the creature to tear out his bowels with his teeth and claws, choosing rather to die than to be detected. Nor does this appear incredible, if we consider what their young men can endure to this day; for we have seen many of them expire under the lash at the altar of Diana Orthia.

The Iren, reposing himself after supper, used to order one of the boys to sing a song; to another he put some question which required a judicious answer; for example, "Who was the best man in the city?" or "What he thought of such an action?" This accustomed them from their childhood to judge of the virtues, to enter into the affairs of their countrymen. For if one of them was asked, "Who is a good citizen, or who an infamous one," and hesitated in his answer, he was considered a boy of slow parts, and of a soul that would not aspire to honor. The answer was likewise to have a reason assigned for it, and proof conceived in few words. He whose account of the matter was wrong, by way of punishment had his thumb bit by the Iren. The old men and magistrates often attended these little trials, to see whether the Iren exercised his authority in a rational and proper manner. He was permitted, indeed, to inflict the penalties; but when the boys were gone, he was to be chastised himself if he had punished them either with too much severity or remissness.

The adopters of favorites also shared both in the honor and disgrace of their boys: and one of them is said to have been mulcted by the magistrates, because the boy whom he had taken into his affections let some ungenerous word or cry escape him as he was fighting. This love was so honorable and in so much esteem, that the virgins too had their lovers amongst the most virtuous matrons. A competition of affection caused no misunderstanding, but rather a mutual friendship between those that had fixed their regards upon the same youth, and an united endeavor to make him as accomplished as possible.

The boys were also taught to use sharp repartee, seasoned with humor, and whatever they said was to be concise and pithy. For Lycurgus, as we have observed, fixed but a small value on a considerable quantity of his iron money; but, on the contrary, the worth of speech was to consist in its being comprised in a few plain words, pregnant with a great deal of sense; and he contrived that by long silence they might learn to be sententious and acute in their replies. As debauchery often causes weakness and sterility in the body, so the intemperance of the tongue makes conversation empty and insipid. King Agis, therefore, when a certain Athenian laughed at the Lacedæmonian short swords, and said, "The jugglers would swallow them with ease upon the stage," answered in his laconic way, "And yet we can reach our enemies' hearts with

them." Indeed, to me there seems to be something in this concise manner of speaking which immediately reaches the object aimed at, and forcibly strikes the mind of the hearer.

Lycurgus himself was short and sententious in his discourse, if we may judge by some of his answers which are recorded, that, for instance, concerning the constitution. When one advised him to establish a popular government in Lacedæmon, "Go," said he, "and first make a trial of it in thy own family." That again, concerning sacrifices to the Deity, when he was asked why he appointed them so trifling and of so little value, "That we might never be in want," said he, "of something to offer him." Once more, when they inquired of him, what sort of martial exercises he allowed of, he answered, "All, except those in which you stretch out your hands." Several such like replies of his are said to be taken from the letters which he wrote to his countrymen: as to their question, "How shall we best guard against the invasion of an enemy?"—"By continuing poor, and not desiring in your possessions to be one above another." And to the question, whether they should inclose Sparta with walls, "That city is well fortified, which has a wall of men instead of brick."

Whether these and some other letters ascribed to him are genuine or not, is no easy matter to determine. However, that they hated long speeches, the following apothegms are a farther proof. King Leonidas said to one who discoursed at an improper time about affairs of some concern, "My friend, you should not talk so much to the purpose, of what it is not to the purpose to talk of." Charilaus, the nephew of Lycurgus, being asked why his uncle had made so few laws, answered, "To men of few words, few laws are sufficient." Some people finding fault with Hecatæus the sophist, because, when admitted to one of the public repasts, he said nothing all the time, Archidamidas replied, "He that knows how to speak, knows also when to speak."

The manner of their repartees, which, as I said, were seasoned with humor, may be gathered from these instances. When a troublesome fellow was pestering Demaratus with impertinent questions, and this in particular several times repeated, "Who is the best man in Sparta?" he answered, "He that is least like you." To some who were commending the Eleans for managing the Olympic games with so much justice and propriety, Agis said, "What great matter is it, if the Eleans

do justice once in five years?" When a stranger was professing his regard for Theopompus, and saying that his own countrymen called him Philolacon (a lover of the Lacedæmonians), the king answered him, "My good friend, it were much better, if they called you Philopolites" (a lover of your own countrymen). Plistonax, the son of Pausanias, replied to an orator of Athens, who said the Lacedæmonians had no learning, "True, for we are the only people of Greece that have learned no ill of you." To one who asked what number of men there was in Sparta, Archidamidas said, "Enough to keep bad men at a distance."

Even when they indulged a vein of pleasantry, one might perceive that they would not use one unnecessary word, nor let an expression escape them that had not some sense worth attending to. For one being asked to go and hear a person who imitated the nightingale to perfection, answered, "I have heard the nightingale herself." Another said, upon reading this epitaph, —

> Victims of Mars, at Selinus they fell,
> Who quenched the rage of tyranny.

"And they deserved to fall, for, instead of *quenching* it, they should have let it *burn out*." A young man answered one that promised him some gamecocks that would stand their death, "Give me those that will be the death of others." Another seeing some people carried into the country in litters, said, "May I never sit in any place where I cannot rise before the aged!"

This was the manner of their apothegms: so that it has been justly enough observed that the term *lakonizein* (to act the Lacedæmonian) is to be referred rather to the exercises of the mind than those of the body.

Nor were poetry and music less cultivated among them than a concise dignity of expression. Their songs had a spirit which could rouse the soul, and impel it in an enthusiastic manner to action. The language was plain and manly, the subject serious and moral. For they consisted chiefly of the praises of heroes that had died for Sparta, or else of expressions of detestation for such wretches as had declined the glorious opportunity, and rather chose to drag on life in misery and contempt. Nor did they forget to express an ambition for glory suitable to their respective ages.

On these occasions they relaxed the severity of their discipline, permitting their men to be curious in dressing their hair, and elegant in their arms and apparel, while they expressed their alacrity, like horses full of fire and neighing for the race. They let their hair, therefore, grow from their youth, but took more particular care, when they expected an action, to have it well combed and shining, remembering a saying of Lycurgus, that "a large head of hair made the handsome more graceful, and the ugly more terrible." The exercises, too, of the young men, during the campaigns, were more moderate, their diet not so hard, and their whole treatment more indulgent: so that they were the only people in the world with whom military discipline wore, in time of war, a gentler face than usual.

When they had routed the enemy, they continued the pursuit till they were assured of the victory; after that they immediately desisted, deeming it neither generous nor worthy of a Grecian to destroy those who made no farther resistance. This was not only a proof of magnanimity, but of great service to their cause. For when their adversaries found that they killed such as stood it out, but spared the fugitives, they concluded it was better to fly than to meet their fate upon the spot.

The discipline of the Lacedæmonians continued after they were arrived at years of maturity. For no man was at liberty to live as he pleased; the city being like one great camp, where all had their stated allowance, and knew their public charge, each man concluding that he was born not for himself, but for his country. Hence, if they had no particular orders, they employed themselves in inspecting the boys, and teaching them something useful, or in learning of those that were older than themselves. One of the greatest privileges that Lycurgus procured his countrymen, was the enjoyment of leisure, the consequence of his forbidding them to exercise any mechanic trade. It was not worth their while to take great pains to raise a fortune, since riches there were of no account; and the Helotes, who tilled the ground, were answerable for the produce abovementioned. To this purpose we have a story of a Lacedæmonian who, happening to be at Athens while the court sat, was informed of a man who was fined for idleness; and when the poor fellow was returning home in great dejection, attended by his condoling friends, he desired the company to show him the person that was condemned for keeping up his dignity. So

much beneath them they reckoned all attention to mechanic arts, and all desire of riches!

Lawsuits were banished from Lacedæmon with money. The Spartans knew neither riches nor poverty, but possessed an equal competency, and had a cheap and easy way of supplying their few wants. Hence, when they were not engaged in war, their time was taken up with dancing, feasting, hunting, or meeting to exercise, or converse. They went not to market under thirty years of age, all their necessary concerns being managed by their relations and adopters. Nor was it reckoned a credit to the old to be seen sauntering in the market place; it was deemed more suitable for them to pass great part of the day in the schools of exercise, or places of conversation. Their discourse seldom turned upon money, or business, or trade, but upon the praise of the excellent, or the contempt of the worthless; and the last was expressed with that pleasantry and humor, which conveyed instruction and correction without seeming to intend it. Nor was Lycurgus himself immoderately severe in his manner; but, as Sosibius tells us, he dedicated a little statue to the god of laughter in each hall. He considered facetiousness as a seasoning of their hard exercise and diet, and therefore ordered it to take place on all proper occasions, in their common entertainments and parties of pleasure.

Upon the whole, he taught his citizens to think nothing more disagreeable than to live by (or for) themselves. Like bees, they acted with one impulse for the public good, and always assembled about their prince. They were possessed with a thirst of honor, an enthusiasm bordering upon insanity, and had not a wish but for their country. These sentiments are confirmed by some of their aphorisms. When Pædaretus lost his election for one of the "three hundred," he went away "rejoicing that there were three hundred better men than himself found in the city." Pisistratidas going with some others, ambassador to the king of Persia's lieutenants, was asked whether they came with a public commission, or on their own account, to which he answered, "If successful, for the public; if unsuccessful, for ourselves." Agrileonis, the mother of Brasidas, asking some Amphipolitans that waited upon her at her house, whether Brasidas died honorably and as became a Spartan? they greatly extolled his merit, and said there was not such a man left in Sparta: whereupon she replied, "Say not so, my friends; for Brasidas was indeed a man of

honor, but Lacedæmon can boast of many better men than he."

He would not permit all that desired to go abroad and see other countries, lest they should contract foreign manners, gain traces of a life of little discipline, and of a different form of government. He forbade strangers, too, to resort to Sparta, who could not assign a good reason for their coming; not, as Thucydides says, out of fear they should imitate the constitution of that city, and make improvements in virtue, but lest they should teach his own people some evil. For along with foreigners come new subjects of discourse; new discourse produces new opinions; and from these there necessarily spring new passions and desires, which, like discords in music, would disturb the established government. He therefore thought it more expedient for the city to keep out of it corrupt customs and manners, than even to prevent the introduction of a pestilence.

Thus far, then, we can perceive no vestiges of a disregard to right and wrong, which is the fault some people find with the laws of Lycurgus; allowing them well enough calculated to produce valor, but not to promote justice. Perhaps it was the Cryptia, as they called it, or ambuscade, if that was really one of this lawgiver's institutions, as Aristotle says it was, which gave Plato so bad an impression both of Lycurgus and his laws. The governors of the youth ordered the shrewdest of them from time to time to disperse themselves in the country, provided only with daggers and some necessary provisions. In the daytime they hid themselves, and rested in the most private places they could find; but at night they sallied out into the roads, and killed all the Helotes they could meet with. Nay, sometimes by day, they fell upon them in the fields and murdered the ablest and strongest of them. Thucydides relates in his history of the Peloponnesian war, that the Spartans selected such of them as were distinguished for their courage, to the number of two thousand or more, declared them free, crowned them with garlands, and conducted them to the temples of the gods; but soon after they all disappeared; and no one could, either then or since, give account in what manner they were destroyed. Aristotle particularly says, that the Ephori, as soon as they were invested in their office, declared war against the Helotes, that they might be massacred under pretense of law.

In other respects they treated them with great inhumanity: sometimes they made them drink till they were intoxicated, and in that condition led them into the public halls, to show the young men what drunkenness was. They ordered them, too, to sing mean songs, and to dance ridiculous dances, but not to meddle with any that were genteel and graceful. Those who say that a freeman in Sparta was most a freeman, and a slave most a slave, seem well to have considered the difference of states.

A MARTIAL ODE.

By TYRTÆUS.

[TYRTÆUS, Greek elegiac poet, was a native of Attica, and lived about B.C. 700. The Lacedæmonians applied to the Athenians for a commander to lead them in the second Messenian war. They were presented with Tyrtæus. The war lyrics which he composed so animated the flagging spirits of the Spartan troops that they renewed the contest, and ultimately secured a complete triumph to their arms.]

(Thomas Campbell's Translation.)

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land!
But oh! what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam;
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe;
While scorned and scowled upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed! dishonoring manhood's form,
All ills shall cleave to him: affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children, like himself, inured to shame.

But we will combat for our fathers' land,
And we will drain the life blood where we stand,
To save our children: — fight ye side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might;
Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unblest)
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevelled in the dust,
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.
But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears,
The hero boy, that dies in blooming years:
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears;
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
For having perished in the front of war.

(Polwhele's Translation.)

If, fighting for his dear paternal soil,
The soldier in the front of battle fall;
'Tis not in fickle fortune to despoil
His store of fame, that shines the charge of all.

But if, oppressed by penury, he rove
Far from his native town and fertile plain,
And lead the sharer of his fondest love,
In youth too tender, with her infant train;

And if his aged mother — his shrunk sire
Join the sad group; so many a bitter ill
Against the houseless family conspire,
And all the measure of the wretched fill.

Pale, shivering want, companion of his way,
He meets the luster of no pitying eye;
To hunger and dire infamy a prey —
Dark hatred scowls, and scorn quick passes by.

Alas! no traits of beauty or of birth —
No blush now lingers in his sunken face;
Dies every feeling (as he roams o'er earth)
Of shame transmitted to a wandering race.

But be it ours to guard this hallowed spot,
To shield the tender offspring and the wife;
Here steadily await our destined lot,
And, for their sakes, resign the gift of life.

ANECDOTES AND APHORISMS OF EARLY GREEK PHILOSOPHERS.

BY DIOGENES LAËRTIUS.

[DIOGENES, of Laerte in Alicia, wrote—probably about A.D. 200-250—a book of biographies of Greek philosophers, from which, scrappy and confused as it is, nearly all our knowledge of the history of ancient philosophy is derived. There are reasons for thinking that the extant book is not the original, but a clumsy compilation from it.]

THALES.

BEING asked why he did not become a father, he answered that it was because he was fond of children. When his mother exhorted him to marry, he said, "It is not yet time," and afterwards, when he was past his youth, and she was again pressing him earnestly, he said, "It is no longer time."

He thanked fortune for three things: first of all, that he had been born a man and not a beast; secondly, that he was a man and not a woman; and thirdly, that he was a Greek and not a barbarian.

It is said that once he was led out of his house by an old woman for the purpose of observing the stars, and he fell into a ditch and bewailed himself; on which the old woman said to him, "Do you, O Thales, who cannot see what is under your feet, think that you shall understand what is in heaven?" [For a better form of this, see Bacon's "Apothegms."]

He said also that there was no difference between life and death. "Why, then," said some one to him, "do not you die?" "Because," said he, "it does make no difference."

Another man asked him whether a man who did wrong could escape the notice of the Gods. "No, not even if he thinks wrong," said he.

An adulterer inquired of him whether he should swear that he had not committed adultery. "Perjury," said he, "is no worse than adultery."

When the question was put to him how a man might most easily endure misfortune, he said, "If he saw his enemies more unfortunate still."

When asked how men might live most virtuously and most justly, he said, "If we never do ourselves what we blame in others."

The apothegm, "Know thyself," is his.

Solon.

Laws are like cobwebs: if anything small or weak falls into them, they hold it fast; if of any size, it breaks the meshes and escapes.

Kings' favorites are like the pebbles used in calculating: the masters make them count for more or less as they will.

When asked how public wrongs could be prevented, he answered, "If those not injured feel as much resentment as those who are."

Wealth gluts men, and satiety makes them insolent.

Maxims of conduct: Consider your honor as a gentleman of more weight than an oath. Never lie. Attend to serious affairs. Do not be hasty either in making friends or discarding them. [See Hesiod.] Wield authority only after you have learned to obey it. Do not give agreeable advice, but good advice. Be guided by reason. Keep out of bad company. Honor the gods and your parents.

When lamenting his dead son, some one told him, "Your weeping does no good." He replied, "That is why I weep — because it does no good."

Chilo.

He said to his brother, angry at not being made an Ephor while he (Chilo) was one, "It is because I know how to bear injustice, and you do not."

Educated men differ from ignorant ones in the rationality of their hopes.

The three hardest things are to keep secrets, to make good use of leisure, and to be able to bear injustice.

Rule your tongue, especially at banquets, and do not speak ill of neighbors.

Threaten no one: that is a woman's trick.

Visit your friends more promptly in adversity than in prosperity.

Do not speak evil of the dead.

Watch yourself.

Choose punishment rather than dishonest gain: the former is painful but once, the latter all one's life.

Do not deride any one in misfortune.

If you are powerful, be also kind, so that others may respect rather than fear you.

Learn to order your own household well. Do not let your tongue outrun your sense. Restrain anger. Do not wish impossibilities. Do not hasten too fast on your road. Obey the laws.

Gold is tested by hard stones; men are tested by gold.

Security, then destruction.

He said the one action of his of which he doubted the justice, was voting as a juryman against a friend according to law, but inducing another to vote for and acquit him.

Pittacus.

Power shows the man.

The best course is to do well what one is doing at the moment.

It is the part of wise men to provide that perilous junctures shall not arise; of brave men, to make the best of them when arisen.

Do not tell your designs beforehand: you will be laughed at if you fail.

Forbear to speak evil not only of your friends, but your enemies.

Watch your chance.

Alcæus, his contemporary, appears to have loved him. He says Pittacus was splay-footed, dragged his feet in walking, and had scars on them; put on airs without cause; was fat, weak-eyed, dirty, and lazy. As another authority says he ground corn for exercise, the poet may have exaggerated.

Bias.

The hardest thing is to bear a change of fortune for the worse with magnanimity.

He said he would rather be umpire between his enemies than his friends, "For out of two friends I am sure to make one enemy; while out of two enemies I stand to make one friend."

Men should live as though they were to live a long time and a short one both [for fear evil results of conduct would bring a long punishment, for fear there would be little time to work or amend].

Men should love each other as if they might yet come to hate each other.

Choose your course deliberately, then pursue it firmly.

THE LEGEND OF ARION.

By HERODOTUS.

(Translated by Canon Rawlinson.)

[HERODOTUS: A celebrated Greek historian, surnamed "The Father of History"; born between B.C. 490 and B.C. 480, at Halicarnassus, in Asia Minor. While his country was being oppressed by the tyrant Lygdamis, he withdrew to Samos, and subsequently traveled extensively in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Having later assisted in the expulsion of Lygdamis, he took part in the colonization of Thurii in southern Italy, and gave public readings from his writings. He died about B.C. 426. His monumental work, "The Histories," consists of nine books, named from the nine Muses, and treats of the history of the Greeks and barbarians from the Persian invasion of Greece down to B.C. 479, as well as to some extent of the history, traditions, geography, manners, and customs of other nations which came in contact with Greece. It marks the beginning of historical writing among the Greeks.]

PERIANDER was son of Cypselus, and tyrant of Corinth. In his time a very wonderful thing is said to have happened. The Corinthians and the Lesbians agree in their account of the matter. They relate that Arion of Methymna, who as a player on the harp was second to no man living at that time, and who was, so far as we know, the first to invent the dithyrambic measure, to give it its name, and to recite in it at Corinth, was carried to Tænarum on the back of a dolphin.

He had lived for many years at the court of Periander, when a longing came upon him to sail across to Italy and Sicily. Having made rich profits in those parts, he wanted to recross the seas to Corinth. He therefore hired a vessel, the crew of which were Corinthians, thinking that there was no people in whom he could more safely confide; and going on board, he set sail from Tarentum. The sailors, however, when they reached the open sea, formed a plot to throw him overboard and seize upon his riches. Discovering their design, he fell on his knees, beseeching them to spare his life, and making them welcome to his money. But they refused; and required him either to kill himself outright, if he wished for a grave on the dry land, or without loss of time to leap overboard into the sea. In this strait Arion begged them, since such was their pleasure, to allow him to mount upon the quarter-deck, dressed in his full costume, and there to play and sing, promising that as soon as his song was ended, he would destroy himself.

Delighted at the prospect of hearing the very best harper in the world, they consented, and withdrew from the stern to the middle of the vessel; while Arion dressed himself in the full costume of his calling, took his harp, and standing on the quarter-deck, chanted the Orthian. His strain ended, he flung himself, fully attired as he was, headlong into the sea. The Corinthians then sailed on to Corinth. As for Arion, a dolphin, they say, took him upon his back and carried him to Tænarum, where he went ashore, and thence proceeded to Corinth in his musician's dress, and told all that had happened to him.

Periander, however, disbelieved the story, and put Arion in ward, to prevent his leaving Corinth, while he watched anxiously for the return of the mariners. On their arrival he summoned them before him, and asked them if they could give him any tidings of Arion. They returned for answer that he was alive and in good health in Italy, and that they had left him at Tarentum, where he was doing well. Thereupon Arion appeared before them, just as he was when he jumped from the vessel: the men, astonished and detected in falsehood, could no longer deny their guilt. Such is the account which the Corinthians and Lesbians gave; and there is to this day at Tænarum an offering of Arion's at the shrine, which is a small figure in bronze, representing a man seated upon a dolphin.

[The story was apparently invented from the statue, which was one of Apollo. There is extant a short hymn in which the writer thanks the dolphins for preserving him from death at sea: it is ascribed to Arion, and if his, as Mure thinks, the legend is only a legitimate decoration of the statements in the poem; though these were doubtless meant figuratively, to express having been saved from shipwreck, — the dolphins, which sport around vessels at sea in calm weather, being considered as guardian sub-deities of seafarers, and "to be saved by the dolphins" being a current term for escaping from perils of the sea. The poem is generally thought apocryphal; but after all, some one must have written it, and under this interpretation it is as likely to have been Arion as another. The same may be said of the statue; it was doubtless a personal offering in gratitude for having got safe to land, and why should not the poet have made the offering?

ARION.

By GEORGE ELIOT.

[George Eliot, pseudonym of Mrs. Marian Evans Cross: A famous English novelist; born in Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819. After the death of her father (1849) she settled in London, where she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* (1851). In 1854 she formed a union with George Henry Lewes, and after his death married, in 1880, John Walter Cross. "Scenes of Clerical Life" first established her reputation as a writer, and was followed by the novels "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda." Among her other works may be mentioned "The Spanish Gypsy," a drama, and the poems "Agatha," "The Legend of Jubal," and "Armgart."]

Arion, whose melodic soul
Taught the dithyramb to roll
Like forest fires, and sing
Olympian suffering,

Had carried his diviner lore
From Corinth to the sister shore
Where Greece could largelier be,
Branching o'er Italy.

Then, weighted with his glorious name
And bags of gold, aboard he came
'Mid harsh seafaring men
To Corinth bound again.

The sailors eyed the bags and thought:
"The gold is good, the man is naught—
And who shall track the wave
That opens for his grave?"

With brawny arms and cruel eyes
They press around him where he lies
In sleep beside his lyre,
Hearing the Muses quire.

He waked and saw this wolf-faced Death
Breaking the dream that filled his breath
With the inspiration strong
Of yet unchanted song.

"Take, take my gold and let me live!"
He prayed as kings do when they give
Their all with royal will,
Holding born kingship still.

To rob the living they refuse,
One death or other he must choose,
Either the watery pall
Or wounds and burial.

"My solemn robe then let me don,
Give me high space to stand upon,
That dying I may pour
A song unsung before."

It pleased them well to grant this prayer,
To hear for naught how it might fare
With men who paid their gold
For what a poet sold.

In flowing stole, his eyes aglow
With inward fire, he neared the prow
And took his godlike stand,
The cithara in hand.

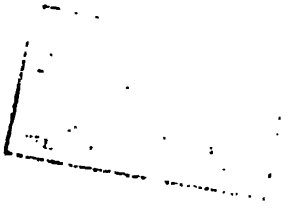
The wolfish men all shrank aloof,
And feared this singer might be proof
Against their murderous power,
After his lyric hour.

But he, in liberty of song,
Fearless of death or other wrong,
With full spondaic toll
Poured forth his mighty soul:

Poured forth the strain his dream had taught,
A nome with lofty passion fraught
Such as makes battles won
On fields of Marathon.

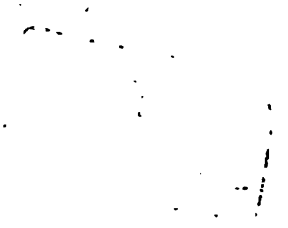
The last long vowels trembled then
As awe within those wolfish men:
They said, with mutual stare,
Some god was present there.

But lo! Arion leaped on high,
Ready, his descant done, to die;
Not asking, "Is it well?"
Like a pierced eagle fell.



Sappho

Photogravure from the painting by Alma Tadema



Sappho

Photogravure from the painting by Alma Tadema

SAPPHO AND THE ÆOLIAN STOCK.

By J. A. SYMONDS.

[John Addington Symonds, English man of letters, was born October 5, 1840; graduated at Balliol College, Oxford. He wrote "Introduction to the Study of Dante" (1872); "Studies of the Greek Poets" (1873–1876); "The Renaissance in Italy" (six volumes, 1875–1886); "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama" (1884); "Life of Michelangelo" (1892); several volumes of poetry; translated Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography; etc. He died April 18, 1893, at Rome.]

For a certain space of time, the Æolians occupied the very foreground of Greek literature, and blazed out with a brilliance of lyrical splendor that has never been surpassed. There seems to have been something passionate and intense in their temperament, which made the emotions of the Dorian and the Ionian feeble by comparison. Lesbos, the centre of Æolian culture, was the island of overmastering passions: the personality of the Greek race burned there with a fierce and steady flame of concentrated feeling. The energies which the Ionians divided between pleasure, politics, trade, legislation, science, and the arts, and which the Dorians turned to war and statecraft and social economy, were restrained by the Æolians within the sphere of individual emotions, ready to burst forth volcanically. Nowhere in any age of Greek history, or in any part of Hellas, did the love of physical beauty, the sensibility to radiant scenes of nature, the consuming fervor of personal feeling, assume such grand proportions and receive so illustrious an expression as they did in Lesbos.

At first this passion blossomed into the most exquisite lyrical poetry that the world has known: this was the flower time of the Æolians, their brief and brilliant spring. But the fruit it bore was bitter and rotten. Lesbos became a byword for corruption. The passions which for a moment had flamed into the gorgeousness of art, burning their envelope of words and images, remained a mere furnace of sensuality, from which no expression of the divine in human life could be expected. In this the Lesbian poets were not unlike the Provençal troubadours, who made a literature of love, or the Venetian painters, who based their art upon the beauty of color, the voluptuous charms of the flesh. In each case the motive of enthusiastic passion sufficed to produce a dazzling result. But as soon as

its freshness was exhausted there was nothing left for art to live on, and mere decadence to sensuality ensued.

Several circumstances contributed to aid the development of lyric poetry in Lesbos. The customs of the Æolians permitted more social and domestic freedom than was common in Greece. Æolian women were not confined to the harem like Ionians, or subjected to the rigorous discipline of the Spartans. While mixing freely with male society, they were highly educated, and accustomed to express their sentiments to an extent unknown elsewhere in history — until, indeed, the present time. The Lesbian ladies applied themselves successfully to literature. They formed clubs for the cultivation of poetry and music. They studied the arts of beauty, and sought to refine metrical forms and diction. Nor did they confine themselves to the scientific side of art. Unrestrained by public opinion, and passionate for the beautiful, they cultivated their senses and emotions, and indulged their wildest passions.

All the luxuries and elegances of life which that climate and the rich valleys of Lesbos could afford were at their disposal: exquisite gardens, where the rose and hyacinth spread perfume; river beds ablaze with the oleander and wild pomegranate; olive groves and fountains, where the cyclamen and violet flowered with feathery maidenhair; pine-tree-shadowed coves, where they might bathe in the calm of the tideless sea; fruits such as only the southern sun and sea wind can mature; marble cliffs, starred with jonquil and anemone in spring, aromatic with myrtle and lentisk and samphire and wild rosemary through all the months; nightingales that sang in May; temples dim with dusky gold and bright with ivory; statues and frescoes of heroic forms. In such scenes as these the Lesbian poets lived, and thought of love. When we read their poems, we seem to have the perfumes, colors, sounds, and lights of that luxurious land distilled in verse. Nor was a brief but biting winter wanting to give tone to their nerves, and, by contrast with the summer, to prevent the palling of so much luxury on sated senses. The voluptuousness of Æolian poetry is not like that of Persian or Arabian art. It is Greek in its self-restraint, proportion, tact. We find nothing burdensome in its sweetness. All is so rhythmically and sublimely ordered in the poems of Sappho that supreme art lends solemnity and grandeur to the expression of unmitigated passion.

The world has suffered no greater literary loss than the loss

of Sappho's poems. So perfect are the smallest fragments preserved in Bergk's "Collection"—the line, for example, which Ben Jonson fancifully translated, "the dear glad angel of the spring, the nightingale"—that we muse in a sad rapture of astonishment to think what the complete poems must have been. Among the ancients Sappho enjoyed a unique renown. She was called "The Poetess," as Homer was called "The Poet." Aristotle quoted without question a judgment that placed her in the same rank as Homer and Archilochus. Plato in the "Phædrus" mentioned her as the tenth muse. Solon, hearing one of her poems, prayed that he might not see death till he had learned it. Strabo speaks of her genius with religious awe. Longinus cites her love ode as a specimen of poetical sublimity. The epigrammatists call her Child of Aphrodite and Eros, nursling of the Graces and Persuasion, pride of Hellas, peer of Muses, companion of Apollo. Nowhere is a hint whispered that her poetry was aught but perfect. As far as we can judge, these praises were strictly just. Of all the poets of the world, of all the illustrious artists of all literatures, Sappho is the one whose every word has a peculiar and unmistakable perfume, a seal of absolute perfection and inimitable grace. In her art she was unerring. Even Archilochus seems commonplace when compared with her exquisite rarity of phrase.

About her life—her brother Charaxus, her daughter Cleis, her rejection of Alcæus and her suit to Phaon, her love for Atthis and Anactoria, her leap from the Leucadian cliff—we know so very little, and that little is so confused with mythology and turbid with the scandal of the comic poets, that it is not worth while to rake up once again the old materials for hypothetical conclusions. There is enough of heart-devouring passion in Sappho's own verse without the legends of Phaon and the cliff of Leucas. The reality casts all fiction into the shade; for nowhere, except, perhaps, in some Persian or Provençal love songs, can be found more ardent expressions of overmastering emotion. Whether addressing the maidens, whom even in Elysium, as Horace says, Sappho could not forget; or embodying the profounder yearnings of an intense soul after beauty, which has never on earth existed, but which inflames the hearts of noblest poets, robbing their eyes of sleep and giving them the bitterness of tears to drink—these dazzling fragments,

> Which still, like sparkles of Greek fire,
> Burn on through time and ne'er expire,

are the ultimate and finished forms of passionate utterance, diamonds, topazes, and blazing rubies, in which the fire of the soul is crystalized forever.

By HENRY T. WHARTON.

Sappho, the one great woman poet of the world, who called herself Psappha in her own Æolic dialect, is said to have been at the zenith of her fame about the year 610 B.C. During her lifetime Jeremiah first began to prophesy (628 B.C.), Daniel was carried away to Babylon (606 B.C.), Nebuchadnezzar besieged and captured Jerusalem (587 B.C.), Solon was legislating at Athens, and Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth king, is said to have been reigning over Rome. She lived before the birth of Gautama, the founder of Buddhism.

Two centuries have sufficed to obscure most of the events in the life of Shakspere; it can hardly be expected that the lapse of twenty-five centuries should have left many authentic records of the history of Sappho. Little even of that internal evidence upon which biography may rely can be gathered from her extant poems, in such fragmentary form have they come down to us. Save for the quotations of grammarians and lexicographers, no word of hers would have survived. Yet her writings seem to have been preserved intact till at least the third century of our era; for Athenæus, who wrote about that time, applies to himself the words of the Athenian comic poet Epicrates in his "Anti Laïs" (about 360 B.C.), saying that he, too,

> Had learned by heart completely all the songs
> Breathing of love which sweetest Sappho sang.

Scaliger says, although there does not seem to exist any confirmatory evidence, that the works of Sappho and other lyric poets were burnt at Constantinople and at Rome in the year 1073, in the popedom of Gregory VII. Cardan says the burning took place under Gregory Nazianzen, about 380 A.D. And Petrus Alcydrius says that he heard when a boy that very many of the works of the Greek poets were burnt by order of the Byzantine emperors, and the poems of Gregory Nazianzen circulated in their stead. Bishop Blomfield thinks they must all have been destroyed at an early date, because neither Alcæus nor Sappho was annotated by any of the later grammarians. "Few, indeed, but those roses," as the poet Meleager said, and the precious verses that the zeal of anti-paganism has spared to us.

FRAGMENTS OF SAPPHO.

(From the collection of Henry T. Wharton; the prose translations by him.)

I.

Hymn to Aphrodite.

Immortal Aphrodite of the broidered throne [*Poikilóthron*, sometimes printed *Poikilóphron*, various-minded], daughter of Zeus, weaver of wiles, I pray thee break not my spirit with anguish and distress, O Queen. But come hither, if ever before thou didst hear my voice afar and listen, and, leaving thy father's golden house, camest with chariot yoked, and fair, fleet sparrows drew thee, flapping fast their wings around the dark earth, from heaven through mid sky. Quickly arrived they; and thou, blessed one, smiling with immortal countenance, didst ask, What now is befallen me, and why now I call, and what I in my weak heart most desire to see? "What beauty now wouldst thou draw to love thee? Who wrongs thee, Sappho? For even if she flies, she shall soon follow; and if she rejects gifts, shall yet live; if she loves not, shall soon love, however loth." Come, I pray thee, now too, and release me from cruel cares; and all that my heart desires to accomplish, accomplish thou, and be thyself my ally.

(Translation of J. H. Merivale.)

Immortal Venus, throned above
In radiant beauty, child of Jove,
O skilled in every art of love
And artful snare;
Dread power, to whom I bend the knee,
Release my soul and set it free
From bonds of piercing agony
And gloomy care.
Yet come thyself, if e'er, benign,
Thy listening ears thou didst incline
To my rude lay, the starry shine
Of Jove's court leaving.
In chariot yoked with coursers fair,
Thine own immortal birds, that bear
Thee swift to earth, the middle air
With bright wings cleaving.
Soon they were sped — and thou, most blest,
In thine own smiles ambrosial dressed,

Didst ask what griefs my mind oppressed —
What meant my song —
What end my frenzied thoughts pursue —
For what loved youth I spread anew
My amorous nets — "Who, Sappho, who
Hath done thee wrong?
What though he fly, he'll soon return;
Still press thy gifts, though now he spurn;
Heed not his coldness — soon he'll burn,
E'en though thou chide."
And saidst thou this, dread goddess? Oh,
Come then once more to ease my woe;
Grant all, and thy great self bestow,
My shield and guide!

(Translation of J. A. Symonds.)

Glittering-throned, undying Aphrodite,
Wile-weaving daughter of high Zeus, I pray thee,
Tame not my soul with heavy woe, dread mistress,
Nay, nor with anguish!
But hither come, if ever erst of old time
Thou didst incline, and listenedst to my crying,
And from thy father's palace down descending,
Camest with golden
Chariot yoked: the fair swift-flying sparrows
Over dark earth with multitudinous fluttering,
Pinion on pinion, thorough middle ether
Down from heaven hurried.
Quickly they came like light, and thou, blest lady,
Smiling with clear undying eyes didst ask me
What was the woe that troubled me, and wherefore
I had cried to thee:
What thing I longed for to appease my frantic
Soul; and whom now must I persuade, thou askedst,
Whom must entangle to thy love, and who now,
Sappho, hath wronged thee?
Yea, for if now he shun, he soon shall chase thee;
Yea, if he take not gifts he soon shall give them;
Yea, if he love not, soon shall he begin to
Love thee, unwilling.
Come to me now too, and from tyrannous sorrow
Free me, and all things that my soul desires to
Have done, do for me, queen, and let thyself too
Be my great ally!

(Translation of Francis T. Palgrave.)

Golden-throned beyond the sky,
Jove-born immortality:
Hear and heal a suppliant's pain;
Let not love be love in vain!

Come, as once to Love's imploring
Accents of a maid's adoring,
Wafted 'neath the golden dome,
Bore thee from thy father's home;

When far off thy coming glowed,
Whirling down th' ethereal road,
On thy dove-drawn progress glancing,
'Mid the light of wings advancing;

And at once the radiant hue
Of immortal smiles I knew;
Heard the voice of reassurance
Ask the tale of love's endurance:

Why such prayer? And who for thee,
Sappho, should be touched by me;
Passion-charmed in frenzy strong,
Who hath wrought my Sappho wrong?

"Soon for flight pursuit wilt find
Proffered gifts for gifts declined;
Soon, through long resistance earned,
Love refused be love returned."

To thy suppliant so returning,
Consummate a maiden's yearning;
Love, from deep despair set free,
Championing to Victory!

II.

To Anactoria.

That man seems to me peer of gods who sits in thy presence and hears close to him thy sweet speech and lovely laughter; that indeed makes my heart flutter in my bosom. For when I see thee but a little, I have no utterance left, my tongue is broken down, and straightway a subtle fire has run under my skin, with my eyes I have no sight, my ears ring, sweat pours down, and a trembling seizes all my body; I am paler than grass, and seem in my madness little better than one dead. But I must dare all, since one so poor —

(Translation by W. E. Gladstone of Catullus' imitation.)

Him rival to the gods I place,
  Him loftier yet, if loftier be,
Who, Lesbia, sits before thy face,
  Who listens and who looks on thee;

Thee smiling soft. Yet this delight
  Doth all my sense consign to death;
For when thou dawnest on my sight,
  Ah, wretched! flits my laboring breath.

My tongue is palsied. Subtly hid,
  Fire creeps me through from limb to limb;
My loud ears tingle all unbid;
  Twin clouds of night mine eyes bedim.

III.

The stars about the bright moon in their turn hide their bright faces when she at about her full lights up all earth with silver.

IV.

And round about the [breeze?] murmurs cool through apple boughs, and slumber streams from quivering leaves.

V.

For they whom I benefit injure me most.

VI.

When anger spreads through the breast, guard thy tongue from barking idly.

(Translation of "Michael Field.")

When through thy breast wild wrath doth spread
  And work thy inmost being harm,
Leave thou the fiery word unsaid,
  Guard thee, be calm.

VII.

Hadst thou felt desire for things good or noble, and had not thy tongue framed some evil speech, shame had not filled thine eyes, but thou hadst spoken honestly about it.

[Aristotle, in his "Rhetoric," says: "Base things dishonor those who do or write them," as Sappho showed when Alcæus said: "Violet-weaving, pure, softly smiling Sappho, I would say something, but shame restrains me," and she answered him in the words of the present fragment.

Blass believes that these verses also are Sappho's, not Alcæus'. Certainly they were quoted as Sappho's by Anna Comnena about 1110 A.D., as well as by another writer whom Blass refers to. — WHARTON.]

THE LOVES OF SAPPHO AND ALCÆUS.

(Anonymous translation in *Edinburgh Review.*)

Alcæus —

I fain would speak, I fain would tell,
But shame and fear my utterance quell.

Sappho —

If aught of good, if aught of fair,
Thy tongue were laboring to declare,
Nor shame should dash thy glance, nor fear
Forbid thy suit to reach my ear.

VIII.

I do not think to touch the sky with my two arms.

IX.

And I flutter like a child after her mother.

X.

Spring's messenger, the sweet-voiced nightingale.

XI.

Now Love masters my limbs and shakes me, — fatal creature, bitter-sweet.

XII.

Now Eros shakes my soul, — a wind on the mountain falling on the oaks.

XIII.

The moon has set, and the Pleiades; it is midnight, the time is going by, and I sleep alone.

XIV.

Thus at times with tender feet the Cretan women dance in measure round the fair altar, trampling the fine, soft bloom of the grass.

XV.

And dark-eyed Sleep, child of Night.

XVI.

Delicate Adonis is dying, Cytherea; what shall we do? Beat your breasts, maidens, and rend your hands.

XVII.

But thou shalt ever lie, dead, nor shall there be any remembrance of thee then or thereafter, for thou hast not of the roses of Pieria; but thou shalt wander obscure even in the house of Hades, flitting among the shadowy dead.

(Translation of William Cory.)

Woman dead, lie there.
No record of thee
Shall there ever be,
Since thou dost not share
Roses in Pieria grown.
In the deathful cave,
With the feeble troop
Of the folk that droop,
Lurk and flit and crave,
Woman severed and far-flown.

(Paraphrase of A. C. Swinburne.)

Thee, too, the years shall cover: thou shalt be
As the rose born of one same blood with thee,
As a song sung, as a word said, and fall
Flower-wise, and be not any more at all,
Nor any memory of thee anywhere;
For never thou hast bound above thine hair
The high Pierian flowers, whose graft outgrows
All summer kinship of the mortal rose
And color of deciduous days, nor shed
Reflex and flush of heaven about thine head.

XVIII.

What country girl bewitches thy heart, who knows not how to draw her dress about her ankles?

XIX.

But if thou lovest us, choose another and a younger bedfellow; for I will not brook to live with thee — old woman with young man.

XX.

Do thou, Dica, set garlands round thy lovely hair, twining shoots of dill together with soft bands; for those who have fair flowers may best stand first, even in the favor of goddesses, who turn their face away from those who lack garlands.

(Translation of C. D. Yonge.)

But place those garlands on thy lovely hair,
Twining the tender sprouts of anise green
With skillful hand; for offerings and flowers
Are pleasing to the gods, who hate all those
Who come before them with uncrownèd heads.

XXI.

I love delicacy, and for me Love has the sun's splendor and beauty.

XXII.

I have a fair daughter with a form like a golden flower, — Cleïs, the beloved, above whom I [prize] nor all Lydia nor lovely [Lesbos].

XXIII.

Sweet mother, I cannot weave my web, broken as I am by longing for a boy, at soft Aphrodite's will.

(Paraphrase of Moore.)

As o'er her loom the Lesbian maid
In lovesick languor hung her head,
Unknowing where her fingers strayed,
She weeping turned away and said:

"Oh, my sweet mother, 'tis in vain;
I cannot weave as once I wove,
So wildered is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth I love."

XXIV.

As the sweet apple blushes on the end of the bough, the very end of the bough, which the gatherers overlooked — nay, overlooked not, but could not reach.

(Translation of Francis T. Palgrave.)

O fair — O sweet!
As the sweet apple blooms high on the bough,
High as the highest, forgot of the gatherers,
So thou: —
Yet not so: nor forgot of the gatherers;
High o'er their reach in the golden air;
O sweet — O fair!

XXV.

As on the hills the shepherds trample the hyacinth under foot, and the flower darkens on the ground.

(Translation of Sir Edwin Arnold.)

Pines she like to the hyacinth out on the path by the hilltop;
Shepherds tread it aside, and its purples lie lost on the herbage.

BEAUTY — A COMBINATION FROM SAPPHO.

(Translation by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, of XXIV. and XXV. combined.)

I.

Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough,
Atop on the topmost twig, — which the pluckers forgot somehow, —
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get it till now.

II.

Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hills is found,
Which the passing feet of the shepherds forever tear and wound,
Until the purple blossom is trodden into the ground.

XXVI.

Evening, thou that bringest all that bright morning scattered; thou bringest the sheep, thou bringest the goat, thou bringest the child back to her mother.

(Byron's paraphrase in "Don Juan.")

O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things,
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'er-labored steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to its mother's breast.

XXVII.

From an Epithalamium.

A. — Maidenhood, maidenhood, whither art thou gone away from me?

B. — Never again will I come to thee — never again.

XXVIII.

(Epitaph.) This is the dust of Timas, whom Persephone's dark chamber received, dead before her wedding; when she perished, all her fellows dressed with sharpened steel the lovely tresses of their heads.

XXIX.

May the night be doubled for me.

XXX.

(Epitaph.) Maidens, dumb as I am, I speak thus, if any ask, and set before your feet a tireless voice: To Leto's daughter Æthiopia was I dedicated by Aristo, daughter of Hermocleides son of Saonaïades, thy servant, O queen of women: whom bless thou, and deign to glorify our house.

XXXI.

On a Priestess of Diana.

Does any ask? I answer from the dead:
A voice that lives is graven o'er my head;
To dark-eyed Dian, ere my days begun,
Aristo vowed me, wife of Saon's son:
Then hear thy priestess, hear, O Virgin Power,
And thy best gifts on Saon's lineage shower.

SAPPHICS.

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

[Algernon Charles Swinburne: English poet; born at London, April 5, 1837. His skill in the use of English rhythms and rhymes is unexcelled by any modern English poet. He also writes French and Greek with remarkable success. His first notable work was two plays, "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamund," 1861. "Atalanta in Calydon," considered the finest reproduction of the classical spirit, 1864; "Chastelard," 1865; "Bothwell," 1874, the longest drama in English, consisting of about fifteen thousand lines and a multitude of characters, are among his ablest productions. His "Poems and Ballads" of 1866 met with severe criticism, and were withdrawn from the market. He has published in all no less than twenty volumes.]

All the night sleep came not upon my eyelids,
Shed not dew, nor shook nor unclosed a feather,
Yet with lips shut close and with eyes of iron
Stood and beheld me.

Then to me so lying awake a vision
Came without sleep over seas and touched me,
Softly touched mine eyelids and lips; and I too,
Full of the vision,

Saw the white implacable Aphrodite,
Saw the hair unbound and the feet unsandaled
Shine as fire of sunset on western waters;
Saw the reluctant

Feet, the straining plumes of the doves that drew her,
Looking always, looking with necks reverted,
Back to Lesbos, back to the hills whereunder
Shone Mitylene;

Heard the flying feet of the Loves behind her
Make a sudden thunder upon the waters,
As the thunder flung from the strong unclosing
Wings of a great wind.

So the goddess fled from her place, with awful
Sound of feet and thunder of wings around her;
While behind a clamor of singing women
Severed the twilight.

Ah the singing, ah the delight, the passion!
All the Loves wept, listening; sick with anguish,
Stood the crowned nine Muses about Apollo;
Fear was upon them,

While the tenth sang wonderful things they knew not.
Ah the tenth, the Lesbian! the nine were silent,
None endured the sound of her song for weeping;
  Laurel by laurel,

Faded all their crowns; but about her forehead,
Round her woven tresses and ashen temples
White as dead snow, paler than grass in summer,
  Ravaged with kisses,

Shone a light of fire as a crown forever.
Yea, almost the implacable Aphrodite
Paused, and almost wept; such a song was that song,
  Yea, by her name too

Called her, saying, "Turn to me, O my Sappho!"
Yet she turned her face from the Love's, she saw not
Tears for laughter darken immortal eyelids,
  Heard not about her

Fearful fitful wings of the doves departing,
Saw not how the bosom of Aphrodite
Shook with weeping, saw not her shaken raiment,
  Saw not her hands wrung;

Saw the Lesbians kissing across their smitten
Lutes with lips more sweet than the sound of lute strings,
Mouth to mouth and hand upon hand her chosen,
  Fairer than all men;

Only saw the beautiful lips and fingers,
Full of songs and kisses and little whispers,
Full of music; only beheld among them
  Soar, as a bird soars

Newly fledged, her visible song, a marvel,
Made of perfect sound and exceeding passion,
Sweetly shapen, terrible, full of thunders,
  Clothed with the wind's wings.

Then rejoiced she, laughing with love, and scattered
Roses, awful roses of holy blossom;
Then the Loves thronged sadly with hidden faces
  Round Aphrodite,

Then the Muses, stricken at heart, were silent;
Yea, the gods waxed pale; such a song was that song.
All reluctant, all with a fresh repulsion,
  Fled from before her.

All withdrew long since, and the land was barren,
Full of fruitless women and music only.
Now perchance, when winds are assuaged at sunset,
Lulled at the dewfall,

By the gray seaside, unassuaged, unheard of,
Unbeloved, unseen in the ebb of twilight,
Ghosts of outcast women return lamenting,
Purged not in Lethe,

Clothed about with flame and with tears, and singing
Songs that move the heart of the shaken heaven,
Songs that break the heart of the earth with pity,
Hearing, to hear them.

LYRICS OF ALCÆUS.

(About B.C. 600)

(Translated by Sir William Jones.)

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No, — men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude —
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,

The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks;
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

Defying the Storm.

(Translated by J. A. Symonds.)

The rain of Zeus descends, and from high heaven
A storm is driven:
And on the running water brooks the cold
Lays icy hold:
Then up! beat down the winter; make the fire
Blaze high and higher;
Mix wine as sweet as honey of the bee
Abundantly;
Then drink with comfortable wool around
Your temples bound.
We must not yield our hearts to woe, or wear
With wasting care;
For grief will profit us no whit, my friend,
Nor nothing mend:
But this is our best medicine, with wine fraught
To cast out thought.

An Arsenal.

(Translated by William Mure.)

From roof to roof the spacious palace halls
Glitter with war's array;
With burnished metal clad, the lofty walls
Beam like the bright noonday.
There white-plumed helmets hang from many a nail,
Above, in threatening row;
Steel-garnished tunics and broad coats of mail
Spread o'er the space below.

Chalcidian blades enow, and belts are here,
Greaves and emblazoned shields;
Well-tried protectors from the hostile spear,
On other battle-fields.
With these good helps our work of war's begun,
With these our victory must be won.

A Storm at Sea.

(Translated by Sir William Jones.)

Now here, now there, the wild waves sweep,
Whilst we betwixt them o'er the deep,
In shattered tempest-beaten bark,
With laboring ropes are onward driven,
The billows dashing o'er our dark
Upheavèd deck — in tatters riven
Our sails — whose yawning rents between
The raging sea and sky are seen.

Loose from their hold our anchors burst,
And then the third, the fatal wave,
Comes rolling onward like the first,
And doubles all our toil to save.

THE OLD AGE OF THE SENSUALIST.

By MIMNERMUS.

[About 625 B.C.]

(Translated by J. A. Symonds.)

What's life or pleasure wanting Aphrodite?
When to the gold-haired goddess cold am I,
When love and love's soft gifts no more delight me,
Nor stolen dalliance, then I fain would die!
Ah! fair and lovely bloom the flowers of youth;
On men and maids they beautifully smile:
But soon comes doleful eld, who, void of ruth,
Indifferently afflicts the fair and vile:
Then cares wear out the heart; old eyes forlorn
Scarce reck the very sunshine to behold —
Unloved by youths, of every maid the scorn —
So hard a lot God lays upon the old.

SOLON.

By PLUTARCH.

[PLUTARCH: A Greek writer of biographies and miscellaneous works; born about A.D. 50. He came of a wealthy and distinguished family and received a careful philosophical training at Athens under the Peripatetic philosopher Ammonius. After this he made several journeys, and stayed a considerable time in Rome, where he enjoyed friendly intercourse with persons of distinction, and conducted the education of the future Emperor Hadrian. He died about A.D. 120 in his native town, in which he held the office of archon and priest of the Pythian Apollo. His fame as an author is founded upon the celebrated "Parallel Lives," consisting of the biographies of forty-six Greeks and Romans, divided into pairs. Each pair contains the life of a Greek and a Roman, and generally ends with a comparison of the two. Plutarch's other writings, more than sixty short treatises on a great variety of subjects, are grouped under the title of "Morals."]

IT is perfectly possible for a good man and a statesman, without being solicitous for superfluities, to show some concern for competent necessaries. In his time, as Hesiod says, — "Work was a shame to none," nor was distinction made with respect to trade, but merchandise was a noble calling, which brought home the good things which the barbarous nations enjoyed, was the occasion of friendship with their kings, and a great source of experience. Some merchants have built great cities, as Protis, the founder of Massilia, to whom the Gauls, near the Rhone, were much attached. Some report also, that Thales and Hippocrates the mathematician traded; and that Plato defrayed the charges of his travels by selling oil in Egypt. Solon's softness and profuseness, his popular rather than philosophical tone about pleasure in his poems, have been ascribed to his trading life; for, having suffered a thousand dangers, it was natural they should be recompensed with some gratifications and enjoyments; but that he accounted himself rather poor than rich is evident from the lines, —

> Some wicked men are rich, some good are poor —
> We will not change our virtue for their store:
> Virtue's a thing that none can take away;
> But money changes owners all the day.

At first he used his poetry only in trifles, not for any serious purpose, but simply to pass away his idle hours; but afterwards he introduced moral sentences and state matters, which he did,

not to record them merely as an historian, but to justify his own actions, and sometimes to correct, chastise, and stir up the Athenians to noble performances. Some report that he designed to put his laws into heroic verse, and that they began thus, —

> We humbly beg a blessing on our laws
> From mighty Jove, and honor, and applause.

In philosophy, as most of the wise men then, he chiefly esteemed the political part of morals; in physics, he was very plain and antiquated, as appears by this, —

> It is the clouds that make the snow and hail,
> And thunder comes from lightning without fail;
> The sea is stormy when the winds have blown,
> But it deals fairly when 'tis left alone.

And, indeed, it is probable that at that time Thales alone had raised philosophy above mere practice into speculation; and the rest of the wise men were so called from prudence in political concerns. . . . It is stated that Anacharsis and Solon, and Solon and Thales, were familiarly acquainted, and some have delivered parts of their discourse; for, they say, Anacharsis, coming to Athens, knocked at Solon's door, and told him, that he, being a stranger, was come to be his guest, and contract a friendship with him; and Solon replying, "It is better to make friends at home," Anacharsis replied, "Then you that are at home make friendship with me." Solon, somewhat surprised at the readiness of the repartee, received him kindly, and kept him some time with him, being already engaged in public business and the compilation of his laws; which, when Anacharsis understood, he laughed at him for imagining the dishonesty and covetousness of his countrymen could be restrained by written laws, which were like spiders' webs, and would catch, it is true, the weak and poor, but easily be broken by the mighty and rich. To this Solon rejoined that men keep their promises when neither side can get anything by the breaking of them; and he would so fit his laws to the citizens, that all should understand it was more eligible to be just than to break the laws. But the event rather agreed with the conjecture of Anacharsis than Solon's hope. Anacharsis, being once at the Assembly, expressed his wonder at the fact that in Greece wise men spoke and fools decided.

Solon went, they say, to Thales, at Miletus, and wondered that Thales took no care to get him a wife and children. To this, Thales made no answer for the present; but a few days after procured a stranger to pretend that he had left Athens ten days ago; and Solon inquiring what news there, the man, according to his instructions, replied, "None but a young man's funeral, which the whole city attended; for he was the son, they said, of an honorable man, the most virtuous of the citizens, who was not then at home, but had been traveling a long time." Solon replied, "What a miserable man is he! But what was his name?" "I have heard it," says the man, "but have now forgotten it, only there was a great talk of his wisdom and his justice." Thus Solon was drawn on by every answer, and his fears heightened, till at last, being extremely concerned, he mentioned his own name, and asked the stranger if that young man was called Solon's son; and the stranger assenting, he began to beat his head, and to do and say all that is usual with men in transports of grief. But Thales took his hand, and, with a smile, said, "These things, Solon, keep me from marriage and rearing children, which are too great for even your constancy to support; however, be not concerned at the report, for it is a fiction." This Hermippus relates, from Patæcus, who boasted that he had Æsop's soul.

However, it is irrational and poor-spirited not to seek conveniences for fear of losing them, for upon the same account we should not allow ourselves to like wealth, glory, or wisdom, since we may fear to be deprived of all these; nay, even virtue itself, than which there is no greater nor more desirable possession, is often suspended by sickness or drugs. Now Thales, though unmarried, could not be free from solicitude, unless he likewise felt no care for his friends, his kinsmen, or his country; yet we are told he adopted Cybisthus, his sister's son. For the soul, having a principle of kindness in itself, and being born to love, as well as perceive, think, or remember, inclines and fixes upon some stranger, when a man has none of his own to embrace. And alien or illegitimate objects insinuate themselves into his affections, as into some estate that lacks lawful heirs; and with affection come anxiety and care; insomuch that you may see men that use the strongest language against the marriage bed and the fruit of it, when some servant's or concubine's child is sick or dies, almost killed with grief, and abjectly lamenting. Some have given way to shameful and

desperate sorrow at the loss of a dog or horse; others have borne the death of virtuous children without any extravagant or unbecoming grief, have passed the rest of their lives like men, and according to the principles of reason. It is not affection, it is weakness that brings men, unarmed against fortune by reason, into these endless pains and terrors; and they indeed have not even the present enjoyment of what they dote upon, the possibility of the future loss causing them continual pangs, tremors, and distresses. We must not provide against the loss of wealth by poverty, or of friends by refusing all acquaintance, or of children by having none, but by morality and reason. But of this too much.

Now, when the Athenians were tired with a tedious and difficult war that they conducted against the Megarians for the island Salamis, and made a law that it should be death for any man, by writing or speaking, to assert that the city ought to endeavor to recover it, Solon, vexed at the disgrace, and perceiving thousands of the youth wished for somebody to begin, but did not dare to stir first for fear of the law, counterfeited a distraction, and by his own family it was spread about the city that he was mad. He then secretly composed some elegiac verses, and getting them by heart, that it might seem extempore, ran out into the market place with a cap upon his head, and, the people gathering about him, got upon the herald's stand, and sang that elegy which begins thus: —

> I am a herald come from Salamis the fair,
> My news from thence my verses shall declare.

The poem is called Salamis; it contains an hundred verses very elegantly written; when it had been sung, his friends commended it, and especially Pisistratus exhorted the citizens to obey his directions; insomuch that they recalled the law, and renewed the war under Solon's conduct.

The Megarians, however, still contending, and both sides having received considerable losses, they chose the Spartans for arbitrators. Some of Apollo's oracles, where he calls Salamis Ionian, made much for Solon. This matter was determined by five Spartans, Critolaidas, Amompharetus, Hypsechidas, Anaxilas, and Cleomenes.

For this, Solon grew famed and powerful; but his advice in favor of defending the oracle at Delphi, to give aid, and not to suffer the Cirrhæans to profane it, but to maintain the honor

of the god, got him most repute among the Greeks; for upon his persuasion the Amphictyons undertook the war.

Now the Cylonian pollution had a long while disturbed the commonwealth, ever since the time when Megacles the archon persuaded the conspirators with Cylon that took sanctuary in Minerva's temple to come down and stand to a fair trial. And they, tying a thread to the image, and holding one end of it, went down to the tribunal; but when they came to the temple of the Furies, the thread broke of its own accord, upon which, as if the goddess had refused them protection, they were seized by Megacles and the other magistrates; as many as were without the temples were stoned, those that fled for sanctuary were butchered at the altar, and only those escaped who made supplication to the wives of the magistrates. But they from that time were considered under pollution, and regarded with hatred. The remainder of the faction of Cylon grew strong again, and had continual quarrels with the family of Megacles; and now the quarrel being at its height, and the people divided, Solon, being in reputation, interposed with the chiefest of the Athenians, and by entreaty and admonition persuaded the polluted to submit to a trial and the decision of three hundred noble citizens. And Myron of Phlya being their accuser, they were found guilty, and as many as were then alive were banished, and the bodies of the dead were dug up, and scattered beyond the confines of the country.

In the midst of these distractions, the Megarians falling upon them, they lost Nisæa and Salamis again; besides, the city was disturbed with superstitious fears and strange appearances, and the priests declared that the sacrifices intimated some villainies and pollutions that were to be expiated. Upon this, they sent for Epimenides the Phæstian from Crete, who is counted the seventh wise man by those that will not admit Periander into the number. He seems to have been thought a favorite of heaven, possessed of knowledge in all the supernatural and ritual parts of religion; and, therefore, the men of his age called him a new Cures, and son of a nymph named Balte. When he came to Athens, and grew acquainted with Solon, he served him in many instances, and prepared the way for his legislation. He made them moderate in their forms of worship, and abated their mourning by ordering some sacrifices presently after the funeral, and taking off those severe and barbarous ceremonies which the women usually practiced; but

the greatest benefit was his purifying and sanctifying the city, by certain propitiatory and expiatory lustrations, and foundations of sacred buildings, by that means making them more submissive to justice, and more inclined to harmony. It is reported that, looking upon Munychia, and considering a long while, he said to those that stood by, "How blind is man in future things! for did the Athenians foresee what mischief this would do their city, they would even eat it with their own teeth to be rid of it." A similar anticipation is ascribed to Thales; they say he commanded his friends to bury him in an obscure and contemned quarter of the territory of Miletus, saying that it should some day be the market place of the Milesians. Epimenides, being much honored, and receiving from the city rich offers of large gifts and privileges, requested but one branch of the sacred olive, and, on that being granted, returned.

The Athenians, now the Cylonian sedition was over and the polluted gone into banishment, fell into their old quarrels about the government, there being as many different parties as there were diversities in the country. The Hill quarter favored democracy, the Plain, oligarchy, and those that lived by the Seaside stood for a mixed sort of government, and so hindered either of the other parties from prevailing. And the disparity of fortune between the rich and the poor at that time also reached its height; so that the city seemed to be in a truly dangerous condition, and no other means for freeing it from disturbances and settling it to be possible but a despotic power. All the people were indebted to the rich; and either they tilled their land for their creditors, paying them a sixth part of the increase, and were, therefore, called Hectemorii and Thetes, or else they engaged their body for the debt, and might be seized, and either sent into slavery at home, or sold to strangers; some (for no law forbade it) were forced to sell their children, or fly their country to avoid the cruelty of their creditors; but the most part and the bravest of them began to combine together and encourage one another to stand to it, to choose a leader, to liberate the condemned debtors, divide the land, and change the government.

Then the wisest of the Athenians, perceiving Solon was of all men the only one not implicated in the troubles, that he had not joined in the exactions of the rich, and was not involved in the necessities of the poor, pressed him to succor the common-

wealth and compose the differences. Though Phanias the Lesbian affirms that Solon, to save his country, put a trick upon both parties, and privately promised the poor a division of the lands, and the rich security for their debts. Solon, however, himself says that it was reluctantly at first that he engaged in state affairs, being afraid of the pride of one party and the greediness of the other; he was chosen archon, however, after Philombrotus, and empowered to be an arbitrator and lawgiver, the rich consenting because he was wealthy, the poor because he was honest. There was a saying of his current before the election, that when things are *even* there never can be war, and this pleased both parties, the wealthy and the poor, — the one conceiving him to mean, when all have their fair proportion; the others, when all are absolutely equal.

Thus, there being great hopes on both sides, the chief men pressed Solon to take the government into his own hands, and, when he was once settled, manage the business freely and according to his pleasure; and many of the commons, perceiving it would be a difficult change to be effected by law and reason, were willing to have one wise and just man set over the affairs; and some say that Solon had this oracle from Apollo —

> Take the mid seat, and be the vessel's guide;
> Many in Athens are upon your side.

But chiefly his familiar friends chid him for disaffecting monarchy only because of the name, as if the virtue of the ruler could not make it a lawful form; Eubœa had made this experiment when it chose Tynnondas, and Mitylene, which had made Pittacus its prince; yet this could not shake Solon's resolution; but, as they say, he replied to his friends, that it was true a tyranny was a very fair spot, but it had no way down from it; and in a copy of verses to Phocus he writes —

> — that I spared my land,
> And withheld from usurpation and from violence my hand,
> And forbore to fix a stain and a disgrace on my good name,
> I regret not; I believe that it will be my chiefest fame.

From which it is manifest that he was a man of great reputation before he gave his laws. The several mocks that were put upon him for refusing the power, he records in these words, —

Solon surely was a dreamer, and a man of simple mind;
When the gods would give him fortune, he of his own will declined;
When the net was full of fishes, overheavy thinking it,
He declined to haul it up, through want of heart and want of wit.
Had but I that chance of riches and of kingship, for one day,
I would give my skin for flaying, and my house to die away.

Thus he makes the many and the low people speak of him. Yet, though he refused the government, he was not too mild in the affair; he did not show himself mean and submissive to the powerful, nor make his laws to pleasure those that chose him. For where it was well before, he applied no remedy, nor altered anything, for fear lest,

Overthrowing altogether and disordering the state,

he should be too weak to new-model and recompose it to a tolerable condition; but what he thought he could effect by persuasion upon the pliable, and by force upon the stubborn, this he did, as he himself says,

With force and justice working both in one.

And, therefore, when he was afterwards asked if he had left the Athenians the best laws that could be given, he replied, "The best they could receive."

The way which, the moderns say, the Athenians have of softening the badness of a thing, by ingeniously giving it some pretty and innocent appellation, — calling harlots, for example, mistresses, tributes customs, a garrison a guard, and the jail the chamber, — seems originally to have been Solon's contrivance, who called canceling debts Seisacthea, a relief, or disencumbrance. For the first thing which he settled was that what debts remained should be forgiven, and no man, for the future, should engage the body of his debtor for security. Though some, as Androtion, affirm that the debts were not canceled, but the interest only lessened, which sufficiently pleased the people; so that they named this benefit the Seisacthea, together with the enlarging their measures, and raising the value of their money; for he made a pound, which before passed for seventy-three drachmas, go for a hundred; so that, though the number of pieces in the payment was equal, the value was less;

which proved a considerable benefit to those that were to discharge great debts, and no loss to the creditors. But most agree that it was the taking off the debts that was called Seisacthea, which is confirmed by some places in his poem, where he takes honor to himself, that

> The mortgage stones that covered her, by me
> Removed, — the land that was a slave is free;

that some who had been seized for their debts he had brought back from other countries, where

> — so far their lot to roam,
> They had forgot the language of their home;

and some he had set at liberty,

> Who here in shameful servitude were held.

While he was designing this, a most vexatious thing happened; for when he had resolved to take off the debts, and was considering the proper form and fit beginning for it, he told some of his friends, Conon, Clinias, and Hipponicus, in whom he had a great deal of confidence, that he would not meddle with the lands, but only free the people from their debts; upon which they, using their advantage, made haste and borrowed some considerable sums of money, and purchased some large farms; and when the law was enacted, they kept the possessions, and would not return the money; which brought Solon into great suspicion and dislike, as if he himself had not been abused, but was concerned in the contrivance. But he presently stopped this suspicion, by releasing his debtors of five talents (for he had lent so much), according to the law; others, as Polyzelus the Rhodian, say fifteen; his friends, however, were ever afterward called Chreocopidæ, repudiators.

In this he pleased neither party, for the rich were angry for their money, and the poor that the land was not divided, and, as Lycurgus ordered in his commonwealth, all men reduced to equality. He, it is true, being the eleventh from Hercules, and having reigned many years in Lacedæmon, had got a great reputation and friends and power, which he could use in modeling his state; and applying force more than persuasion, insomuch that he lost his eye in the scuffle, was able to employ the most effectual means for the safety and harmony of a state, by not permitting any to be poor or rich in his commonwealth.

Solon could not rise to that in his polity, being but a citizen of the middle classes; yet he acted fully up to the height of his power, having nothing but the good will and good opinion of his citizens to rely on; and that he offended the most part, who looked for another result, he declares in the words—

> Formerly they boasted of me vainly; with averted eyes
> Now they look askance upon me; friends no more, but enemies.

And yet had any other man, he says, received the same power,

> He would not have forborne, nor let alone,
> But made the fattest of the milk his own.

Soon, however, becoming sensible of the good that was done, they laid by their grudges, made a public sacrifice, calling it Seisacthea, and chose Solon to new-model and make laws for the commonwealth, giving him the entire power over everything, their magistracies, their assemblies, courts, and councils; that he should appoint the number, times of meeting, and what estate they must have that could be capable of these, and dissolve or continue any of the present constitutions, according to his pleasure.

First, then, he repealed all Draco's laws, except those concerning homicide, because they were too severe, and the punishments too great; for death was appointed for almost all offenses, insomuch that those that were convicted of idleness were to die, and those that stole a cabbage or an apple to suffer even as villains that committed sacrilege or murder. So that Demades, in after time, was thought to have said very happily, that Draco's laws were written not with ink but blood; and he himself, being once asked why he made death the punishment of most offenses, replied, "Small ones deserve that, and I have no higher for the greater crimes."

Next, Solon, being willing to continue the magistracies in the hands of the rich men, and yet receive the people into the other part of the government, took an account of the citizens' estates, and those that were worth five hundred measures of fruit, dry and liquid, he placed in the first rank, calling them Pentacosiomedimni; those that could keep a horse, or were worth three hundred measures, were named Hippada Teluntes, and made the second class; the Zeugitæ, that had two hundred measures, were in the third; and all the others were called

Thetes, who were not admitted to any office, but could come to the assembly, and act as jurors; which at first seemed nothing, but afterwards was found an enormous privilege, as almost every matter of dispute came before them in this latter capacity. Even in the cases which he assigned to the archon's cognizance, he allowed an appeal to the courts. Besides, it is said that he was obscure and ambiguous in the wording of his laws, on purpose to increase the honor of his courts; for since their differences could not be adjusted by the letter, they would have to bring all their causes to the judges, who thus were in a manner masters of the laws. Of this equalization he himself makes mention in this manner:—

> Such power I gave the people as might do,
> Abridged not what they had, now lavished new,
> Those that were great in wealth and high in place
> My counsel likewise kept from all disgrace.
> Before them both I held my shield of might,
> And let not either touch the other's right.

And for the greater security of the weak commons, he gave general liberty of indicting for an act of injury; if any one was beaten, maimed, or suffered any violence, any man that would and was able might prosecute the wrongdoer; intending by this to accustom the citizens, like members of the same body, to resent and be sensible of one another's injuries. And there is a saying of his agreeable to his law, for, being asked what city was best modeled, "That," said he, "where those that are not injured try and punish the unjust as much as those that are."

When he had constituted the Areopagus of those who had been yearly archons, of which he himself was a member therefore, observing that the people, now free from their debts, were unsettled and imperious, he formed another council of four hundred, a hundred out of each of the four tribes, which was to inspect all matters before they were propounded to the people, and to take care that nothing but what had been first examined should be brought before the general assembly. The upper council, or Areopagus, he made inspectors and keepers of the laws, conceiving that the commonwealth, held by these two councils, like anchors, would be less liable to be tossed by tumults, and the people be more quiet. Such is the general statement, that Solon instituted the Areopagus; which seems

to be confirmed, because Draco makes no mention of the Areopagites, but in all causes of blood refers to the Ephetæ; yet Solon's thirteenth table contains the eighth law set down in these very words: "Whoever before Solon's archonship were disfranchised, let them be restored, except those that, being condemned by the Areopagus, Ephetæ, or in the Prytaneum by the kings, for homicide, murder, or designs against the government, were in banishment when this law was made;" and these words seem to show that the Areopagus existed before Solon's laws, for who could be condemned by that council before his time, if he was the first that instituted the court? unless, which is probable, there is some ellipsis, or want of precision in the language, and it should run thus: "Those that are convicted of such offenses as belong to the cognizance of the Areopagites, Ephetæ, or the Prytanes, when this law was made," shall remain still in disgrace, whilst others are restored; of this the reader must judge.

Amongst his other laws, one is very peculiar and surprising, which disfranchises all who stand neuter in a sedition; for it seems he would not have any one remain insensible and regardless of the public good, and, securing his private affairs, glory that he has no feeling of the distempers of his country; but at once join with the good party and those that have the right upon their side, assist and venture with them, rather than keep out of harm's way and watch who would get the better. It seems an absurd and foolish law which permits an heiress, if her lawful husband fail her, to take his nearest kinsman; yet some say this law was well contrived against those who, conscious of their own unfitness, yet, for the sake of the portion, would match with heiresses, and make use of law to put a violence upon nature; for now, since she can quit him for whom she pleases, they would either abstain from such marriages, or continue them with disgrace, and suffer for their covetousness and designed affront; it is well done, moreover, to confine her to her husband's nearest kinsman, that the children may be of the same family. Agreeable to this is the law that the bride and bridegroom shall be shut into a chamber, and eat a quince together; and that the husband of an heiress shall consort with her thrice a month: for though there be no children, yet it is an honor and due affection which an husband ought to pay to a virtuous, chaste wife; it takes off all petty differences, and will not permit their little quarrels to proceed to a rupture.

In all other marriages he forbade dowries to be given; the wife was to have three suits of clothes, a little inconsiderable household stuff, and that was all; for he would not have marriages contracted for gain or an estate, but for pure love, kind affection, and birth of children. When the mother of Dionysus desired him to marry her to one of his citizens, "Indeed," said he, "by my tyranny I have broken my country's laws, but cannot put a violence upon those of nature by an unseasonable marriage." Such disorder is never to be suffered in a commonwealth, nor such unseasonable and unloving and unperforming marriages, which attain no due end or fruit; any provident governor or lawgiver might say to an old man that takes a young wife what is said to Philoctetes in the tragedy,—

Truly, in a fit state thou to marry!

and if he find a young man, with a rich and elderly wife, growing fat in his place, like the partridges, remove him to a young woman of proper age. And of this enough.

Another commendable law of Solon's is that which forbids men to speak evil of the dead; for it is pious to think the deceased sacred, and just, not to meddle with those that are gone, and politic, to prevent the perpetuity of discord. He likewise forbade them to speak evil of the living in the temples, the courts of justice, the public offices, or at the games, or else to pay three drachmas to the person, and two to the public. For never to be able to control passion shows a weak nature and ill breeding; and always to moderate it is very hard, and to some impossible. And laws must look to possibilities, if the maker designs to punish few in order to their amendment, and not many to no purpose.

He is likewise much commended for his law concerning wills; for before him none could be made, but all the wealth and estate of the deceased belonged to his family; but he by permitting them, if they had no children, to bestow it on whom they pleased, showed that he esteemed friendship a stronger tie than kindred, and affection than necessity; and made every man's estate truly his own. Yet he allowed not all sorts of legacies, but those only which were not extorted by the frenzy of a disease, charms, imprisonment, force, or the persuasions of a wife,—with good reason thinking that being seduced into wrong was as bad as being forced, and that between deceit and

necessity, flattery and compulsion, there was little difference, since both may equally suspend the exercise of reason.

He regulated the walks, feasts, and mourning of the women, and took away everything that was either unbecoming or immodest; when they walked abroad, no more than three articles of dress were allowed them; an obol's worth of meat and drink; and no basket above a cubit high; and at night they were not to go about unless in a chariot with a torch before them. Mourners tearing themselves to raise pity, and set wailings, and at one man's funeral to lament for another, he forbade. To offer an ox at the grave was not permitted, nor to bury above three pieces of dress with the body, or visit the tombs of any besides their own family, unless at the very funeral; most of which are likewise forbidden by our laws, but this is further added in ours, that those that are convicted of extravagance in their mournings are to be punished as soft and effeminate by the censors of women.

Observing the city to be filled with persons that flocked from all parts into Attica for security of living, and that most of the country was barren and unfruitful, and that traders at sea imported nothing to those that could give them nothing in exchange, he turned his citizens to trade, and made a law that no son be obliged to relieve a father who had not bred him up to any calling. It is true, Lycurgus, having a city free from all strangers, and land, according to Euripides,

> Large for large hosts, for twice their number much,

and, above all, an abundance of laborers about Sparta, who should not be left idle, but be kept down with continual toil and work, did well to take off his citizens from laborious and mechanical occupations, and keep them to their arms, and teach them only the art of war. But Solon, fitting his laws to the state of things, and not making things to suit his laws, and finding the ground scarce rich enough to maintain the husbandmen, and altogether incapable of feeding an unoccupied and leisured multitude, brought trades into credit, and ordered the Areopagites to examine how every man got his living, and chastise the idle. But that law was yet more rigid which, as Heraclides Ponticus delivers, declared the sons of unmarried mothers not obliged to relieve their fathers; for he that avoids the honorable form of union shows that he does not take a woman for children, but for pleasure, and thus gets his just reward,

and has taken away from himself every title to upbraid his children, to whom he has made their very birth a scandal and reproach.

Since the country has but few rivers, lakes, or large springs, and many used wells which they had dug, there was a law made, that, where there was a public well within a *hippicon*, that is, four furlongs, all should draw at that; but when it was farther off, they should try and procure a well of their own; and if they had dug ten fathoms deep and could find no water, they had liberty to fetch a pitcherful of four gallons and a half in a day from their neighbors'; for he thought it prudent to make provision against want, but not to supply laziness. He showed skill in his orders about planting, for any one that would plant another tree was not to set it within five feet of his neighbor's field; but if a fig or an olive, not within nine; for their roots spread farther, nor can they be planted near all sorts of trees without damage, for they draw away the nourishment, and in some cases are noxious by their effluvia. He that would dig a pit or a ditch was to dig it at the distance of its own depth from his neighbor's ground; and he that would raise stocks of bees was not to place them within three hundred feet of those which another had already raised.

He permitted only oil to be exported, and those that exported any other fruit, the archon was solemnly to curse, or else pay an hundred drachmas himself; and this law was written in his first table, and, therefore, let none think it incredible, as some affirm, that the exportation of figs was once unlawful, and the informer against the delinquents called a sycophant. He made a law, also, concerning hurts and injuries from beasts, in which he commands the master of any dog that bit a man to deliver him up with a log about his neck, four and a half feet long; a happy device for men's security. The law concerning naturalizing strangers is of doubtful character; he permitted only those to be made free of Athens who were in perpetual exile from their own country, or came with their whole family to trade there; this he did, not to discourage strangers, but rather to invite them to a permanent participation in the privileges of the government; and, besides, he thought those would prove the more faithful citizens who had been forced from their own country, or voluntarily forsook it. The law of public entertainment (*parasitein* is his name for it) is also peculiarly Solon's; for if any man came often, or if he

that was invited refused, they were punished, for he concluded that one was greedy, the other a contemner of the state.

All his laws he established for an hundred years, and wrote them on wooden tables or rollers, named axones, which might be turned round in oblong cases; some of their relics were in my time still to be seen in the Prytaneum, or common hall, at Athens. These, as Aristotle states, were called cyrbes, and there is a passage of Cratinus the comedian, —

> By Solon, and by Draco, if you please,
> Whose Cyrbes make the fires that parch our peas.

But some say those are properly cyrbes, which contain laws concerning sacrifices and the rites of religion, and all the others axones. The council all jointly swore to confirm the laws, and every one of the Thesmothetæ vowed for himself at the stone in the market place, that if he broke any of the statutes, he would dedicate a golden statue, as big as himself, at Delphi.

Observing the irregularity of the months, and that the moon does not always rise and set with the sun, but often in the same day overtakes and gets before him, he ordered the day should be named the Old and New, attributing that part of it which was before the conjunction to the old moon, and the rest to the new, he being the first, it seems, that understood that verse of Homer, —

> The end and the beginning of the month, —

and the following day he called the new moon. After the twentieth he did not count by addition, but, like the moon itself in its wane, by subtraction; thus up to the thirtieth.

When Solon was gone, the citizens began to quarrel; Lycurgus headed the Plain; Megacles, the son of Alcmæon, those to the Seaside; and Pisistratus the Hill party, in which were the poorest people, the Thetes, and greatest enemies to the rich; insomuch that, though the city still used the new laws, yet all looked for and desired a change of government, hoping severally that the change would be better for them, and put them above the contrary faction. Affairs standing thus, Solon returned, and was reverenced by all, and honored; but his old age would not permit him to be as active, and to speak in public, as formerly; yet, by privately conferring with the heads of the factions, he endeavored to compose the differences,

Pisistratus appearing the most tractable; for he was extremely smooth and engaging in his language, a great friend to the poor, and moderate in his resentments; and what nature had not given him, he had the skill to imitate; so that he was trusted more than the others, being accounted a prudent and orderly man, one that loved equality, and would be an enemy to any that moved against the present settlement. Thus he deceived the majority of people; but Solon quickly discovered his character, and found out his design before any one else; yet did not hate him upon this, but endeavored to humble him, and bring him off from his ambition, and often told him and others, that if any one could banish the passion for preëminence from his mind, and cure him of his desire of absolute power, none would make a more virtuous man or a more excellent citizen.

Thespis, at this time, beginning to act tragedies, and the thing, because it was new, taking very much with the multitude, though it was not yet made a matter of competition, Solon, being by nature fond of hearing and learning something new, and now, in his old age, living idly, and enjoying himself, indeed, with music and with wine, went to see Thespis himself, as the ancient custom was, act: and after the play was done, he addressed him, and asked him if he was not ashamed to tell so many lies before such a number of people; and Thespis replying that it was no harm to say or do so in play, Solon vehemently struck his staff against the ground: "Ah," said he, "if we honor and commend such play as this, we shall find it some day in our business."

Now when Pisistratus, having wounded himself, was brought into the market place in a chariot, and stirred up the people, as if he had been thus treated by his opponents because of his political conduct, and a great many were enraged and cried out, Solon, coming close to him, said, "This, O son of Hippocrates, is a bad copy of Homer's Ulysses; you do, to trick your countrymen, what he did to deceive his enemies." After this, the people were eager to protect Pisistratus, and met in an assembly, where one Ariston making a motion that they should allow Pisistratus fifty clubmen for a guard to his person, Solon opposed it, and said much to the same purport as what he has left us in his poems,—

You dote upon his words and taking phrase;

and again, —

> True, you are singly each a crafty soul,
> But all together make one empty fool.

But observing the poor men bent to gratify Pisistratus, and tumultuous, and the rich fearful and getting out of harm's way, he departed, saying he was wiser than some and stouter than others; wiser than those that did not understand the design, stouter than those that, though they understood it, were afraid to oppose the tyranny.

Now, the people, having passed the law, were not nice with Pisistratus about the number of his clubmen, but took no notice of it, though he enlisted and kept as many as he would, until he seized the Acropolis. When that was done, and the city in an uproar, Megacles, with all his family, at once fled; but Solon, though he was now very old, and had none to back him, yet came into the market place and made a speech to the citizens, partly blaming their inadvertency and meanness of spirit, and in part urging and exhorting them not thus tamely to lose their liberty; and likewise then spoke that memorable saying, that, before, it was an easier task to stop the rising tyranny, but now the greater and more glorious action to destroy it, when it was begun already, and had gathered strength. But all being afraid to side with him, he returned home, and, taking his arms, he brought them out and laid them in the porch before his door, with these words: "I have done my part to maintain my country and my laws," and then he busied himself no more. His friends advising him to fly, he refused, but wrote poems, and thus reproached the Athenians in them, —

> If now you suffer, do not blame the Powers,
> For they are good, and all the fault was ours.
> All the strongholds you put into his hands,
> And now his slaves must do what he commands.

And many telling him that the tyrant would take his life for this, and asking what he trusted to, that he ventured to speak so boldly, he replied, "To my old age."

But Pisistratus, having got the command, so extremely courted Solon, so honored him, obliged him, and sent to see him, that Solon gave him his advice, and approved many of his actions; for he retained most of Solon's laws, observed them himself, and compelled his friends to obey. And he himself,

though already absolute ruler, being accused of murder before the Areopagus, came quietly to clear himself; but his accuser did not appear. And he added other laws, one of which is that the maimed in the wars should be maintained at the public charge.

Solon lived after Pisistratus seized the government, as Heraclides Ponticus asserts, a long time; but Phanias the Eresian says not two full years; for Pisistratus began his tyranny when Comias was archon, and Phanias says Solon died under Hegestratus, who succeeded him. The story that his ashes were scattered about the island Salamis is too strange to be easily believed, or be thought anything but a mere fable; and yet it is given, amongst other good authors, by Aristotle, the philosopher.

A QUARTET OF GREEK LYRICS.

(Translated by J. A. Symonds.)

Danae to Perseus.

By SIMONIDES OF CEOS.

When in the carven chest,
The winds that blew and waves in wild unrest
Smote her with fear, she, not with cheeks unwet,
Her arms of love round Perseus set,
  And said: O child, what grief is mine!
But thou dost slumber, and thy baby breast
Is sunk in rest,
Here in the cheerless brass-bound bark,
Tossed amid starless night and pitchy dark.
  Nor dost thou heed the scudding brine
Of waves that wash above thy curls so deep,
Nor the shrill winds that sweep, —
Lapped in thy purple robe's embrace,
Fair little face!
But if this dread were dreadful too to thee,
Then wouldst thou lend thy listening ear to me;
Therefore I cry, — Sleep, babe, and sea be still,
And slumber our unmeasured ill!
  Oh, may some change of fate, sire Zeus, from thee
Descend, our woes to end!
But if this prayer, too overbold, offend
Thy justice, yet be merciful to me!

Peace.

By BACCHYLIDES.

To mortal men Peace giveth these good things:
Wealth, and the flowers of honey-throated song;
The flame that springs
On carven altars from fat sheep and kine,
Slain to the gods in heaven; and, all day long,
Games for glad youths, and flutes, and wreaths, and circling wine.
Then in the steely shield swart spiders weave
Their web and dusky woof;
Rust to the pointed spear and sword doth cleave;
The brazen trump sounds no alarms;
Nor is sleep harried from our eyes aloof,
But with sweet rest my bosom warms:
The streets are thronged with lovely men and young,
And hymns in praise of boys like flames to heaven are flung.

Hymn to the Goddesses of Song and Beauty.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Muses and Graces! daughters of high Jove,
When erst you left your glorious seats above
To bless the bridal of that wondrous pair,
Cadmus and Harmonia fair,
Ye chanted forth a divine air:
"What is good and fair
Shall ever be our care."
Thus the burden of it rang:
"That shall never be our care
Which is neither good nor fair."
Such were the words your lips immortal sang.

Love's Torrid Midsummer.

By IBYCUS.

In spring Cydonian apple trees,
Watered by fountains ever flowing
Through crofts unmown of maiden goddesses,
And young vines, 'neath the shade
Of shooting tendrils, tranquilly are growing.
Meanwhile for me Love never laid
In slumber, like a north wind glowing
With Thracian lightnings, still doth dart
Blood-parching madness on my heart,
From Kupris hurtling, stormful, wild,
Lording the man as erst the child.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

By SCHILLER.

(Translated by Bulwer-Lytton.)

[Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, the famous German poet and dramatist, was born at Marbach, Würtemberg, November 10, 1759. He studied law and medicine at Stuttgart, and was appointed surgeon to a Würtemberg regiment. Objecting to the restraint imposed upon him by the Duke of Würtemberg in consequence of the production of his first play, "The Robbers" (1782), he left the army and went to Mannheim, Leipsic, Dresden, Jena, and Weimar, where he became the firm friend of Goethe. From 1789 to 1799 Schiller held a professorship at Jena, and during this period published "The History of the Thirty Years' War." He died at Weimar, May 9, 1805, of an affection of the lungs. Besides the works already mentioned, Schiller wrote "The History of the Revolt of the Netherlands"; the dramas "Mary Stuart," "Maid of Orleans," "Bride of Messina," "William Tell"; and the trilogy of "Wallenstein." Among his lyric pieces are: "The Ring of Polycrates," "The Diver," "The Knight of Toggenburg," and "The Song of the Bell."]

From Rhegium to the Isthmus, long
Hallowed to steeds and glorious song,
Where, linked awhile in holy peace,
Meet all the sons of martial Greece —
Wends Ibycus — whose lips the sweet
And ever young Apollo fires;
The staff supports the wanderer's feet —
The God the Poet's soul inspires!

Soon from the mountain ridges high,
The tower-crowned Corinth greets his eye;
In Neptune's groves of darksome pine,
He treads with shuddering awe divine;
Naught lives around him, save a swarm
Of Cranes, that still pursued his way —
Lured by the South, they wheel and form
In ominous groups their wild array.

And "Hail! beloved Birds!" he cried;
"My comrades on the ocean tide,
Sure signs of good ye bode to me;
Our lots alike would seem to be;
From far, together borne, we greet
A shelter now from toil and danger;
And may the friendly hearts we meet
Preserve from every ill — the Stranger!"

His step more light, his heart more gay,
Along the mid wood winds his way,

When, where the path the thickets close,
Burst sudden forth two ruffian foes;
Now strife to strife, and foot to foot!
  Ah! weary sinks the gentle hand;
The gentle hand that wakes the lute
  Has learned no lore that guides the brand.

He calls on men and Gods — in vain!
His cries no blest deliverer gain;
Feebler and fainter grows the sound,
And still the deaf life slumbers round —
"In the far land I fall forsaken,
  Unwept and unregarded, here;
By death from caitiff hands o'ertaken,
  Nor ev'n one late avenger near!"

Down to the earth the death stroke bore him —
Hark, where the Cranes wheel dismal o'er him!
He hears, as darkness veils his eyes,
Near, in hoarse croak, their dirgelike cries.
"Ye whose wild wings above me hover,
  (Since never voice, save yours alone,
The deed can tell) — the hand discover —
  Avenge!" — He spoke, and life was gone.

Naked and maimed the corpse was found —
And, still through many a mangling wound,
The sad Corinthian Host could trace
The loved — too well remembered face.
"And must I meet thee thus once more?
  Who hoped with wreaths of holy pine,
Bright with new fame — the victory o'er —
  The Singer's temples to entwine!"

And loud lamented every guest
Who held the Sea-God's solemn feast —
As in a single heart prevailing,
Throughout all Hellas went the wailing.
Wild to the Council Hall they ran —
  In thunder rushed the threat'ning Flood —
"Revenge shall right the murdered man,
  The last atonement — blood for blood!"

Yet 'mid the throng the Isthmus claims,
Lured by the Sea-God's glorious games —
The mighty many-nationed throng —
How track the hand that wrought the wrong? —

How guess if that dread deed were done,
By ruffian hands, or secret foes?
He who sees all on earth — the Sun —
Alone the gloomy secret knows.

Perchance he treads in careless peace,
Amidst your Sons, assembled Greece —
Hears with a smile revenge decreed —
Gloats with fell joy upon the deed —
His steps the avenging gods may mock
Within the very Temple's wall,
Or mingle with the crowds that flock
To yonder solemn scenic hall.

Wedged close, and serried, swarms the crowd —
Beneath the weight the walls are bowed —
Thitherwards streaming far, and wide,
Broad Hellas flows in mingled tide —
A tide like that which heaves the deep
When hollow-sounding, shoreward driven;
On, wave on wave, the thousands sweep
Till arching, row on row, to heaven!

The tribes, the nations, who shall name,
That guestlike, there assembled came?
From Theseus' town, from Aulis' strand —
From Phocis, from the Spartans' land —
From Asia's wave-divided clime,
The Isles that gem the Ægæan Sea,
To hearken on that Stage Sublime,
The Dark Choir's mournful melody!

True to the awful rites of old,
In long and measured strides, behold
The Chorus from the hinder ground,
Pace the vast circle's solemn round.
So this World's women never strode,
Their race from Mortals ne'er began,
Gigantic, from their grim abode,
They tower above the Sons of Man!

Across their loins the dark robe clinging,
In fleshless hands the torches swinging,
Now to and fro, with dark red glow —
No blood that lives the dead cheeks know!

Where flow the locks that woo to love
  On *human* temples — ghastly dwell
The serpents, coiled the brow above,
  And the green asps with poison swell.

Thus circling, horrible, within
That space — doth their dark hymn begin,
And round the sinner as they go,
Cleave to the heart their words of woe.
Dismally wails, the senses chilling,
  The hymn — the FURIES' solemn song;
And froze the very marrow thrilling
  As rolled the gloomy sounds along.

"And weal to him — from crime secure —
Who keeps his soul as childhood's pure;
Life's path he roves, a wanderer free —
We near him not — THE AVENGERS, WE!
But woe to him for whom we weave
  The doom for deeds that shun the light:
Fast to the murderer's feet we cleave,
  The fearful Daughters of the Night.

"And deems he flight from us can hide him?
Still on dark wings We sail beside him!
The murderer's feet the snare enthralls —
Or soon or late, to earth he falls!
Untiring, hounding on, we go;
  For blood can no remorse atone!
On, ever — to the Shades below,
  And there — we grasp him, still our own!"

So singing, their slow dance they wreathe,
And stillness, like a silent death,
Heavily there lay cold and drear,
As if the Godhead's self were near.
Then, true to those strange rites of old,
  Pacing the circle's solemn round,
In long and measured strides — behold,
  They vanish in the hinder ground!

Confused and doubtful — half between
The solemn truth and phantom scene,
The crowd revere the Power, presiding
O'er secret deeps, to justice guiding —

The Unfathomed and Inscrutable
  By whom the web of doom is spun;
Whose shadows in the deep heart dwell,
  Whose form is seen not in the sun!

Just then, amidst the highest tier,
Breaks forth a voice that starts the ear:
"See there — see there, Timotheus;
Behold the Cranes of Ibycus!"
A sudden darkness wraps the sky;
  Above the roofless building hover
Dusk, swarming wings; and heavily
  Sweep the slow Cranes — hoarse-murmuring, over!

"Of Ibycus?" — that name so dear
Thrills through the hearts of those who hear!
Like wave on wave in eager seas,
From mouth to mouth the murmur flees —
"Of Ibycus, whom we bewail?
  The murdered one! What mean those words?
Who is the man — knows *he* the tale?
  Why link that name with those wild birds?"

Questions on questions louder press —
Like lightning flies the inspiring guess —
Leaps every heart — "The truth we seize;
Your might is here, EUMENIDES!
The murderer yields himself confest —
  Vengeance is near — that voice the token —
Ho! — him who yonder spoke, arrest! —
  And him to whom the words were spoken!"

Scarce had the wretch the words let fall,
Than fain their sense he would recall.
In vain; those whitening lips, behold!
The secret have already told.
Into their Judgment Court sublime
  The Scene is changed; — their doom is sealed!
Behold the dark unwitnessed Crime,
  Struck by the lightning that revealed!

THE OLYMPIC GAMES IN PISISTRATUS' TIME.

By GEORG EBERS.

(From "An Egyptian Princess.")

[Georg Moritz Ebers: German Egyptologist and novelist; born at Berlin, March 1, 1837. He was educated at Göttingen and Berlin, and lectured for a while at Jena. In 1870 he became professor of Egyptian archæology at Leipsic, resigning in 1889 on account of ill health. Besides several important works on Egyptology, he has published a series of historical novels treating of ancient Egyptian life, which have enjoyed extraordinary popularity not only in Germany but in other countries. The best known are: "An Egyptian Princess," "Uarda," "Homo Sum," "The Sisters," "Serapis," "The Bride of the Nile," and "Cleopatra." Also popular are: "In the Fire of the Forge," "The Burgomaster's Wife," and "Gred."]

Here Aristomachus interrupted the Athenian, and cried: "Enough of praise, friend Phanes. Spartan tongues are awkward, but if you need my help, I will answer you with deeds, that will hit the right nail on the head."

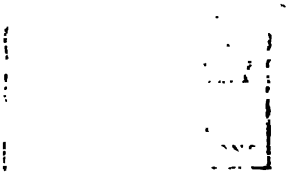
Rhodopis smiled approvingly at the two men. Then she gave her hand to each, and said: "Unfortunately, dear Phanes, your story has shown me that you can no longer remain in this land. I will not reproach you for your folly, but you might have known that you were braving great dangers for small results. A really prudent and courageous man will undertake a bold deed only when the benefit which might accrue to him is greater than the disadvantages. Rashness is just as foolish, though not, perhaps, as reprehensible, as cowardice, for though both may injure a man, the latter alone disgraces him. This time your carelessness nearly cost you your life, a life which is dear to many, and which you ought to preserve for a better end than to fall a victim to folly. We may not try to keep you with us, for we could not help you, and should certainly harm ourselves. This noble Spartan shall in future take your place, and as captain of the Greeks represent our nation at court, protect it from the encroachments of the priests, and try to preserve the king's favor for it. I hold your hand, Aristomachus, and will not let it go, till you promise to act as Phanes did before you, and to protect, as far as it is in your power, even the lowest Greek from the arrogance of the Egyptians; to resign your post rather than let the most trivial crime against a Greek escape punishment. We are but a few thousands among

The Olympic Games

Photogravure from the painting by Otto Knille

The Olympic Games

Photogravure from the painting by Otto Knille



as many millions, all hostile to us, but we are great in courage, and must strive to remain strong in unity. Till to-day, the Greeks in Egypt have acted as brothers. One sacrificed himself for all, all for one, and it was this very unity that made us powerful, that will keep us strong in the future. Would that we could give the same unity to our native land and its colonies; would that all the races of our home, forgetful of their Dorian, Ionic, or Æolian descent, would content themselves with the name of Greeks, and live together like children of one house, like the sheep of one flock; then the whole world would not be able to resist us. Hellas would be recognized by all nations as their queen."

Rhodopis' eyes flashed as she spoke; the Spartan pressed her hand, impetuously stamped on the floor with his wooden leg, and cried: "By Zeus, no one shall touch a Greek while I can prevent it. But you, Rhodopis, you ought to have been a Spartan."

"An Athenian," cried Phanes.

"An Ionian," said the Milesian.

"A daughter of a Samian geomore," cried the sculptor.

"But I am more than all this," cried Rhodopis, with enthusiasm, "I am a Greek!"

All were carried away by her words. Even the Syrian and the Hebrew could not resist the general enthusiasm. The Sybarite alone remained unmoved, and said, with his mouth full: —

"You also deserve to be a Sybarite, for your beef is the best that I have tasted since I left Italy, and your wine of Anthylla tastes just as good as that of Vesuvius and Chios."

All laughed, but the Spartan looked contemptuously at the Sybarite.

"Hail! friends," suddenly cried a deep voice through the open window.

"Welcome," answered the chorus of guests, while they wondered who the late arrival was.

They had not long to wait for the stranger; before the Sybarite had found time carefully to taste another sip of wine, a tall thin man, of about sixty, with a long, well-shaped, intelligent head, stood beside Rhodopis. It was Callias, son of Phænippus of Athens.

The late visitor was one of the wealthiest exiles of Athens, who had twice bought the property of Pisistratus from the

state, and twice lost it when the despot returned; he looked at his friends with bright, keen eyes, and cried, after he had exchanged friendly greetings with all: —

"If you are not very grateful for my presence to-day, I shall declare that all gratitude has vanished from the world."

"We have long expected you," interrupted one of the Milesians. "You are the first to bring us news of the result of the Olympic games."

"And we could not wish for a better messenger than the former victor," added Rhodopis.

"Sit down," cried Phanes, full of impatience; "tell us briefly and concisely what you know, friend Callias."

"Directly, countrymen," answered Callias; "it is some time since I left Olympia, and embarked at Cenchreæ on a Samian fifty-oared ship, the best vessel that was ever built. I am not surprised that no Greek has reached Naucratis before me, for we encountered frightful storms, and would scarcely have escaped with our lives, if these Samian boats, with their fat stomachs, thin beaks, and fish tails, were not so splendidly built and manned. Who knows whither the other homeward-bound travelers may have been driven; we were able to take refuge in the harbor of Samos, and to depart again after sixteen days.

"When we entered the Nile early this morning, I at once took boat and was speeded on my way by Boreas, who wished to show that he still loved his old Callias, so that a few minutes ago I saw the most hospitable of houses; I saw the flag fly, I saw the open windows illuminated, and hesitated as to whether or no I should enter; but I could not resist your charms, Rhodopis, and besides I should have been suffocated by all the untold news, which I bear with me, if I had not landed, in order to enjoy a slice of meat and a glass of wine, while I tell events of which you do not dream."

Callias sank down comfortably on a couch, and before he began his meal handed Rhodopis a splendid golden bracelet in the shape of a serpent, which he had bought at a high price, in the workshop of that very Theodorus who sat at table with him.

"That is for you," he said, turning to his delighted hostess. "But I have something still better for you, friend Phanes. Guess who won the prize in the race with the quadriga?"

"An Athenian?" asked Phanes, with glowing cheeks, for

was not every Olympic victory a triumph for the whole community to which the victor belonged, and was not the Olympic olive branch the highest honor and greatest happiness which could fall to the lot of a Greek, or even to a whole Greek race?

"Well guessed, Phanes," cried the messenger of joy. "An Athenian has won the first prize of all, and what is more, it is your cousin Cimon, son of Cypselos, and brother of that Miltiades who, nine Olympiads ago, gained the same honor for us; this year he was victorious for the second time with the very horses which obtained him the prize at the last festival. Truly, the Philædæ obscure more and more the fame of the Alcmæonidæ. Does the fame of your family make you proud and happy, friend Phanes?"

Phanes had risen in great joy; he seemed suddenly to have increased in stature.

Full of intense pride, he gave his hand to the messenger of victory, who embraced his countryman, and continued: —

"We may indeed feel proud and happy, Phanes, and you may rejoice above all; for after the judges had unanimously awarded the prize to Cimon, he bade the heralds proclaim the despot Pisistratus as the owner of the splendid horses, and therefore as victor. Pisistratus at once announced that your family might now return to Athens, and so the long-wished-for hour of return has come to you at last."

At these words the glow of pleasure faded from the face of the officer, and the conscious pride of his glances changed to anger, as he cried: —

"I am to rejoice, foolish Callias! I could rather weep when I think that a descendant of Ajax is capable of ignominiously laying his well-merited fame at the feet of a tyrant. I am to return? I swear by Athene, by Father Zeus, and Apollo, that I will rather starve in exile, than turn my steps towards home while Pisistratus tyrannizes over my native land. I am free as the eagle in the clouds, now that I have left the service of Amasis, but I would rather be the hungry slave of a peasant, in a strange land, than at home, the first servant of Pisistratus. The power in Athens belongs to us, the nobles, but Cimon, when he laid his wreath at the feet of Pisistratus, kissed the scepter of the tyrant, and stamped himself with the seal of slavery. I will tell Cimon that to me, to Phanes, the favor of the despot is of little consequence. I *will* remain an exile till

my country is free, and nobles and people again govern themselves and dictate their own laws. Phanes will not do homage to the oppressor, though a thousand Cimons, though each of the Alcmæonidæ, though the whole of your race, Callias, the wealthy Daduchis, throw themselves at Pisistratus' feet."

He surveyed the assembly with flaming eyes, and old Callias, too, looked at the guests with pride. It was as if he wished to say to each one: "See, my friends, such are the men my glorious home produces."

Then he again took Phanes' hand, and said: —

"My friend, the oppressor is as hateful to me as to you; but I cannot close my eyes to the fact that as long as Pisistratus lives, tyranny cannot be destroyed. His allies, Lygadamus of Naxos, and Polycrates of Samos, are powerful, but the wisdom and moderation of Pisistratus are more dangerous for our freedom. I saw with terror, during my late stay in Hellas, that the people of Athens love the oppressor like a father. In spite of his power, he leaves the spirit of Solon's constitution unaltered. He adorns the town with most beautiful works of art. The new temple of Zeus, which is being built of marble, by Callæschrus, Antistates, and Porinus, whom you know, Theodorus, is to surpass all buildings which the Greeks have ever erected. He knows how to attract artists and poets of every description to Athens; he has Homer's songs written down, and the sayings of Musæus of Onomacritus are collected by his orders. He is having new streets built, and introduces new festivals; trade flourishes under his rule, and in spite of the heavy taxes imposed on the people, their prosperity seems not to diminish but to increase. But what is the people? A common herd that flies, like a moth, towards everything that glitters; though it scorches its wings, it still flutters round the candle while it burns. Let Pisistratus' torch be extinguished, Phanes, and I swear to you, the changeable crowd will greet the new light, the returning nobles, as eagerly as it greeted the tyrant but a short time ago. Give me your hand again, true son of Ajax; but, my friends, I have still much to tell you. Cimon, as I said, won the chariot race, and gave his olive branch to Pisistratus. I never saw four more splendid horses. Arcesilaus of Cyrene, Cleosthenes of Epidamnus, Aster of Sybaris, Hecatæus of Miletus, and many others, sent beautiful horses to Olympia. Altogether the games were unusually brilliant this year. All Greece sent representatives, Rhoda, the

Ardeate town in distant Iberia, wealthy Tartessus, Sinope, in the far east, on the shores of the Pontus, in short, every race which boasts of Greek origin was well represented. The Sybarites sent messengers to the festival, whose appearance was simply dazzling, the Spartans simple men, with the beauty of Achilles and the stature of Hercules; the Athenians distinguished themselves by supple limbs and graceful movements; the Crotonians were led by Milo, the strongest man of human origin; the Samians and Milesians vied with the Corinthians and Mitylenians in splendor and magnificence. The flower of the youth of Greece was assembled there, and many beautiful maidens, chiefly from Sparta, sat beside men of every rank and nation; they had come to Olympia to encourage the men by their applause. The market was on the other side of the Alphæus, and there you could see merchants from all parts of the world. Greeks, Carchedonians, Lydians, Phrygians, and bargaining Phœnicians from Palestine concluded important affairs, and exposed their wares in tents and booths. Why should I describe to you the surging crowds, the resounding choruses, the smoking hecatombs, the gay dresses, the valuable chariots and horses, the confusion of many tongues, the joyous cries of old friends who met again after years of separation, the splendor of the ambassadors sent to the festival, the swarms of spectators and merchants, the excitement as to the result of the games, the splendid spectacle presented by the crowded audience, the endless delight whenever a victory was decided, the solemn presentation of the branch which a boy of Elis, both of whose parents must still be living, cut with a golden knife from the sacred olive tree, in the Altis, which Hercules himself planted many centuries ago? Why should I describe the never-ending shouts of joy which thundered through the Stadium when Milo of Crotona appeared and bore the bronze statue of himself by Dameas through the Stadium to the Altis without stumbling? A giant would have been bowed to the ground by the weight of metal, but Milo carried it as a Lacedæmonian nurse carries a little boy. The finest wreaths after Cimon's were won by two Spartan brothers, Lysander and Maro, sons of a banished noble, Aristomachus. Maro was victor in the running match. Lysander, to the delight of all present, challenged Milo, the irresistible victor of Pisa, and the Pythian and Isthmian games, to a wrestling match. Milo was taller and stronger than the Spartan, whose

figure resembled Apollo's, and whose great youth proved that he had scarcely outgrown the Pædanomos.

"The youth and the man stood opposite each other in their nude beauty, glistening with golden oil, like a panther and a lion preparing for combat. Young Lysander raised his hands before the first attack, adjured the gods, and cried, 'For my father, my honor, and Sparta's fame!' The Crotonian gave the youth a condescending smile, like that of a dainty eater before he begins to open the shell of a langusta.

"Now the wrestling began. For a long while neither could take hold of the other. The Crotonian tried with his powerful, almost irresistible, arms to seize his adversary, who eluded the terrible grasp of the athlete's clawlike hands. The struggle for the embrace lasted long, and the immense audience looked on, silent and breathless. Not a sound was heard, save the panting of the combatants, and the singing of the birds in the Altis. At last — at last, with the most beautiful movement I ever saw, the youth was able to clasp his adversary. For a long while Milo exerted himself in vain to free himself from the firm hold of the youth. The perspiration caused by the terrible contest amply watered the sand of the Stadium.

"The excitement of the spectators increased more and more, the silence became deeper and deeper, the encouraging cries grew rarer, the groans of the two combatants waxed more and more audible. At last the youth's strength gave way. An encouraging cry from thousands of throats cheered him on; he collected his strength with a superhuman effort, and tried to throw himself again on his adversary, but the Crotonian had noticed his momentary exhaustion, and pressed the youth in an irresistible embrace. A stream of black blood gushed from the beautiful lips of the youth, who sank lifeless to the earth from the wearied arms of the giant. Democedes, the most celebrated physician of our days, you Samians must have seen him at Polycrates' court, hurried up, but no art could help the happy youth, for he was dead.

"Milo was obliged to resign the wreath, and the fame of the youth will resound through all Greece. Truly, I would rather be dead like Lysander, son of Aristomachus, than live like Callias, to know an inactive old age in a strange land. All Greece, represented by its best men, accompanied the body of the beautiful youth to the funeral pyre, and his statue is to be

placed in the Altis, beside those of Milo of Croton, and Praxidamas of Ægina.

"Finally, the heralds proclaimed the award of the judges. 'Sparta shall receive a victor's wreath for the dead man, for it was not Milo but death who conquered noble Lysander, and he who goes forth unconquered after a two hours' struggle with the strongest of the Greeks, is well deserving of the olive branch.'"

Callias was silent for a minute. In the excitement of describing these events, more precious than aught else to the Greek heart, he had paid no attention to those present, but had stared straight before him while the images of the combatants passed before his mind's eye. Now he looked round, and saw, to his surprise, that the gray-haired man with the wooden leg, who had already attracted his attention, although he did not know him, had hidden his face in his hands, and was shedding scalding tears.

Rhodopis stood on his right, Phanes on his left, and everyone looked at the Spartan as though he were the hero of the story.

The quick Athenian saw at once that the old man was closely related to one of the Olympic victors; but when he heard that Aristomachus was the father of those two glorious Spartan brothers, whose beautiful forms still haunted him like visions from the world of the gods, he looked with envious admiration on the sobbing old man, and his clear eyes filled with tears, which he did not try to keep back. In those days men wept whenever they hoped that the solace of tears would relieve them. In anger, in great joy, in every affliction, we find strong heroes weeping, while, on the other hand, the Spartan boy would let himself be severely scourged, even to death, at the altar of Artemis Orthia, in order to gain the praise of the men.

For a time all the guests remained silent and respected the old man's emotion. At length Jeshua, the Israelite, who had abstained from all food which was prepared in Greek fashion, broke the silence and said in broken Greek: —

"Weep your fill, Spartan. I know what it is to lose a son. Was I not forced, eleven years ago, to lay a beautiful boy in the grave in a strange land, by the waters of Babylon where my people pined in captivity? If my beautiful child had lived but one year longer, he would have died at home, and we could have laid him in the grave of his fathers. But Cyrus the

Persian, may Jehovah bless his descendants, freed us a year too late and I must grieve doubly for my beloved child, because his grave is dug in the land of Israel's foes. Is anything more terrible than to see our children, our best treasures, sink in the grave before us? Adonai have mercy on me; to lose such an excellent child as your son, just when he had become a famous man, must be the greatest of griefs."

The Spartan removed his hands from his stern face and said, smiling amidst his tears: "You are mistaken, Phœnician, I weep with joy and I would gladly have lost my second son, had he died like Lysander."

The Israelite, horrified at this statement, which seemed wicked and unnatural to him, contented himself with shaking his head in disapproval; the Greeks overwhelmed the old man, whom they all envied, with congratulations. Intense joy seemed to have made Aristomachus many years younger, and he said to Rhodopis: "Truly, friend, your house is a blessed one for me; this is the second gift I have received from the gods since I entered it."

"And what was the first?" asked the matron.

"A favorable oracle."

"You forget the third gift," cried Phanes. "The gods permitted you to become acquainted with Rhodopis to-day. But what about the oracle?"

"May I tell our friends?" asked the Delphian.

Aristomachus nodded consent, and Phryxus again read the answer of the oracle: —

"When from the snow-clad heights descend the men in their armor,
Down to the shores of the winding stream which waters the valley,
Then the delaying boat shall conduct you unto the meadows
Where the peace of home is to the wanderer given.
When from the snow-clad heights descend the men in their armor,
Then what the judging five have long refused shall be granted."

Scarcely had Phryxus read the last word, when Callias, the Athenian, rose gracefully from his seat and cried: "The fourth gift, the fourth gift of the gods, you shall also receive from me in this house. Know, then, that I kept my strangest tidings till last. The Persians are coming to Egypt."

All the guests sprang from their seats except the Sybarite, and Callias could scarcely answer all their questions.

"Patience, patience, friends," he cried at last; "let me tell

everything in order, else I shall never finish. It is not an army, as you think, Phanes, but an embassy from Cambyses, the present king of powerful Persia, which is on its way hither. I heard at Samos that they have already reached Miletus. They will arrive here in a few days. Relations of the king, and even old Crœsus of Lydia, are with them. We shall see rare splendor. No one knows the reason of their coming, but it is thought that King Cambyses will propose an alliance to Amasis; it is even said that the king wishes to woo the daughter of the Pharaohs."

"An alliance," said Phanes, with an incredulous shrug; "the Persians already rule half the world. All the chief powers of Asia bow to their scepter. Only Egypt and our Greece have remained safe from the conqueror."

"You forget golden India, and the great nomadic races of Asia," returned Callias. "You also forget that an empire which consists of seventy races, possessing different languages and customs, always bears in it the seeds of rebellion, and must be on its guard against foreign wars, lest some of the provinces seize the favorable moment for revolt when the main body of the army is absent. Ask the Milesians whether they would keep quiet, if they heard that the chief forces of their oppressor had been defeated in battle."

Theopompus, the Milesian merchant, interrupted him and cried eagerly, "If the Persians are defeated in war, they will be attacked by a hundred foes, and my countrymen will not be the last to rise against the weakened tyrant."

"Whatever the intentions of the Persians may be," continued Callias, "I maintain that they will be here in three days."

"And so your oracle will be fulfilled, happy Aristomachus," cried Rhodopis. "The horsemen from the mountains can be none other than the Persians. When they reach the shores of the Nile, the five ephors will have changed their minds and you, the father of two Olympic victors, will be recalled. Fill the goblets again, Cnacias. Let us drink the last cup to the manes of famous Lysander, and then, though unwillingly, I must warn you of the approach of day. The host who loves his guests rises from table when the joy reaches its climax. The pleasant memory of this untroubled evening will soon bring you back to this house, whereas you would be less willing to return if you were forced to think of the hours of depression which followed your enjoyment."

All the guests agreed with Rhodopis, and Ibycus praised the festive and pleasurable excitement of the evening and called her a true disciple of Pythagoras. Every one prepared for departure; even the Sybarite, who, to drown the emotion which annoyed him, had drunk immoderately, raised himself from his comfortable position with the help of his slaves who had been summoned, and muttered something about violated hospitality.

When Rhodopis held out her hand to him on bidding him farewell, he cried, overcome by the wine: "By Hercules, Rhodopis, you turn us out-doors as if we were importunate creditors. I am not used to leaving the table as long as I can stand, and still less used to being shown the door like a parasite."

"Do you not understand, you immoderate drinker——?" began Rhodopis, trying to excuse herself and smiling; but Philoinus, who in his present mood was irritated by this retort, laughed scornfully and cried, staggering to the door: "You call me an immoderate drinker: well, I call you an insolent slave. By Dionysus, it is easy to see what you were in your youth. Farewell, slave of Iadmon and Xanthus, freed slave of Charaxus."

He had not finished, when the Spartan threw himself on him, gave him a violent blow with his fist, and carried the unconscious man, like a child, to the boat which with his slaves awaited him at the gate of the garden.

MAXIMS OF THEOGNIS.

(About 540 B.C.)

Not even Zeus pleases everybody, either when he rains or when he holds up.

From the good you will learn good: if you mix with the bad you will lose what sense you have.

Do not tell everything, even to a friend.

When you undertake great affairs, confide in but few.

Do not caress me in words, and keep your mind and heart elsewhere. Either love me sincerely, or disown and hate me.

Never love a mean man; he will not rescue you from calamity nor share what he has with you. To do good to the base is like sowing the sea. The mean are never satisfied: one slip cancels all former benefits. Comrades in feasting are plenty; not in serious matters.

Do not brag in public: no one knows what a night and a day may bring forth.

A man borne down by poverty can say or do nothing he likes: his tongue is tied. ["It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."]

Wealth mixes the breed. [Nobles and plebeians intermarry where wealth is present.]

Conform your temper to that of each friend. Be like the polypus, which looks like the rock it has twisted its arms around. [All things to all men.]

The mean are not wholly mean from birth, but from association with the mean. They learn bad actions, backbiting, and insolence from believing what the others say.

Among the mad I am very mad; among the just I am justest of all.

Give a mean man wealth, still he cannot keep his meanness in.

Do not give up a friend from belief in every slander.

If one should be wroth at all his friends' faults, there would be no friendship.

Beguile your enemy with good words; but when you have him in your power, take vengeance on him.

Of all things on earth, not to be born is best; but if born, one should die as soon as possible.

The mean man has no spirit either in weal or woe.

Be it mine to have moderate wealth, but bestow my enemies' riches on my friends.

It is easier to make a mean man out of a noble one than a noble out of a mean.

Fullness destroys more men than famine.

It is disgraceful for a drunken man to be among sober ones, and disgraceful for a sober man to remain among drunken ones. [This is sometimes translated, "It is disgraceful to be drunk where others are sober, and disgraceful to be sober where others are drunk."]

No man lives unblamed. He is best off whom most people care nothing about.

Economy is best; for no one wails even for the dead unless property has been left behind.

There are two evils in doing good to a mean man: you will be stripped of your goods, and get no thanks.

Drink when other men drink; but when you are troubled, let no man know it.

OLIGARCHY AND DESPOTISM IN GREECE.

By GEORGE GROTE.

[George Grote, the greatest modern historian of ancient Greece, perhaps the greatest man altogether who ever wrote history, was of mingled German, Huguenot French, Irish, and English blood; born in Kent, 1794; died in London, 1871. Educated till sixteen at the Charterhouse School in London, he then entered his father's banking house, still using all his leisure time for study. A massive scholar, thinker, and logician, he was also (what even for his works of pure scholarship was of the first value) a practical and experienced man of affairs. He worked hard for Parliamentary reform, and was member of Parliament 1832–1841; strove annually to introduce voting by ballot, and was a great humanist with a deep sympathy for the "dim common millions." This ardent democratic feeling was the genesis of his immortal "History of Greece" (twelve volumes, 1846–1856), which no progress in archæological discovery will ever supersede. In 1865 he brought out his "Plato"; after his death his unfinished "Aristotle" and two volumes of minor writings were published, and his widow wrote a biography. In his later years he was president of University College and vice-chancellor of London University (unsectarian).]

The monarchical institutions and monarchical tendencies prevalent throughout mediæval and modern Europe have been both generated and perpetuated by causes peculiar to those societies; whilst in the Hellenic societies such causes had no place: the primitive sentiment entertained toward the heroic king died out, passing first into indifference, next — after experience of the despots — into determined antipathy.

To an historian like Mr. Mitford, full of English ideas respecting government, this anti-monarchical feeling appears of the nature of insanity, and the Grecian communities like madmen without a keeper: while the greatest of all benefactors is the hereditary king who conquers them from without, the second best is the home despot, who seizes the acropolis and puts his fellow-citizens under coercion. There cannot be a more certain way of misinterpreting and distorting Grecian phenomena than to read them in this spirit, which reverses the maxims both of prudence and morality current in the ancient world. The hatred of kings as it stood among the Greeks (whatever may be thought about a similar feeling now) was a preëminent virtue, flowing directly from the noblest and wisest part of their nature. It was a consequence of their deep conviction of the necessity of universal legal restraint; it was a direct expression of that regulated sociality which required the control of indi-

vidual passion from every one without exception, and most of all from him to whom power was confided. The conception which the Greeks formed of an unresponsible one, or of a king who could do no wrong, may be expressed in the pregnant words of Herodotus, "He subverts the customs of the country; he violates women; he puts men to death without trial." No other conception of the probable tendencies of kingship was justified either by a general knowledge of human nature, or by political experience as it stood from Solon downward; no other feeling than abhorrence could be entertained for the character so conceived; no other than a man of unprincipled ambition would ever seek to invest himself with it.

Our larger political experience has taught us to modify this opinion, by showing that under the conditions of monarchy in the best governments of modern Europe the enormities described by Herodotus do not take place; and that it is possible, by means of representative constitutions acting under a certain force of manners, customs, and historical recollection, to obviate many of the mischiefs likely to flow from proclaiming the duty of peremptory obedience to an hereditary and unresponsible king, who cannot be changed without extra-constitutional force. But such larger observation was not open to Aristotle, the wisest as well as the most cautious of ancient theorists; nor if it had been open, could he have applied with assurance its lessons to the governments of the single cities of Greece. The theory of a constitutional king, especially, as it exists in England, would have appeared to him impracticable: to establish a king who will reign without governing; in whose name all government is carried on, yet whose personal will is in practice of little or no effect; exempt from all responsibility, without making use of the exemption; receiving from every one unmeasured demonstrations of homage, which are never translated into act except within the bounds of a known law; surrounded with all the paraphernalia of power, yet acting as a passive instrument in the hands of ministers marked out for his choice by indications which he is not at liberty to resist.

This remarkable combination of the fiction of superhuman grandeur and license with the reality of an invisible strait-waistcoat, is what an Englishman has in his mind when he speaks of a constitutional king. The events of our history have brought it to pass in England, amid an aristocracy the most powerful that the world has yet seen; but we have still to learn

whether it can be made to exist elsewhere, or whether the occurrence of a single king, at once able, aggressive, and resolute, may not suffice to break it up. To Aristotle, certainly, it could not have appeared otherwise than unintelligible and impracticable; not likely even in a single case, but altogether inconceivable as a permanent system, and with all the diversities of temper inherent in the successive members of an hereditary dynasty. When the Greeks thought of a man exempt from legal responsibility, they conceived him as really and truly such, in deed as well as in name, with a defenseless community exposed to his oppressions; and their fear and hatred of him was measured by their reverence for a government of equal law and free speech, with the ascendency of which their whole hopes of security were associated — in the democracy of Athens more perhaps than in any other portion of Greece. And this feeling, as it was one of the best in the Greek mind, so it was also one of the most widely spread — a point of unanimity highly valuable amid so many points of dissension. We cannot construe or criticise it by reference to the feelings of modern Europe, still less to the very peculiar feelings of England, respecting kingship.

When we try to explain the course of Grecian affairs, not from the circumstances of other societies, but from those of the Greeks themselves, we shall see good reason for the discontinuance as well as for the dislike of kingship. Had the Greek mind been as stationary and unimproving as that of the Orientals, the discontent with individual kings might have led to no other change than the deposition of a bad king in favor of one who promised to be better, without ever extending the views of the people to any higher conception than that of a personal government. But the Greek mind was of a progressive character, capable of conceiving and gradually of realizing amended social combinations. Moreover, it is in the nature of things that any government — regal, oligarchical, or democratical — which comprises only a single city is far less stable than if it embraced a wider surface and a larger population. When that semi-religious and mechanical submission, which made up for the personal deficiencies of the heroic king, became too feeble to serve as a working principle, the petty prince was in too close contact with his people, and too humbly furnished out in every way, to get up a prestige or delusion of any other kind. He had no means of overawing their imaginations by

that combination of pomp, seclusion, and mystery which Herodotus and Xenophon so well appreciate among the artifices of kingcraft. As there was no new feeling upon which a perpetual chief could rest his power, so there was nothing in the circumstances of the community which rendered the maintenance of such a dignity necessary for visible and effective union. In a single city, and a small circumjacent community, collective deliberation and general rules, with temporary and responsible magistrates, were practicable without difficulty.

To maintain an unresponsible king, and then to contrive accompaniments which shall extract from him the benefits of responsible government, is in reality a highly complicated system, though, as has been remarked, we have become familiar with it in modern Europe. The more simple and obvious change is, to substitute one or more temporary and responsible magistrates in place of the king himself. Such was the course which affairs took in Greece. The inferior chiefs, who had originally served as council to the king, found it possible to supersede him, and to alternate the functions of administration among themselves; retaining probably the occasional convocation of the general assembly, as it had existed before, and with as little practical efficacy. Such was in substance the character of that mutation which occurred generally throughout the Grecian states, with the exception of Sparta: kingship was abolished, and an oligarchy took its place — a council deliberating collectively, deciding general matters by the majority of voices, and selecting some individuals of their own body as temporary and accountable administrators. It was always an oligarchy which arose on the defeasance of the heroic kingdom. The age of democratical movement was yet far distant; and the condition of the people — the general body of freemen — was not immediately altered, either for better or worse, by the revolution. The small number of privileged persons, among whom the kingly attributes were distributed and put in rotation, were those nearest in rank to the king himself; perhaps members of the same large gens with him, and pretending to a common divine and heroic descent. As far as we can make out, this change seems to have taken place in the natural course of events and without violence. Sometimes the kingly lineage died out and was not replaced; sometimes, on the death of a king, his son and successor was acknowledged only as archon

— or perhaps set aside altogether to make room for a Prytanis or president out of the men of rank around.

Such oligarchical governments, varying in their details but analogous in general features, were common throughout the cities of Greece proper, as well as of the colonies, throughout the seventh century B.C. Though they had little immediate tendency to benefit the mass of the freemen, yet when we compare them with the antecedent heroic government, they indicate an important advance — the first adoption of a deliberate and preconceived system in the management of public affairs. They exhibit the first evidences of new and important political ideas in the Greek mind — the separation of legislative and executive powers; the former vested in a collective body, not merely deliberating but also finally deciding — while the latter is confided to temporary individual magistrates, responsible to that body at the end of their period of office. We are first introduced to a community of citizens, according to the definition of Aristotle — men qualified, and thinking themselves qualified, to take turns in command and obedience. The collective sovereign, called The City, is thus constituted. It is true that this first community of citizens comprised only a small proportion of the men personally free; but the ideas upon which it was founded began gradually to dawn upon the minds of all. Political power had lost its heaven-appointed character, and had become an attribute legally communicable as well as determined to certain definite ends: and the ground was thus laid for those thousand questions which agitated so many of the Grecian cities during the ensuing three centuries, partly respecting its apportionment, partly respecting its employment, — questions sometimes raised among the members of the privileged oligarchy itself, sometimes between that order as a whole and the non-privileged many. The seeds of those popular movements, which called forth so much profound emotion, so much bitter antipathy, so much energy and talent, throughout the Grecian world, with different modifications in each particular city, may thus be traced back to that early revolution which erected the primitive oligarchy upon the ruins of the heroic kingdom.

How these first oligarchies were administered we have no direct information. But the narrow and anti-popular interests naturally belonging to a privileged few, together with the general violence of private manners and passions, leave us no ground for presuming favorably respecting either their pru-

dence or their good feeling; and the facts which we learn respecting the condition of Attica prior to the Solonian legislation raise inferences all of an unfavorable character.

The first shock which they received and by which so many of them were subverted, arose from the usurpers called Despots, who employed the prevalent discontents both as pretexts and as aids for their own personal ambition, while their very frequent success seems to imply that such discontents were widespread as well as serious. These despots arose out of the bosom of the oligarchies, but not all in the same manner. Sometimes the executive magistrate, upon whom the oligarchy themselves had devolved important administrative powers for a certain temporary period, became unfaithful to his choosers, and acquired sufficient ascendency to retain his dignity permanently in spite of them — perhaps even to transmit it to his son. In other places, and seemingly more often, there arose that noted character called the Demagogue, of whom historians, both ancient and modern, commonly draw so repulsive a picture: a man of energy and ambition, sometimes even a member of the oligarchy itself, who stood forward as champion of the grievances and sufferings of the non-privileged many, acquired their favor, and employed their strength so effectively as to put down the oligarchy by force, and constitute himself despot. A third form of despot, some presumptuous wealthy man, like Kylon at Athens, without even the pretense of popularity, was occasionally emboldened, by the success of similar adventurers in other places, to hire a troop of retainers and seize the acropolis. And there were examples, though rare, of a fourth variety — the lineal descendant of the ancient kings — who, instead of suffering himself to be restricted or placed under control by the oligarchy, found means to subjugate them, and to extort by force an ascendency as great as that which his forefathers had enjoyed by consent. To these must be added, in several Grecian states, the Æsymnete or Dictator, a citizen formally invested with supreme and unresponsible power, placed in command of the military force, and armed with a standing bodyguard, but only for a time named, and in order to deal with some urgent peril or ruinous internal dissension. The person thus exalted, always enjoying a large measure of confidence, and generally a man of ability, was sometimes so successful, or made himself so essential to the community, that the term of his office was prolonged, and he became practically despot for

life; or even if the community were not disposed to concede to him this permanent ascendency, he was often strong enough to keep it against their will.

From the general statement of Thucydides as well as of Aristotle, we learn that the seventh and sixth centuries B.C. were centuries of progress for the Greek cities generally, in wealth, in power, and in population; and the numerous colonies founded during this period will furnish further illustration of such progressive tendencies. Now the changes just mentioned in the Grecian governments, imperfectly as we know them, are on the whole decided evidences of advancing citizenship. For the heroic government, with which Grecian communities begin, is the rudest and most infantine of all governments: destitute even of the pretense of system or security, incapable of being in any way foreknown, and depending only upon the accidental variations in the character of the reigning individual, who in most cases, far from serving as a protection to the poor against the rich and great, was likely to indulge his passions in the same unrestrained way as the latter, and with still greater impunity.

The despots, who in so many towns succeeded and supplanted this oligarchical government, though they governed on principles usually narrow and selfish, and often oppressively cruel, "taking no thought (to use the emphatic words of Thucydides) except each for his own body and his own family" — yet since they were not strong enough to crush the Greek mind, imprinted upon it a painful but improving political lesson, and contributed much to enlarge the range of experience as well as to determine the subsequent cast of feeling. They partly broke down the wall of distinction between the people — properly so called, the general mass of freemen — and the oligarchy: indeed the demagogue despots are interesting as the first evidence of the growing importance of the people in political affairs. The demagogue stood forward as representing the feelings and interests of the people against the governing few; probably availing himself of some special cases of ill-usage, and taking pains to be conciliatory and generous in his own personal behavior. When the people by their armed aid had enabled him to overthrow the existing rulers, they had thus the satisfaction of seeing their own chief in possession of the supreme power, but they acquired neither political rights nor increased securi-

ties for themselves. What measure of positive advantage they may have reaped, beyond that of seeing their previous oppressors humiliated, we know too little to determine. But even the worst of despots was more formidable to the rich than to the poor; and the latter may, perhaps, have gained by the change, in comparative importance, notwithstanding their share in the rigors and exactions of a government which had no other permanent foundation than naked fear.

A remark made by Aristotle deserves especial notice here, as illustrating the political advance and education of the Grecian communities. He draws a marked distinction between the early demagogue of the seventh and sixth centuries, and the later demagogue, such as he himself, and the generations immediately preceding, had witnessed. The former was a military chief, daring and full of resource, who took arms at the head of a body of popular insurgents, put down the government by force, and made himself the master both of those whom he deposed and of those by whose aid he deposed them; while the latter was a speaker, possessed of all the talents necessary for moving an audience, but neither inclined to, nor qualified for, armed attack — accomplishing all his purposes by pacific and constitutional methods. This valuable change — substituting discussion and the vote of an assembly in place of an appeal to arms, and procuring for the pronounced decision of the assembly such an influence over men's minds as to render it final and respected even by dissentients — arose from the continued practical working of democratical institutions. I shall have occasion, at a later period of this history, to estimate the value of that unmeasured obloquy which has been heaped on the Athenian demagogues of the Peloponnesian war — Kleon and Hyperbolus; but assuming the whole to be well founded, it will not be the less true that these men were a material improvement on the earlier demagogues such as Kypselus and Peisistratus, who employed the armed agency of the people for the purpose of subverting the established government and acquiring despotic authority for themselves. The demagogue was essentially a leader of opposition, who gained his influence by denouncing the men in real ascendency and in actual executive functions. Now under the early oligarchies his opposition could be shown only by armed insurrection, and it conducted him either to personal sovereignty or to destruction. But the growth of democratical institutions insured both to him and to

his political opponents full liberty of speech, and a paramount assembly to determine between them; whilst it both limited the range of his ambition, and set aside the appeal to armed force. The railing demagogue of Athens at the time of the Peloponnesian war (even if we accept literally the representations of his worst enemies) was thus a far less mischievous and dangerous person than the fighting demagogue of the earlier centuries; and the "growth of habits of public speaking" (to use Aristotle's expression) was the cause of the difference. Opposition by the tongue was a beneficial substitute for opposition by the sword.

The rise of these despots on the ruins of the previous oligarchies was, in appearance, a return to the principles of the heroic age — the restoration of a government of personal will in place of that systematic arrangement known as the City. But the Greek mind had so far outgrown those early principles, that no new government founded thereupon could meet with willing acquiescence, except under some temporary excitement. At first doubtless the popularity of the usurper — combined with the fervor of his partisans and the expulsion or intimidation of opponents, and further enhanced by the punishment of rich oppressors — was sufficient to procure for him obedience; and prudence on his part might prolong this undisputed rule for a considerable period, perhaps even throughout his whole life. But Aristotle intimates that these governments, even when they began well, had a constant tendency to become worse and worse. Discontent manifested itself, and was aggravated rather than repressed by the violence employed against it, until at length the despot became a prey to mistrustful and malevolent anxiety, losing any measure of equity or benevolent sympathy which might once have animated him.

If he was fortunate enough to bequeath his authority to his son, the latter, educated in a corrupt atmosphere and surrounded by parasites, contracted dispositions yet more noxious and unsocial. His youthful appetites were more ungovernable, while he was deficient in the prudence and vigor which had been indispensable to the self-accomplished rise of his father. For such a position, mercenary guards and a fortified acropolis were the only stay — guards fed at the expense of the citizens, and thus requiring constant exactions on behalf of that which was nothing better

than a hostile garrison. It was essential to the security of the despot that he should keep down the spirit of the free people whom he governed; that he should isolate them from each other, and prevent those meetings and mutual communications which Grecian cities habitually presented in the School, the Lesche, or the Palæstra; that he should strike off the overtopping ears of corn in the field (to use the Greek locution), or crush the exalted and enterprising minds. Nay, he had even to a certain extent an interest in degrading and impoverishing them, or at least in debarring them from the acquisition either of wealth or leisure. The extensive constructions undertaken by Polykrates at Samos, as well as the rich donations of Periander to the temple at Olympia, are considered by Aristotle to have been extorted by these despots with the express view of engrossing the time and exhausting the means of their subjects.

It is not to be imagined that all were alike cruel or unprincipled. But the perpetual supremacy of one man or one family had become so offensive to the jealousy of those who felt themselves to be his equals, and to the general feeling of the people, that repression and severity were inevitable, whether originally intended or not. And even if an usurper, having once entered upon his career of violence, grew sick and averse to its continuance, abdication only left him in imminent peril, exposed to the vengeance of those whom he had injured — unless indeed he could clothe himself with the mantle of religion, and stipulate with the people to become priest of some temple and deity; in which case his new function protected him, just as the tonsure and the monastery sheltered a dethroned prince in the middle ages. Several of the despots were patrons of music and poetry, courting the good will of contemporary intellectual men by invitation as well as by reward. Moreover, there were some cases, such as that of Peisistratus and his sons at Athens, in which an attempt was made (analogous to that of Augustus at Rome) to reconcile the reality of personal omnipotence with a certain respect for preëxisting forms. In such instances the administration — though not unstained by guilt, never otherwise than unpopular, and carried on by means of foreign mercenaries — was doubtless practically milder. But cases of this character were rare; and the maxims usual with Grecian despots were personified in Periander, the Kypselid of Corinth

— a harsh and brutal person, though not destitute either of vigor or intelligence.

The position of a Grecian despot, as depicted by Plato, by Xenophon, and by Aristotle, and further sustained by the indications in Herodotus, Thucydides, and Isokrates, though always coveted by ambitious men, reveals clearly enough "those wounds and lacerations of mind" whereby the internal Erinnys avenged the community upon the usurper who trampled them down. Far from considering success in usurpation as a justification of the attempt (according to the theories now prevalent respecting Cromwell and Bonaparte, who are often blamed because they kept out a legitimate king, but never because they seized an unauthorized power over the people), these philosophers regard the despot as among the greatest of criminals. The man who assassinated him was an object of public honor and reward, and a virtuous Greek would seldom have scrupled to carry his sword concealed in myrtle branches, like Harmodius and Aristogeiton, for the execution of the deed. A station which overtopped the restraints and obligations involved in citizenship was understood at the same time to forfeit all title to the common sympathy and protection; so that it was unsafe for the despot to visit in person those great Pan-Hellenic games in which his own chariot might perhaps have gained the prize, and in which the Theors or sacred envoys, whom he sent as representatives of his Hellenic city, appeared with ostentatious pomp. A government carried on under these unpropitious circumstances could never be otherwise than short-lived. Though the individual daring enough to seize it often found means to preserve it for the term of his own life, yet the sight of a despot living to old age was rare, and the transmission of his power to his son still more so.

Amid the numerous points of contention in Grecian political morality, this rooted antipathy to a permanent hereditary ruler stood apart as a sentiment almost unanimous, in which the thirst for prëeminence felt by the wealthy few, and the love of equal freedom in the bosoms of the many, alike concurred. It first began among the oligarchies of the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., being a reversal of that pronounced monarchical sentiment which we now read in the Iliad; and it was transmitted by them to the democracies which did not arise until a later period. The conflict between oligarchy and des-

potism preceded that between oligarchy and democracy, the Lacedæmonians standing forward actively on both occasions to uphold the oligarchical principle. A mingled sentiment of fear and repugnance led them to put down despotism in several cities of Greece during the sixth century B.C., just as, during their contest with Athens in the following century, they assisted the oligarchical party to overthrow democracy. And it was thus that the demagogue despot of these earlier times — bringing out the name of the people as a pretext, and the arms of the people as a means of accomplishment, for his own ambitious designs — served as a preface to the reality of democracy which manifested itself at Athens a short time before the Persian war, as a development of the seed planted by Solon.

As far as our imperfect information enables us to trace, these early oligarchies of the Grecian states, against which the first usurping despots contended, contained in themselves more repulsive elements of inequality, and more mischievous barriers between the component parts of the population, than the oligarchies of later days. What was true of Hellas as an aggregate, was true, though in a less degree, of each separate community which went to compose that aggregate. Each included a variety of clans, orders, religious brotherhoods, and local or professional sections, very imperfectly cemented together; so that the oligarchy was not (like the government so denominated in subsequent times) the government of a rich few over the less rich and the poor, but that of a peculiar order, sometimes a patrician order, over all the remaining society. In such a case the subject Many might number opulent and substantial proprietors as well as the governing Few; but these subject Many would themselves be broken into different heterogeneous fractions not heartily sympathizing with each other, perhaps not intermarrying together, nor partaking of the same religious rites. The country population, or villagers who tilled the land, seem in these early times to have been held to a painful dependence on the great proprietors who lived in the fortified town, and to have been distinguished by a dress and habits of their own, which often drew upon them an unfriendly nickname. These town proprietors often composed the governing class in early Grecian states; while their subjects consisted: 1. Of the dependent cultivators living in the district around, by whom their lands were tilled. 2. Of a certain number of small, self-working proprietors (*αὐτουργοὶ*), whose possessions

were too scanty to maintain more than themselves by the labor of their own hands on their own plot of ground — residing either in the country or the town, as the case might be. 3. Of those who lived in the town, having not land, but exercising handicraft, arts, or commerce.

The governing proprietors went by the name of the Gamori or Geomori, according as the Doric or Ionic dialect might be used in describing them, since they were found in states belonging to one race as well as to the other. They appear to have constituted a close order, transmitting their privileges to their children, but admitting no new members to a participation. The principle called by Greek thinkers a Timocracy (the apportionment of political rights and privileges according to comparative property) seems to have been little, if at all, applied in the earlier times. We know no example of it earlier than Solon. So that by the natural multiplication of families and mutation of property, there would come to be many individual Gamori possessing no land at all, and perhaps worse off than those small freeholders who did not belong to the order; while some of these latter freeholders, and some of the artisans and traders in the towns, might at the same time be rising in wealth and importance. Under a political classification such as this, of which the repulsive inequality was aggravated by a rude state of manners, and which had no flexibility to meet the changes in relative position among individual inhabitants, discontent and outbreaks were unavoidable. The earliest despot, usually a wealthy man of the disfranchised class, became champion and leader of the malcontents. However oppressive his rule might be, at least it was an oppression which bore with indiscriminate severity upon all the fractions of the population; and when the hour of reaction against him or against his successor arrived, so that the common enemy was expelled by the united efforts of all, it was hardly possible to revive the preëxisting system of exclusion and inequality without some considerable abatements.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

By LORD BYRON.

[Lord George Noel Gordon Byron: A famous English poet; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

The isles of Greece! The isles of Greece!
  Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
  Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,—
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
  The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
  Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds that echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
  And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
  I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
  That looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
  And men in nations — all were his!
He counted them at break of day —
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face,
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blessed?
Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no; the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise — we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain; strike other chords:
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet —
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served — but served Polycrates —
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for Freedom to the Franks —
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine:
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep —
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swanlike, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

ANACREONTICS.

School of Anacreon.

[Anacreon flourished in the sixth century B.C., and was the chief ornament for a while of the court of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos. He was ranked first in his age for the lyric of wine and women, and what we now call the "Horatian" philosophy of life; but his manner was so easy to imitate that his own effusions are lost in the swarm of copies.]

(The first three following translations are by Abraham Cowley.)

Drinking.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth and are,
With constant drinking, fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess
By his drunken, fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when he 'as done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in Nature's sober sound,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should ev'ry creature drink but I?
Why, men of morals, tell me why?

Gold.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pain the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit, by love is understood;
Gold alone does passion move,
Gold monopolizes love!

A curse on her, and on the man,
Who this traffic first began!
A curse on him who found the ore!
A curse on him who digged the store!
A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who first did coin it!
A curse, all curses else above,
On him who used it first in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate,
Gold in families, debate;
Gold does friendship separate,
Gold does civil wars create;
These the smallest harms of it!
Gold, alas! does love beget.

The Grasshopper.

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,—
The dewy Morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king.
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice;
Man for thee does sow and plow;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy fire.
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know;

But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

(The four following are translated by Thomas Moore.)

Drink while we May.

I care not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great!
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy braid,
The fervor of my brows to shade;
Be mine the odors, richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine!
But if to-morrow comes, why then —
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimmed their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from every bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine!
For death may come with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us — drink no more!

"Anything that Touches Thee."

The Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron's form;
And Progue, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.
Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,
To sparkle with that smile divine;
And, like my heart, I then should be
Reflecting thee, and only thee!
Or were I, love, the robe which flows
O'er every charm that secret glows,

In many a lucid fold to swim,
And cling and grow to every limb!
Oh! could I as the streamlet's wave,
Thy warmly mellowing beauties lave,
Or float as perfume on thine hair,
And breathe my soul in fragrance there!
I wish I were the zone that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs!
Or like those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow;
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh! anything that touches thee.
Nay, sandals for those airy feet —
Thus to be pressed by thee were sweet!

"Begone, Dull Care."

I know that Heaven ordains me here
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journeyed o'er
Return no more — alas! no more!
And all the path I've yet to go
I neither know nor ask to know.
Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine;
No, no, the heart that feels with me
Can never be a slave to thee!
And oh! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather joy's luxurious flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!

The Progress of Venus.

And whose immortal hand could shed
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?
And, in a frenzied flight of soul,
Sublime as Heaven's eternal pole,
Imagine thus, in semblance warm,
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form,
Floating along the silvery sea
In beauty's naked majesty?

Oh! he has given the raptured sight
A witching banquet of delight;
And all those sacred scenes of Love,
Where only hallowed eyes may rove,
Lie faintly glowing, half concealed,
Within the lucid billows veiled.
Light as the leaf that summer's breeze
Has wafted o'er the glassy seas,
She floats upon the ocean's breast,
Which undulates in sleepy rest,
And stealing on, she gently pillows
Her bosom on the amorous billows.
Her bosom, like the humid rose,
Her neck, like dewy-sparkling snows,
Illume the liquid path she traces,
And burn within the stream's embraces!
In languid luxury soft she glides,
Encircled by the azure tides,
Like some fair lily, faint with weeping,
Upon a bed of violets sleeping!
Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
Bearing in triumph young Desire,
And baby Love with smiles of fire!
While, sparkling on the silver waves,
The tenants of the briny caves
Around the pomp in eddies play,
And gleam along the watery way.

(Translated by Thomas Stanley.)

Beauty.

Horns to bulls wise Nature lends;
Horses she with hoofs defends;
Hares with nimble feet relieves;
Dreadful teeth to lions gives;
Fishes learn through streams to slide;
Birds through yielding air to glide;
Men with courage she supplies;
But to women these denies.
What then gives she? Beauty, this
Both their arms and armor is:
She, that can this weapon use,
Fire and sword with ease subdues.

THE STORY OF CRŒSUS.

By HERODOTUS.

[For biographical sketch see page 125.]

CRŒSUS was a Lydian by birth; son of Alyattes, and sovereign of the nations on this side the river Halys. He was the first barbarian we know of that subjected some of the Greeks to the payment of tribute, and formed alliances with others. He subdued the Ionians and Æolians, and the Dorians in Asia, and formed an alliance with the Lacedæmonians. Before the reign of Crœsus all the Greeks were free; for the incursion of the Cimmerians into Ionia was not for the purpose of subjecting states, but an irruption for plunder.

The government, which formerly belonged to the Heraclidæ, passed in the following manner to the family of Crœsus, who were called Mermnadæ. Candaules was tyrant of Sardis, and a descendant of Hercules. He was enamored of his own wife, and thought her by far the most beautiful of women. Gyges, one of his bodyguard, happened to be his especial favorite; and to him Candaules confided his most important affairs, and moreover extolled the beauty of his wife in exaggerated terms. At last (for he was fated to be miserable) he addressed Gyges as follows: "Gyges, as I think you do not believe me when I speak of my wife's beauty (for the ears of men are naturally more incredulous than their eyes), you must contrive to see her naked."

But he, exclaiming loudly, answered: "Sire, what a shocking proposal do you make, bidding me behold my queen naked! With her clothes a woman puts off her modesty. Wise maxims have been of old laid down by men; from these it is our duty to learn: among them is the following:—

"'Let every man look to the things that concern himself.' I am persuaded that she is the most beautiful of her sex, but I entreat of you not to require what is wicked."

Saying thus, Gyges fought off the proposal, dreading lest some harm should befall himself; but the king answered: "Gyges, take courage, and be not afraid of me, as if I desired to make trial of you by speaking thus; nor of my wife, lest any harm should befall you from her: for I will so contrive that she shall not know she has been seen by you. I will place you behind the open door of the apartment in which we

sleep: as soon as I enter, my wife will come to bed. There stands by the entrance a chair; on this she will lay her garments one by one as she takes them off, and then she will give you an opportunity to look at her at your leisure: but when she steps from the chair to the bed, and you are at her back, be careful that she does not see you as you are going out by the door."

Gyges therefore, finding he could not escape, prepared to obey. And Candaules, when it seemed to be time to go to bed, led him to the chamber, and the lady soon afterward appeared, and Gyges saw her enter and lay her clothes on the chair: when he was at her back, as the lady was going to the bed, he crept secretly out, but she saw him as he was going away. Perceiving what her husband had done, she neither cried out through modesty, nor appeared to notice it, purposing to take vengeance on Candaules; for among the Lydians and almost all the barbarians, it is deemed a great disgrace even for a man to be seen naked.

At the time, therefore, having shown no consciousness of what had occurred, she held her peace; and as soon as it was day, having prepared such of her domestics as she knew were most to be trusted, she sent for Gyges. He, supposing that she knew nothing of what had happened, came when he was sent for, for he had been before used to attend whenever the queen sent for him. When Gyges came, the lady thus addressed him: "Gyges, I submit two proposals to your choice: either kill Candaules and take possession of me and of the Lydian kingdom, or expect immediate death, so that you may not, from your obedience to Candaules in all things, again see what you ought not. It is necessary that he who planned this, or that you who have seen me naked, and have done what is not decorous, should die."

Gyges for a time was stunned at what he heard; but afterward he implored her not to compel him to make such a choice. He could not persuade her, however, but saw the necessity imposed on him either to kill his master Candaules or die himself by the hands of others; he therefore chose to survive, and made the following inquiry: "Since you compel me to kill my master against my will, tell me how we shall lay hands on him."

She answered: "The assault shall be made from the very spot whence he showed me naked; the attack shall be made on him while asleep."

On the approach of night he followed the lady to the chamber; then (for Gyges was not suffered to depart, nor was there any possibility of escape, but either he or Candaules must needs perish) she, having given him a dagger, concealed him behind the same door; and after this, when Candaules was asleep, Gyges crept stealthily up and slew him, possessing himself both of the woman and the kingdom. . . .

After he had reduced the Grecians in Asia to the payment of tribute, he formed a design to build ships and attack the Islanders. But when all things were ready for the building of ships, Bias of Priene (or, as others say, Pittacus of Mitylene), arriving at Sardis, put a stop to his shipbuilding by making this reply, when Crœsus inquired if he had any news from Greece: "O king, the Islanders are enlisting a large body of cavalry, with intention to make war upon you and Sardis."

Crœsus, thinking he had spoken the truth, said: "May the gods put such a thought into the Islanders as to attack the sons of the Lydians with horse." The other, answering, said: "Sire, you appear to wish above all things to see the Islanders on horseback upon the continent; and not without reason. But what can you imagine the Islanders more earnestly desire, after having heard of your resolution to build a fleet in order to attack them, than to catch the Lydians at sea, that they may revenge on you the cause of those Greeks who dwell on the continent, whom you hold in subjection?" Crœsus was much pleased with the retort, put a stop to the shipbuilding, and made an alliance with the Ionians that inhabit the islands.

In course of time, when nearly all the nations that dwell within the river Halys, except the Cilicians and Lycians, were subdued, and Crœsus had added them to the Lydians, all the other wise men of that time, as each had opportunity, came from Greece to Sardis, which had then attained to the highest degree of prosperity: and among them Solon, an Athenian, who, having made laws for the Athenians at their request, absented himself for ten years, having sailed away under pretense of seeing the world, that he might not be compelled to abrogate any of the laws he had established; for the Athenians could not do it themselves, since they were bound by solemn oaths to observe for ten years whatever laws Solon should enact for them.

Solon therefore, having gone abroad for these reasons, and for the purposes of observation, arrived in Egypt at the court of Amasis, and afterward at that of Crœsus at Sardis. On his

arrival he was hospitably entertained by Crœsus, and on the third or fourth day, by order of the king, the attendants conducted him round the treasury, and showed him all their grand and costly contents; and when he had seen and examined everything sufficiently, Crœsus asked him this question: "My Athenian guest, your great fame has reached even to us, as well of your wisdom as of your travels, how that as a philosopher you have traveled through various countries for the purpose of observation; I am therefore desirous of asking you, who is the most happy man you have seen?"

He asked this question, because he thought himself the most happy of men. But Solon, speaking the truth freely, without any flattery, answered, "Tellus the Athenian."

Crœsus, astonished at his answer, eagerly asked him, "On what account do you deem Tellus the happiest?"

He replied: "Tellus, in the first place, lived in a well-governed commonwealth; had sons who were virtuous and good; and he saw children born to them all, and all surviving: in the next place, when he had lived as happily as the condition of human affairs will permit, he ended his life in a most glorious manner; for, coming to the assistance of the Athenians in a battle with their neighbors of Eleusis, he put the enemy to flight, and died nobly. The Athenians buried him at the public charge in the place where he fell, and honored him greatly."

When Solon had roused the attention of Crœsus by relating many and happy circumstances concerning Tellus, Crœsus, expecting at least to obtain the second place, asked whom he had seen next to him. "Cleobis," said he, "and Biton; for they, being natives of Argos, possessed a sufficient fortune, and had withal such strength of body, that they were both alike victorious in the public games. Moreover, the following story is told of them: when the Argives were celebrating a festival of Juno, it was necessary that their mother should be drawn to the temple in a chariot; but the oxen did not come from the field in time: the young men therefore, being pressed for time, put themselves beneath the yoke, and drew the car in which their mother sat; and having conveyed it forty-five stadia [eight miles], they reached the temple. After they had done this in sight of the assembled people, a most happy termination was put to their lives; and in them the Deity clearly showed that it is better for a man to die than to live. For the men of

Argos, who stood round, commended the strength of the youths, and the women blessed her as the mother of such sons; but the mother herself, transported with joy both on account of the action and its renown, stood before the image, and prayed that the goddess would grant to Cleobis and Biton, her own sons, who had so highly honored her, the greatest blessing man could receive. After this prayer, when they had sacrificed and partaken of the feast, the youths fell asleep in the temple itself, and never awoke more, but met with such a termination of life. Upon this the Argives, in commemoration of their piety, caused their statues to be made and dedicated at Delphi."

Thus Solon adjudged the second place of felicity to these youths. But Crœsus, being enraged, said: "My Athenian friend, is my happiness, then, so slighted by you as nothing worth, that you do not think me of so much value as private men?"

He answered: "Crœsus, do you inquire of me concerning human affairs — of me, who know that the Divinity is always jealous, and delights in confusion? For in lapse of time men are constrained to see many things they would not willingly see, and to suffer many things. Now I put the term of man's life at seventy years; these seventy years, then, give twenty-five thousand two hundred days [360 to a year], without including the intercalary month; and if we add that month to every other year, in order that the seasons arriving at the proper time may agree, the intercalary months will be thirty-five more in the seventy years, and the days of these months will be one thousand and fifty. Yet in all this number of twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty days that compose these seventy years, one day produces nothing exactly the same as another. Thus, then, Crœsus, man is altogether the sport of fortune. You appear to me to be master of immense treasures, and king of many nations; but as relates to what you inquire of me, I cannot say till I hear you have ended your life happily. For the richest of men is not more happy than he that has a sufficiency for a day, unless good fortune attend him to the grave, so that he ends his life in happiness. Many men who abound in wealth are unhappy; and many who have only a moderate competency, are fortunate. He that abounds in wealth, and is yet unhappy, surpasses the other only in two things; but the other surpasses the wealthy and the miserable in many things. The former indeed is better able to gratify desire, and

to bear the blow of adversity. But the latter surpasses him in this: he is not indeed equally able to bear misfortune or satisfy desire, but his good fortune wards off these things from him; and he enjoys the full use of his limbs, he is free from disease and misfortune, he is blessed with good children and a fine form, and if, in addition to all these things, he shall end his life well, he is the man you seek, and may justly be called happy: but before one dies we ought to suspend our judgment, and not pronounce him happy, but fortunate. Now it is impossible for any one man to comprehend all these advantages: as no one country suffices to produce everything for itself, but affords some and wants others, and that which affords the most is the best; so no human being is in all respects self-sufficient, but possesses one advantage, and is in need of another: he therefore who has constantly enjoyed the most of these, and then ends his life tranquilly, this man, in my judgment, O king, deserves the name of happy. We ought therefore to consider the end of everything, in what way it will terminate; for the Deity having shown a glimpse of happiness to many, has afterward utterly overthrown them."

When he spoke thus to Crœsus, Crœsus did not confer any favor on him, and holding him in no account, dismissed him; since he considered him a very ignorant man, because he overlooked present prosperity, and bade men look to the end of everything.

After the departure of Solon, the indignation of the gods fell heavy upon Crœsus, probably because he thought himself the most happy of all men. A dream soon after visited him while sleeping, which pointed out to him the truth of the misfortunes that were about to befall him in the person of one of his sons. For Crœsus had two sons, of whom one was grievously afflicted, for he was a mute; but the other, whose name was Atys, far surpassed all the young men of his age. Now the dream intimated to Crœsus that he would lose this Atys by a wound inflicted by the point of an iron weapon: he, when he awoke, and had considered the matter with himself, dreading the dream, provided a wife for his son; and though he was accustomed to command the Lydian troops, he did not ever after send him out on that business; and causing all spears, lances, and such other weapons as men use in war, to be removed from the men's apartments, he had them laid up in private chambers, that none of them, being suspended, might fall upon his son.

While Crœsus was engaged with his son's nuptials, a man oppressed by misfortune and whose hands were polluted, a Phrygian by birth and of royal family, arrived at Sardis. This man, having come to the palace of Crœsus, sought permission to obtain purification according to the custom of the country. Crœsus purified him (the manner of expiation is nearly the same among the Lydians and the Greeks); and when he had performed the usual ceremonies, inquired whence he came, and who he was; speaking to him as follows: "Stranger, who art thou, and from what part of Phrygia hast thou come as a suppliant to my hearth? and what man or woman hast thou slain?"

The stranger answered: "Sire, I am the son of Gordius, son of Midas, and am called Adrastus; having unwittingly slain my own brother, and being banished by my father and deprived of everything, I am come hither."

Crœsus answered as follows: "You are born of parents who are our friends, and you are come to friends among whom, if you will stay, you shall want nothing; and by bearing your misfortune as lightly as possible, you will be the greatest gainer." So Adrastus took up his abode in the palace of Crœsus.

At this same time a boar of enormous size appeared in Mysian Olympus, and rushing down from that mountain, ravaged the fields of the Mysians. The Mysians, though they often went out against him, could not hurt him, but suffered much from him. At last deputies from the Mysians having come to Crœsus, spoke as follows: "O king, a boar of enormous size has appeared in our country, and ravages our fields: though we have often endeavored to take him, we cannot. We therefore earnestly beg that you would send with us your son, and some chosen youths with dogs, that we may drive him from the country."

Such was their entreaty; but Crœsus, remembering the warning of his dream, answered: "Make no further mention of my son; for I shall not send him with you, because he is lately married, and that now occupies his attention: but I will send with you chosen Lydians, and the whole hunting train, and will order them to assist you with their best endeavors in driving the monster from your country."

Such was his answer; and when the Mysians were content with this, the son of Crœsus, who had heard of their request, came in; and when Crœsus refused to send him with them,

the youth thus addressed him: "Father, in time past I was permitted to signalize myself in the two most noble and becoming exercises of war and hunting; but now you keep me excluded from both, without having observed in me either cowardice or want of spirit. How will men look on me when I go or return from the forum? What kind of man shall I appear to my fellow-citizens? What to my newly married wife? What kind of man will she think she has for a partner? Either suffer me, then, to go to this hunt, or convince me that it is better for me to do as you would have me."

"My son," answered Crœsus, "I act thus, not because I have seen any cowardice, or anything else unbecoming in you; but a vision in a dream appearing to me in my sleep warned me that you would be short-lived, and would die by the point of an iron weapon. On account of this vision, therefore, I hastened your marriage, and now refuse to send you on this expedition; taking care to preserve you, if by any means I can, as long as I live: for you are my only son; the other, who is deprived of his hearing, I consider as lost."

The youth answered: "You are not to blame, my father, if after such a dream you take so much care of me; but it is right for me to explain that which you do not comprehend, and which has escaped your notice in the dream. You say the dream signified that I should die by the point of an iron weapon. But what hand or what pointed iron weapon has a boar, to occasion such fears in you? Had it said I should lose my life by a tusk, or something of like nature, you ought then to have done as you now do; whereas it said by the point of a weapon: since, then, we have not to contend against men, let me go."

"You have surpassed me," replied Crœsus, "in explaining the import of the dream; therefore, being overcome by you, I change my resolution, and permit you to go to the chase."

Crœsus, having thus spoken, sent for the Phrygian Adrastus, and, when he came, addressed him as follows: "Adrastus, I purified you when smitten by a grievous misfortune, which I do not upbraid you with, and have received you into my house, and supplied you with everything necessary. Now, therefore (for it is your duty to requite me with kindness, since I have first conferred a kindness on you), I beg you would be my son's guardian, when he goes to the chase, and take care that no skulking villains show themselves in the way

to do him harm. Besides, you ought to go for your own sake, where you may signalize yourself by your exploits; for this was the glory of your ancestors, and you are, besides, in full vigor."

Adrastus answered: "On no other account, sire, would I have taken part in this enterprise; for it is not fitting that one in my unfortunate circumstances should join with his prosperous compeers, nor do I desire to do so; and indeed I have often restrained myself. Now, however, since you urge me, and I ought to oblige you (for I am bound to requite the benefits you have conferred on me), I am ready to do as you desire; and rest assured that your son, whom you bid me take care of, shall, as far as his guardian is concerned, return to you uninjured."

When Adrastus had made this answer to Crœsus, they went away, well provided with chosen youths and dogs; and having arrived at Mount Olympus, they sought the wild beast, and having found him and encircled him around, they hurled their javelins at him. Among the rest, the stranger, the same that had been purified of murder, named Adrastus, throwing his javelin at the boar, missed him, and struck the son of Crœsus; thus he, being pierced by the point of the lance, fulfilled the warning of the dream. Upon this, some one ran off to tell Crœsus what had happened, and having arrived at Sardis, gave him an account of the action, and of his son's fate.

Crœsus, exceedingly distressed by the death of his son, lamented it the more bitterly because he fell by the hand of one whom he himself had purified from blood; and vehemently deploring his misfortune, he invoked Jove the Expiator, attesting what he had suffered by this stranger. He invoked also the same deity, by the name of the god of hospitality and private friendship: as the god of hospitality, because, by receiving a stranger into his house, he had unawares fostered the murderer of his son; as the god of private friendship, because, having sent him as a guardian, he found him his greatest enemy.

After this, the Lydians approached, bearing the corpse, and behind it followed the slayer. He, having advanced in front of the corpse, delivered himself up to Crœsus, stretching forth his hands and begging of him to kill him upon it; then relating his former misfortune, and how, in addition to that, he had destroyed his purifier, and that he ought to live no longer. When Crœsus heard this, though his own affliction was so

great, he pitied Adrastus, and said to him: "You have made me full satisfaction by condemning yourself to die. But you are not the author of this misfortune, except as far as you were the involuntary agent, but that god, whoever he was, that long since foreshadowed what was about to happen."

Crœsus therefore buried his son as the dignity of his birth required; but Adrastus, son of Gordius, son of Midas, who had been the slayer of his own brother, and the slayer of his purifier, when all was silent round the tomb, judging himself the most heavily afflicted of all men, killed himself on the tomb. But Crœsus, bereaved of his son, continued disconsolate for two years.

Some time after, the overthrow of the kingdom of Astyages son of Cyaxares, by Cyrus son of Cambyses, and the growing power of the Persians, put an end to the grief of Crœsus; and it entered into his thoughts whether he could by any means check the growing power of the Persians before they became formidable. After he had formed this purpose, he determined to make trial as well of the oracles in Greece as of that in Libya; and sent different persons to different places, with the following orders: that, computing the days from the time of their departure from Sardis, they should consult the oracles on the hundredth day, by asking what Crœsus, son of Alyattes and king of the Lydians, was then doing; and that they should bring him the answer of each oracle in writing. Now, what were the answers given by the other oracles is mentioned by none; but no sooner had the Lydians entered the temple of Delphi to consult the god, and asked the question enjoined them, than the Pythian thus spoke in hexameter verse: "I know the number of the sands, and the measure of the sea; I understand the dumb, and hear him that does not speak; the savor of the hard-shelled tortoise boiled in brass with the flesh of lamb strikes on my senses; brass is laid beneath it, and brass is put over it."

The Lydians, having written down this answer of the Pythian, returned to Sardis. And when the rest, who had been sent to other places, arrived bringing the answers, Crœsus, having opened each of them, examined their contents; but none of them pleased him. When, however, he heard that from Delphi, he immediately adored it and approved of it, being convinced that the oracle at Delphi alone was a real oracle, because it had discovered what he had done.

For when he had sent persons to consult the different oracles, watching the appointed day, he had recourse to the following contrivance: having thought of what it was impossible to discover or guess at, he cut up a tortoise and a lamb, and boiled them himself together in a brazen caldron, and put on it a cover of brass.

Such, then, was the answer given to Crœsus from Delphi: as regards the answer of the oracle of Amphiaraus, I cannot say what answer it gave to the Lydians, who performed the accustomed rites at the temple; for nothing else is related than that he considered this also to be a true oracle.

After this he endeavored to propitiate the god at Delphi by magnificent sacrifices; for he offered three thousand head of cattle of every kind fit for sacrifice, and having heaped up a great pile, he burned on it beds of gold and silver, vials of gold, and robes of purple and garments, hoping by that means more completely to conciliate the god; he also ordered all the Lydians to offer to the god whatever he was able. When the sacrifice was ended, having melted down a vast quantity of gold, he cast half-bricks from it; of which the longest were six palms in length, the shortest three, and in thickness one palm: their number was one hundred and seventeen: four of these, of pure gold, weighed each two talents and a half; the other half-bricks of pale gold weighed two talents each. He made also the figure of a lion of fine gold, weighing ten talents.

Crœsus, having finished these things, sent them to Delphi, and with them two large bowls, one of gold, the other of silver, and four casks of silver; and he dedicated two lustral vases, one of gold, the other of silver; at the same time he sent many other offerings: among them some round silver covers; and moreover, a statue of a woman in gold three cubits high, which the Delphians say is the image of Crœsus' baking woman; and to all these things he added the necklaces and girdles of his wife.

These were the offerings he sent to Delphi; and to Amphiaraus, having ascertained his virtue and sufferings, he dedicated a shield all of gold, and a lance of solid gold, the shaft as well as the points being of gold; and these are at Thebes, in the temple of Ismenian Apollo.

To the Lydians appointed to convey these presents to the temples, Crœsus gave it in charge to inquire of the oracles whether he should make war on the Persians, and if he should unite any other nation as an ally. Accordingly, when the

Lydians arrived at the places to which they were sent, and had dedicated the offerings, they consulted the oracles, saying: "Crœsus, king of the Lydians and of other nations, esteeming these to be the only oracles among men, sends these presents in acknowledgment of your discoveries; and now asks whether he should lead an army against the Persians, and whether he should join any auxiliary forces with his own." Such were their questions: and the opinions of both oracles concurred, foretelling "that if Crœsus should make war on the Persians, he would destroy a mighty empire;" and they advised him to engage the most powerful of the Grecians in his alliance.

When Crœsus heard the answers that were brought back, he was beyond measure delighted with the oracles; and fully expecting that he should destroy the kingdom of Cyrus, he again sent to Delphi, and having ascertained the number of the inhabitants, presented each of them with two staters of gold. In return for this, the Delphians gave Crœsus and the Lydians the right to consult the oracle before any others, and exemption from tribute, and the first seats in the temple, and the privilege of being made citizens of Delphi to as many as should desire it in all future time.

Crœsus, having made these presents to the Delphians, sent a third time to consult the oracle; for after he had ascertained the veracity of the oracle, he had frequent recourse to it. His demand now was, whether he should long enjoy the kingdom? to which the Pythian gave this answer: "When a mule shall become king of the Medes, then, tenderfooted Lydian, flee over pebbly Hermus, nor tarry, nor blush to be a coward."

With this answer, when reported to him, Crœsus was more than ever delighted, thinking that a mule should never be king of the Medes instead of a man, and consequently that neither he nor his posterity should ever be deprived of the kingdom. In the next place, he began to inquire carefully who were the most powerful of the Greeks whom he might gain over as allies; and on inquiry, found that the Lacedæmonians and Athenians excelled the rest, the former being of Dorian, the latter of Ionic descent; for these were in ancient time the most distinguished, the latter being a Pelasgian, the other an Hellenic nation.

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Crœsus then prepared to invade Cappadocia, hoping to overthrow Cyrus and the power of the Persians. While Crœsus

was preparing for his expedition against the Persians, a certain Lydian, who before that time was esteemed a wise man, and on this occasion acquired a very great name in Lydia, gave him advice in these words (the name of this person was Sandanis) : "O king, you are preparing to make war against a people who wear leather trousers, and the rest of their garments of leather ; who inhabit a barren country, and feed not on such things as they choose, but such as they can get. Besides, they do not habitually use wine, but drink water ; nor have they figs to eat, nor anything that is good. In the first place, then, if you should conquer, what will you take from them, since they have nothing? On the other hand, if you should be conquered, consider what good things you will lose ; for when they have tasted of our good things, they will become fond of them, nor will they be driven from them. As for me, I thank the gods that they have not put it into the thoughts of the Persians to make war on the Lydians." In saying this, he did not persuade Crœsus.

Crœsus invaded Cappadocia for the following reasons : as well from a desire of adding it to his own dominions, as, especially, from his confidence in the oracle, and a wish to punish Cyrus on account of Astyages ; for Cyrus son of Cambyses had subjugated Astyages son of Cyaxares, who was brother-in-law of Crœsus and king of the Medes. He had become brother-in-law to Crœsus in the following manner : —

A band of Scythian nomads having risen in rebellion, withdrew into Media. At that time Cyaxares son of Phraortes, grandson of Deioces, ruled over the Medes ; he at first received these Scythians kindly, as being suppliants ; so much so that, esteeming them very highly, he intrusted some youths to them to learn their language and the use of the bow. In course of time, it happened that these Scythians, who were constantly going out to hunt, and who always brought home something, on one occasion took nothing. On their returning empty-handed, Cyaxares (for he was, as he proved, of a violent temper) treated them with most opprobrious language. The Scythians, having met with this treatment from Cyaxares, and considering it undeserved by them, determined to kill one of the youths that were being educated under their care ; and having prepared the flesh as they used to dress the beasts taken in hunting, to serve it up to Cyaxares as if it were game, and then to make their escape immediately to Alyattes son of Sadyattes,

at Sardis. This was accordingly done, and Cyaxares and his guests tasted of this flesh; and the Scythians, having done this, became suppliants to Alyattes.

After this (for Alyattes refused to deliver up the Scythians to Cyaxares when he demanded them), war lasted between the Lydians and the Medes for five years; during this period the Medes often defeated the Lydians, and often the Lydians defeated the Medes; and during this time they had a kind of nocturnal engagement. In the sixth year, when they were carrying on the war with nearly equal success, on occasion of an engagement, it happened that in the heat of the battle day was suddenly turned into night. This change of the day Thales the Milesian had foretold to the Ionians, fixing beforehand this year as the very period in which the change actually took place. The Lydians and Medes seeing night succeeding in the place of day, desisted from fighting, and both showed a great anxiety to make peace. Syennesis the Cilician, and Labynetus the Babylonian, were the mediators of their reconciliation: these were they who hastened the treaty between them, and made a matrimonial connection; for they persuaded Alyattes to give his daughter Aryenis in marriage to Astyages son of Cyaxares: for without strong necessity, agreements are not wont to remain firm. These nations in their federal contracts observe the same ceremonies as the Greeks; and in addition, when they have cut their arms to the outer skin, they lick up one another's blood.

Cyrus had subdued this same Astyages, his grandfather by the mother's side, for reasons which I shall hereafter relate. Crœsus, alleging this against him, sent to consult the oracle if he should make war on the Persians; and when an ambiguous answer came back, he, interpreting it to his own advantage, led his army against the territory of the Persians. When he arrived at the river Halys, Crœsus transported his forces, as I believe, by the bridges which are now there. But the common opinion of the Grecians is, that Thales the Milesian procured him a passage; for, while Crœsus was in doubt how his army should pass over the river (for they say that these bridges were not at that time in existence), Thales, who was in the camp, caused the stream, which flowed along the left of the army, to flow likewise on the right; and he contrived it thus: having begun above the camp, he dug a deep trench, in the shape of a half-moon, so that the river, being turned into this from its old

channel, might pass in the rear of the camp pitched where it then was, and afterward, having passed by the camp, might fall into its former course; so that as soon as the river was divided into two streams, it became fordable in both. Some say that the ancient channel of the river was entirely dried up: but this I cannot assent to; for how then could they have crossed it on their return?

However, Crœsus, having passed the river with his army, came to a place called Pteria, in Cappadocia. (Now Pteria is the strongest position of the whole of this country, and is situated over against Sinope, a city on the Euxine Sea.) Here he encamped, and ravaged the lands of the Syrians, and took the city of the Pterians, and enslaved the inhabitants; he also took all the adjacent places, and expelled the inhabitants, who had given him no cause for blame. But Cyrus, having assembled his own army, and having taken with him all who inhabited the intermediate country, went to meet Crœsus. But before he began to advance, he sent heralds to the Ionians, to persuade them to revolt from Crœsus: the Ionians, however, refused. When Cyrus had come up and encamped opposite Crœsus, they made trial of each other's strength on the plains of Pteria; but when an obstinate battle took place, and many fell on both sides, they at last parted on the approach of night, neither having been victorious. In this manner did the two armies engage.

But Crœsus laying the blame on his own army on account of the smallness of its numbers, for his forces that engaged were far fewer than those of Cyrus — laying the blame on this, when on the following day Cyrus did not attempt to attack him, he marched back to Sardis, designing to summon the Egyptians according to treaty, for he had made an alliance with Amasis, king of Egypt, before he had with the Lacedæmonians; and to send for the Babylonians (for he had made an alliance with them also, and Labynetus at this time reigned over the Babylonians), and to require the presence of the Lacedæmonians at a fixed time: having collected these together, and assembled his own army, he purposed, when winter was over, to attack the Persians in the beginning of the spring. With this design, when he reached Sardis, he dispatched ambassadors to his different allies, requiring them to meet at Sardis before the end of five months; but the army that was with him, and that had fought with the Persians, which was composed of mercenary

troops, he entirely disbanded, not imagining that Cyrus, who had come off on such equal terms, would venture to advance upon Sardis.

While Crœsus was forming these plans, the whole suburbs were filled with serpents; and when they appeared, the horses, forsaking their pastures, came and devoured them. When Crœsus beheld this, he considered it to be, as it really was, a prodigy, and sent immediately to consult the interpreters at Telmessus: but the messengers having arrived there, and learned from the Telmessians what the prodigy portended, were unable to report it to Crœsus; for before they sailed back to Sardis, Crœsus had been taken prisoner. The Telmessians had pronounced as follows: "That Crœsus must expect a foreign army to invade his country, which, on its arrival, would subdue the natives; because, they said, the serpent is a son of the earth, but the horse is an enemy and a stranger." This answer the Telmessians gave to Crœsus when he had been already taken, yet without knowing what had happened with respect to Sardis or Crœsus himself.

But Cyrus, as soon as Crœsus had retreated after the battle at Pteria, having discovered that it was the intention of Crœsus to disband his army, found, upon deliberation, that it would be to his advantage to march with all possible expedition on Sardis, before the forces of the Lydians could be a second time assembled; and when he had thus determined, he put his plan into practice with all possible expedition; for having marched his army into Lydia, he brought this news of his own enterprise to Crœsus. Thereupon Crœsus, being thrown into great perplexity, seeing that matters had turned out contrary to his expectations, nevertheless drew out the Lydians to battle; and at that time no nation in Asia was more valiant and warlike than the Lydians. Their mode of fighting was from on horseback; they were armed with long lances, and managed their horses with admirable address.

Cyrus, alarmed at the cavalry, had recourse to the following stratagem: having collected together all the camels that followed his army with provisions and baggage, and caused their burdens to be taken off, he mounted men upon them equipped in cavalry accouterments; and having furnished them, he ordered them to go in advance of the rest of his army against the Lydian horse, commanded his infantry to follow the camels, and placed the whole of his cavalry behind the infantry. When all were drawn

up in order, he charged them not to spare any of the Lydians, but to kill every one they met; but on no account to kill Crœsus, even if he should offer resistance when taken. He drew up the camels in the front of the cavalry for this reason: a horse is afraid of a camel, and cannot endure either to see its form or to scent its smell. Accordingly, when they joined battle, the horses no sooner smelt the camels and saw them, than they wheeled round, and the hopes of Crœsus were destroyed. Nevertheless, the Lydians were not therefore discouraged, but when they perceived what had happened, leaped from their horses and engaged with the Persians on foot; at last, when many had fallen on both sides, the Lydians were put to flight, and being shut up within the walls, were besieged by the Persians.

On the fourteenth day after Crœsus had been besieged, Cyrus sent horsemen throughout his army, and proclaimed that he would liberally reward the man who should first mount the wall: upon this, several attempts were made, and as often failed; till, after the rest had desisted, a Mardian, whose name was Hyrœades, endeavored to climb up on that part of the citadel where no guard was stationed, because there did not appear to be any danger that it would be taken on that part, for on that side the citadel was precipitous and impracticable. This is the quarter of the city that faces Mount Tmolus. Now this Hyrœades the Mardian, having seen a Lydian come down this precipice the day before for a helmet that was rolled down, and carry it up again, noticed it carefully, and reflected on it in his mind: he thereupon ascended the same way, followed by divers Persians; and when great numbers had gone up, Sardis was thus taken, and the whole town plundered.

The following incidents befell Crœsus himself. He had a son, of whom I have before made mention, who was in other respects proper enough, but dumb. Now, in the time of his former prosperity, Crœsus had done everything he could for him, and among other expedients had sent to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning him; but the Pythian gave him this answer: "O Lydian born, king of many, very foolish Crœsus, wish not to hear the longed-for voice of thy son speaking within thy palace: it were better for thee that this should be far off; for he will first speak in an unhappy day."

When the city was taken, one of the Persians, not knowing Crœsus, was about to kill him. Crœsus, though he saw him

approach, from his present misfortune took no heed of him, nor did he care about dying by the blow; but this speechless son of his, when he saw the Persian advancing against him, through dread and anguish burst into speech, and said, "Man, kill not Crœsus." These were the first words he ever uttered; but from that time he continued to speak during the remainder of his life.

So the Persians got possession of Sardis, and made Crœsus prisoner, after he had reigned fourteen years, been besieged fourteen days, and lost his great empire, as the oracle had predicted. The Persians, having taken him, conducted him to Cyrus; and he, having heaped up a great pile, placed Crœsus upon it, bound with fetters, and with him fourteen young Lydians, designing either to offer this sacrifice to some god as the first fruits of his victory, or wishing to perform a vow; or perhaps, having heard that Crœsus was a religious person, he placed him on the pile for the purpose of discovering whether any deity would save him from being burned alive. When Crœsus stood upon the pile, notwithstanding the weight of his misfortunes, the words of Solon recurred to him, as spoken by inspiration of the Deity, that "no living man could be justly called happy." When this occurred to him, after a long silence he recovered himself, and uttering a groan, thrice pronounced the name of Solon. When Cyrus heard him, he commanded his interpreters to ask Crœsus whom it was he called upon: they drew near and asked him, but Crœsus for some time kept silence; but at last, being constrained to speak, said, "I named a man whose discourses I more desire all tyrants might hear, than to be possessor of the greatest riches."

When he gave them this obscure answer, they again inquired what he said; and when they persisted in their inquiries, and were very importunate, he at length told them that Solon, an Athenian, formerly visited him, and having viewed all his treasures, made no account of them; telling, in a word, how everything had befallen him as Solon had warned him, though his discourse related to all mankind as much as to himself, and especially to those who imagine themselves happy. The pile being now kindled, the outer parts began to burn: but Cyrus, informed by the interpreters of what Crœsus had said, relented, and considering that being but a man, he was yet going to burn another man alive who had been no way inferior to himself in

prosperity; and moreover fearing retribution, and reflecting that nothing human is constant, commanded the fire to be instantly extinguished and Crœsus, with those who were about him, to be taken down; but they, with all their endeavors, were unable to master the fire.

Crœsus, perceiving that Cyrus had altered his resolution, when he saw every man endeavoring to put out the fire but unable to get the better of it, shouted aloud, invoking Apollo, and besought him, if ever any of his offerings had been agreeable to him, to protect and deliver him from the present danger: he with tears invoked the god, and on a sudden clouds were seen gathering in the air, which before was serene, and a violent storm burst forth and vehement rain fell and extinguished the flames; by which Cyrus perceiving that Crœsus was beloved by the gods, and a good man, when he had had him taken down from the pile, asked him the following question: "Who persuaded you, Crœsus, to invade my territories, and to become my enemy instead of my friend?"

He answered: "O king, I have done this for your good but my own evil fortune, and the god of the Greeks who encouraged me to make war is the cause of all. For no man is so void of understanding as to prefer war before peace: for in the latter, children bury their fathers; in the former, fathers bury their children. But I suppose it pleased the gods that these things should be so."

He then thus spoke: but Cyrus, having set him at liberty, placed him by his own side, and showed him great respect; and both he and all those that were with him were astonished at what they saw. But Crœsus, absorbed in thought, remained silent; and presently turning round and beholding the Persians sacking the city of the Lydians, he said: "Does it become me, O king, to tell you what is passing through my mind, or to keep silent on the present occasion?"

Cyrus bade him say with confidence whatever he wished; upon which Crœsus asked him, saying, "What is this vast crowd so earnestly employed about?"

He answered, "They are sacking your city and plundering your riches."

"Not so," Crœsus replied; "they are neither sacking my city nor plundering my riches, for they no longer belong to me, but they are ravaging what belongs to you."

The reply of Crœsus attracted the attention of Cyrus; he therefore ordered all the rest to withdraw, and asked Crœsus what he thought should be done in the present conjuncture. He answered: "Since the gods have made me your servant, I think it my duty to acquaint you if I perceive anything deserving of remark. The Persians, who are by nature overbearing, are poor. If therefore you permit them to plunder and possess great riches, you may expect the following results: whoso acquires the greatest possessions, be assured will be ready to rebel. Therefore, if you approve what I say, adopt the following plan: place some of your bodyguard as sentinels at every gate, with orders to take the booty from all those who would go out, and to acquaint them that the tenth must of necessity be consecrated to Jupiter: thus you will not incur the odium of taking away their property; and they, acknowledging your intention to be just, will readily obey."

Cyrus, when he heard this, was exceedingly delighted, as he thought the suggestion a very good one. Having therefore commended it highly, and ordered his guards to do what Crœsus suggested, he addressed Crœsus as follows: "Crœsus, since you are resolved to display the deeds and words of a true king, ask whatever boon you desire on the instant."

"Sir," he answered, "the most acceptable favor you can bestow upon me is to let me send my fetters to the god of the Grecians, whom I have honored more than any other deity, and to ask him if it be his custom to deceive those who deserve well of him."

Cyrus asked him what cause he had to complain, that induced him to make this request: upon which Crœsus recounted to him all his projects, and the answers of the oracles, and particularly the offerings he had presented; and how he was incited by the oracle to make war against the Persians. When he had said this, he again besought him to grant him leave to reproach the god with these things. But Cyrus, smiling, said, "You shall not only receive this boon from me, but whatever else you may at any time desire."

When Crœsus heard this he sent certain Lydians to Delphi, with orders to lay his fetters at the entrance of the temple, and to ask the god if he were not ashamed to have encouraged Crœsus by his oracles to make war on the Persians, as he would put an end to the power of Cyrus, of which war such

were the first fruits (showing the fetters), and at the same time to ask if it were the custom of the Grecian gods to be ungrateful.

When the Lydians arrived at Delphi, and had delivered their message, the Pythian is reported to have made this answer: —

"The god himself even cannot avoid the decrees of fate; and Crœsus has atoned the crime of his ancestor in the fifth generation, who, being one of the bodyguard of the Heraclidæ, was induced by the artifice of a woman to murder his master, and to usurp his dignity, to which he had no right. But although Apollo was desirous that the fall of Sardis might happen in the time of the sons of Crœsus, and not during his reign, yet it was not in his power to avert the fates: but so far as he allowed they accomplished, and conferred the boon on him; for he delayed the capture of Sardis for the space of three years. Let Crœsus know, therefore, that he was taken prisoner three years later than the fates had ordained; and in the next place, he came to his relief when he was upon the point of being burned alive. Then, as to the prediction of the oracle, Crœsus has no right to complain: for Apollo foretold him that if he made war on the Persians, he would subvert a great empire; and had he desired to be truly informed, he ought to have sent again to inquire whether his own or that of Cyrus was meant. But since he neither understood the oracle, nor inquired again, let him lay the blame on himself. And when he last consulted the oracle, he did not understand the answer concerning the mule: for Cyrus was that mule; inasmuch as he was born of parents of different nations, the mother superior, but the father inferior. For she was a Mede, and daughter of Astyages, king of Media; but he was a Persian, subject to the Medes; and though in every respect inferior, he married his own mistress."

The Pythian gave this answer to the Lydians, and they carried it back to Sardis, and reported it to Crœsus, and he, when he heard it, acknowledged the fault to be his, and not the god's. Such is the account of the kingdom of Crœsus, and the first subjection of Ionia.

THE BOYHOOD OF CYRUS THE GREAT.

BY XENOPHON.

[XENOPHON, the famous Greek general and historian, was born at Athens about B.C. 450. He was a pupil and friend of Socrates, whose biography he wrote in the "Memorabilia." He joined the expedition of Cyrus the Younger as a volunteer, and on the murder of the generals after the battle of Cunaxa, was made commander of the retreat, the celebrated "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." Later he served in the Spartan army and was banished by Athens; he lived some twenty years in Elis, but the time and place of his death are not known. His chief work is the "Anabasis," describing the expedition of Cyrus and the retreat. He also wrote a history of Grecian affairs, the "Hellenica"; the "Cyropædia," a pretended biography of Cyrus the Great, really an ideal dream of a boy's education and a social state; and other things.]

CYRUS is said to have had for his father Cambyses, king of the Persians. Cambyses was of the race of the Perseidæ, who were so called from Perseus. It is agreed that he was born of a mother named Mandane; and Mandane was the daughter of Astyages, king of the Medes. Cyrus is described, and is still celebrated by the Barbarians, as having been most handsome in person, most humane in disposition, most eager for knowledge, and most ambitious of honor; so that he would undergo any labor and face any danger for the sake of obtaining praise. Such is the constitution of mind and body that he is recorded to have had; and he was educated in conformity with the laws of the Persians.

These laws seem to begin with a provident care for the common good; not where they begin in most other governments; for most governments, leaving each individual to educate his children as he pleases, and the advanced in age to live as they please, enjoin their people not to steal, not to plunder, not to enter a house by violence, not to strike any one whom it is wrong to strike, not to be adulterous, not to disobey the magistrates, and other such things in like manner; and, if people transgress any of these precepts, they impose punishments upon them. But the Persian laws, by anticipation, are careful to provide, from the beginning, that their citizens shall not be such as to be inclined to any action that is bad and mean. . . .

The boys attending the public schools pass their time in learning justice; and say that they go for this purpose, as those with us say who go to learn to read. Their presidents spend the most part of the day in dispensing justice amongst

them; for there are among the boys, as among the men, accusations for theft, robbery, violence, deceit, calumny, and other such things as naturally occur; and such as they convict of doing wrong, in any of these respects, they punish; they punish likewise such as they find guilty of false accusation; they appeal to justice also in the case of a crime for which men hate one another excessively, but for which they never go to law, that is, ingratitude; and whomsoever they find able to return a benefit, and not returning it, they punish severely. For they think that the ungrateful are careless with regard to the gods, their parents, their country, and their friends; and upon ingratitude seems closely to follow shamelessness, which appears to be the principal conductor of mankind into all that is dishonorable.

They also teach the boys self-control; and it contributes much toward their learning to control themselves, that they see every day their elders behaving themselves with discretion. They teach them also to obey their officers; and it contributes much to this end, that they see their elders constantly obedient to their officers. They teach them temperance with respect to eating and drinking; and it contributes much to this object, that they see that their elders do not quit their stations to satisfy their appetites, until their officers dismiss them, and that the boys themselves do not eat with their mothers, but with their teachers, and when the officers give the signal. They bring from home with them bread, and a sort of cresses to eat with it; and a cup to drink from, that, if any are thirsty, they may take water from the river. They learn, besides, to shoot with the bow, and to throw the javelin. These exercises the boys practice till they are sixteen or seventeen years of age, when they enter the class of young men. . . .

Cyrus, till twelve years of age, or a little more, was educated under this discipline, and evidently excelled all his equals, both in quickly learning what was necessary, and in doing everything in a becoming and manly way. At that time Astyages sent for his daughter and her son; for he was desirous to see him, having heard that he was a handsome and excellent child. Accordingly Mandane went to her father, and took her son Cyrus with her. As soon as she arrived, and Cyrus knew Astyages to be his mother's father, he instantly, as being a boy naturally affectionate, embraced him, just as if he had been previously brought up with him, and

had long loved him; and observing him adorned with paint about his eyes and color applied to his face, and with artificial hair, things that are customary amongst the Medes (for purple coats, cloaks, collars about the neck, and bracelets on the wrists, are all Median decorations; but amongst the Persians at home, even at this day, their habits are much coarser, and their diet more simple), observing this dress of his grandfather, and fixing his eyes on him, he said, "O mother, how handsome my grandfather is!" His mother then asking him which he thought the more handsome, his father or his grandfather, Cyrus answered, "Of the Persians, mother, my father is much the most handsome; but of all the Medes that I have seen, either upon the road or at the gates of the palace, my grandfather is far the most handsome." Astyages, then, embracing Cyrus in return, put on him a fine robe, did him honor, and decorated him with collars and bracelets; and whenever he went abroad, took him with him on a horse with a bridle of gold, just as he himself used to go about. Cyrus, being a boy fond of what was fine and honorable, was pleased with the robe, and extremely delighted at learning to ride; for amongst the Persians, from its being difficult to breed horses, and difficult even to ride in a country so mountainous, it is a rare thing to see a horse.

Astyages, when he was supping with his daughter and Cyrus, and wished the boy to sup as agreeably as possible, that he might the less regret what he had left at home, had several dishes set before him, with sauces and meats of all kinds; when, as they relate, Cyrus said, "How much trouble, grandfather, you have at your meals, if you must stretch out your hands to all these dishes, and taste of all these kinds of meat!" "What, then," said Astyages, "do you not think this entertainment much finer than what you have in Persia?" To this question Cyrus is said to have replied, "No, grandfather; for with us the way to be satisfied is much plainer and straighter than with you; since among us plain bread and meat conduct us to that object; you, indeed, pursue the same object with us, but after rambling in many windings up and down, you at last scarcely reach the point at which we have arrived long before you."

"But, child," said Astyages, "it is not with pain that we ramble through these windings; if you taste," said he, "you will find that these things are pleasant." "But, grandfather,"

said Cyrus, "I observe you yourself show an aversion to these dishes." "From what do you guess," inquired Astyages, "that you express such an opinion?" "Because I remark," said he, "that when you touch your bread, you do not wipe your hand upon anything; but when you touch any one of these dishes, you immediately wipe your hand upon your napkin, as if you were quite uneasy that it had touched them."

On receiving this answer Astyages said, "If you think so, then, at least eat heartily of plain meat, that you may return home a stout youth;" and as he said this, he directed various kinds of flesh, both of tame and wild animals, to be presented to him. Cyrus, when he saw this variety of meats, is reported to have said, "And do you give me all these meats, grandfather, to do with them what I please?" "Yes, indeed," said Astyages; "I make you a present of them." Then Cyrus, taking of the several meats, is said to have distributed them to the servants about his grandfather, saying to each, "I give this to you, because you take pleasure in teaching me to ride; this to you, because you gave me a javelin, for I have it still; this to you, because you serve my grandfather well; this to you, because you honor my mother;" and to have proceeded thus, till he had distributed all the meat that he had received.

Astyages then said, "And do you give nothing to this Sacian, my cupbearer, whom I value above all?" This Sacian was a handsome person, and had the honor to introduce to Astyages any that wanted to see him, and to exclude such as he did not think it seasonable to admit. Cyrus upon this is said to have answered rather flippantly, as a boy not yet grown bashful, "For what reason is it, grandfather, that you value this Sacian so much?" Astyages replied, jestingly, "Do you not see," said he, "how properly and gracefully he pours out my wine?" For these cupbearers to kings perform their business very cleverly; they pour in the wine without spilling, and give the cup, holding it on three fingers, and presenting it in such a manner as to put it most conveniently into the hand of the person who is to drink.

"Bid the Sacian give me the cup, grandfather," said Cyrus, "that I also, by gracefully pouring in wine for you to drink, may gain your favor if I can." Astyages bade the Sacian give him the cup; and Cyrus, taking it, rinsed the cup so well, as he had observed the Sacian to do, settled his countenance so gravely, and brought and presented the cup to his grandfather

so prettily, as to afford much laughter to his mother and Astyages. Cyrus then, laughing out, leaped up to his grandfather, and, kissing him, cried out, "O Sacian, you are undone; I will turn you out of your office; for I will pour out wine better than you in other respects, and I will not drink the wine myself." For these cupbearers to kings, when they give the cup, dip a little out with a smaller cup, which they pour into their left hand and swallow; so that, in case they mix poison in the cup, it may be of no profit to them.

Upon this, Astyages said, joking, "And why, Cyrus, when you imitated the Sacian in everything else, did not you swallow some of the wine?" "Because, to say the truth," said he, "I was afraid there might have been poison mixed in the cup; for, when you entertained your friends upon your birthday, I plainly perceived that he had poured in poison for you all." "And how, child," said he, "did you know this?" "Because," said he, "I saw you all disordered both in mind and body; for, in the first place, what you do not allow us boys to do, that you did yourselves; for you all cried out together, and yet could not understand each other; next you fell to singing very ridiculously; and, without attending to the singer, you swore that he sung admirably; then, though each told stories of his own strength, when you rose up and fell to dancing, you were not only unable to dance properly, but were unable even to stand upright; at length, you all entirely forgot yourselves, you, that you were king, and they, that you were their ruler; and then, for the first time, I discovered that it was equal liberty of speech that you were practicing; for you never ceased to speak."

Astyages then said, "Is your father, child, never intoxicated when he drinks?" "No, indeed," said he. "What does he, then?" "Why, he quenches his thirst, and suffers no further harm; for I believe, grandfather," says he, "it is not a Sacian that pours out wine for him." His mother then said, "But why, child, do you thus make war upon the Sacian?" Cyrus is said to have replied: "Why, indeed, because I hate him; for very often, when I am desirous to run to my grandfather, this disagreeable fellow hinders me. But pray, grandfather," said he, "allow me to have the government of him for three days." "How would you govern him?" said Astyages. Cyrus replied: "Why, standing as he does, just at the entrance, when he had a mind to go in to dinner, I would tell him that it is

not yet possible for him to get his dinner, because 'he was busy with certain people'; then, when he came to supper, I would tell him that 'he was bathing'; and, if he was very eager to eat, I would tell him that 'he was with the women'; and so on, till I had tormented him as he torments me when he keeps me from you."

Such amusement did he afford them at meals; at other times of the day, if he perceived his grandfather or his mother's brother in want of anything, it was difficult for any one to be beforehand with him in doing it; for Cyrus was extremely delighted to gratify them in anything that lay in his power.

But when Mandane was preparing to return home to her husband, Astyages requested her to leave Cyrus with him. She made answer, that she was willing to gratify her father in everything; but that she should think it unkind to leave the child against his will. Upon this, Astyages said to Cyrus, "Child, if you will stay with me, in the first place, the Sacian shall not have the command of your access to me; but, whenever you wish to come in, it shall be in your own power to do so; and the oftener you come," said he, "the more I shall think myself obliged to you. You shall also have the use of all my horses, and of as many more as you please; and, when you go away, you shall take as many of them as you please with you. At meals, too, you shall take whatever way you please to what appears to you to be sufficient. As for the animals that are now in the park, I give them to you; and will collect others of all kinds, which you shall hunt when you have learned to ride, and shall strike them down with your bow and javelin, as grown men do. Boys I will find you for playfellows; and whatever else you may desire, if you tell me of it, you shall not fail to have it."

When Astyages had said this, Cyrus's mother asked him whether he would stay or go. He did not at all hesitate, but at once said that he would stay. And being asked by his mother for what reason, it is said that he answered, "Because, mother, at home I am, and am accounted, superior to my equals in age both in throwing the javelin and in shooting with the bow; but here, I well know that, in horsemanship, I am inferior to the boys of my age; and be assured, mother, this grieves me very much. But if you leave me here, and I learn to be a horseman, I conceive that when I am in Persia, I shall easily

master them there, who are so good at all exercises on foot; and, when I come amongst the Medes, I shall endeavor, by becoming the best of good horsemen for my grandfather's sake, to be a support to him."

His mother is then reported to have said, "But how, child, will you be instructed here in the knowledge of justice, when your masters are there?" "Oh, mother," said Cyrus, "I understand that accurately already." "How do you know that?" said Mandane. "Because my teacher," said he, "appointed me to give judgment to others, as being very exact in the knowledge of justice myself. But yet," added he, "for not having decided rightly, in one case, I received some stripes. The case was this: A bigger boy, who had a little coat, taking the coat off a little boy, that had a larger one, put on him his own coat, and put on himself the little boy's coat. I, therefore, giving judgment between them, decided that it was best that each should keep the coat that best fitted him. Upon this, the master beat me, telling me that when I should be constituted judge of what fitted best, I might determine in this manner; but that when I was to judge whose the coat was, I must consider what just possession is; whether he that took a thing from another by force should have it, or he who made it or purchased it should possess it; and then he told me what was according to law was just, and that what was contrary to law was an act of violence; and impressed upon me accordingly, that a judge ought to give his opinion in conformity with the law. So, mother," said he, "I understand what is just in all cases very exactly; or, if I am at all deficient, my grandfather here will teach it me."

"But, child," says she, "the same things are not accounted just with your grandfather here, and yonder in Persia; for among the Medes your grandfather has made himself master of all; but amongst the Persians it is accounted just that each should have equal rights with his neighbors. Your father is the first to execute what is appointed by the whole state, and submits to what is appointed; his own inclination is not his standard of action, but the law. Take care, then, that you are not beaten to death at home, if you come thither having learned from your grandfather not what belongs to a king, but what belongs to a tyrant; an ingredient in which is, to think that you yourself ought to have more than all others." "Oh,

mother," said Cyrus, "your father is much better able to teach one to have less than to have more. Do you not see," said he, "that he has taught all the Medes to have less than himself? Be well assured, therefore, that your father will not dismiss me, nor any one, from about him, instructed to encroach upon others."

Many remarks of this kind did Cyrus utter. At last, his mother went away; while he stayed, and was there brought up. He soon began to associate with those that were his equals in age, so as to be upon very familiar terms with them; and he quickly attached their fathers to him, both by visiting them, and by giving evidence that he loved their children; so that, if they wanted any favor of the king, they desired their boys to ask Cyrus to obtain it for them; and Cyrus, from his benignity and love of esteem, did his utmost to effect their object. Astyages, also, whatever Cyrus asked, was unable to refuse to gratify him; for Cyrus, when his grandfather fell ill, never quitted him, nor ever ceased from tears; and it was clearly seen by all that he was in the utmost fear lest he should die. In the night, if Astyages wanted anything, Cyrus was the first to perceive it, and started up, more nimbly than any one else, to serve him in anything that he thought would gratify him; so that he gained the entire love of Astyages.

Cyrus was, perhaps, a little over-talkative; but this was partly from education, because he was obliged by his master to give a reason for what he did, and to require reasons from others, when he had to give his opinion in judgment; and partly, because, from being very eager after knowledge, he was always putting questions to those about him on many subjects, to ascertain how such and such things were; and, upon whatever subjects he was questioned by others, he gave, from being of a quick apprehension, very ready answers; so that, from all these circumstances, loquacity was contracted by him. But, as in the persons of those who, while still young, have attained an extraordinary stature, there yet appears something childish, which betrays the fewness of their years, so, in the talkativeness of Cyrus, there was no forwardness to be observed, but a certain simplicity, and affectionateness of disposition, so that a person was desirous rather to hear yet more from him than to be in his company in silence.

But when time, with increase of stature, advanced him to the age to become a young man, he then used fewer words and a gentler tone of voice; he became remarkably bashful, so as to blush when he came into the company of men of years; and that playful, doglike habit, of running up to everybody alike, he no longer retained. Thus he became more quiet, but was still in society extremely agreeable; for in whatever exercises he and his equals used to emulate each other, he did not challenge his companions to those in which he knew himself superior; but in those in which he felt himself inferior, he was the first to commence declaring that he would perform better than they. Accordingly, he would begin vaulting upon the horse, shooting with the bow, or hurling the javelin on horseback, while he was yet scarcely able to sit on a horse; and, when he was outdone, he was the first to laugh at himself; and as, on being unsuccessful, he did not shrink from attempting again the things in which he had failed, but assiduously employed himself in endeavoring to do them better, he soon attained an equality with his companions in horsemanship, and, by his love of the exercise, soon left them behind.

He rapidly, too, exhausted all the beasts in the park, pursuing, throwing at them, and killing them, so that Astyages could no longer collect animals for him. Cyrus, perceiving that, though he was desirous, he was unable to procure many living creatures for him, said to him: "Why need you take so much pains, grandfather, in seeking these animals? If you will but send me out a-hunting with my uncle, I shall consider that whatever beasts I see are maintained for my use." But though he was very desirous to go out to hunt, yet he could not now be importunate, as when he was a boy; but became more backward in going to his grandfather; and as to what he had previously blamed in the Sacian, that he did not admit him to his grandfather, he became in this a Sacian to himself; for he never went in, unless he had ascertained whether it was convenient, and begged the Sacian, by all means, to signify to him when it was convenient and when not; so that the Sacian now loved him extremely, as did all other people.

When Astyages, therefore, knew that he was extremely desirous to hunt abroad, he sent him out with his uncle, and sent some older persons on horseback with him, as guards upon him, to take care of him in the rugged parts of the

country, and in case any beasts of the fiercer kind should show themselves. Cyrus, in consequence, was very earnest in inquiring of those that attended him, what beasts he was not to approach, and what sort of animals he might confidently pursue. They told him that bears had destroyed many that had ventured to approach them, as well as lions, wild boars, and leopards, but that stags, antelopes, wild sheep, and wild asses were harmless creatures. They told him likewise, that he must guard against rough places not less than the beasts; for that many men, with their horses, had been carried headlong over precipices.

Cyrus attended to all these instructions very readily; but, as soon as he saw a stag leap forth, forgetting all that he had heard, he pursued, regarding nothing but which way the animal fled; and his horse, taking a leap with him, fell somehow upon his knees, and very nearly threw him over his neck. However Cyrus, though with difficulty, kept upon his back, and the horse got up again. When he reached the open ground he hurled his javelin, and struck the stag down, a fine large animal; and he was most highly delighted. But his guards, riding up to him, reproved him, told him into what danger he had run, and said that they must complain of him. Cyrus, having alighted from his horse, stood and listened to this with much uneasiness; but, hearing a shout, he sprang on his horse, as in a sort of enthusiasm, and seeing before him a boar advancing, he rode forward to meet it, and taking a good aim with his javelin, struck the boar in the forehead, and brought it down. But now his uncle, seeing his rashness, began to reprove him. Cyrus, however, notwithstanding his uncle was finding fault with him, begged that he would allow him to carry off the beasts that he had taken, and to present them to his grandfather. To this, they say, his uncle replied, "But if he learn that it is you that have taken them, he will not only blame you, but me, for allowing you to do it." "Let him even beat me," says he, "if he will, when I have given them to him; and do you, if you will, uncle," says he, "correct me as you please; gratify me only in this." Cyaxares at last said, "Do as you please; for you seem now to be our king."

Cyrus accordingly, carrying home the beasts, presented them to his grandfather, and told him that he himself had hunted them for him. The javelins he did not show him, but

laid them down, covered with blood, where he thought that he certainly would see them. Astyages said, "Child, I receive with pleasure whatever you give me; yet I am not in such want of any of these animals as that you should run into danger for them." "If, then, you do not want them, grandfather," said Cyrus, "pray give them to me, that I may distribute them to my companions." "Child," said Astyages, "take them, and distribute them to whom you please, and of everything else whatever you will."

Cyrus, taking the beasts, carried them off and gave them to the boys; and said to them at the same time: "Boys, what very triflers were we when we hunted the beasts in the park! It seems to me the same as if one had hunted animals tied by the leg; for, first, they were within a narrow compass of ground; then the creatures were lean, mangy things; one was lame, another maimed; but the beasts in the mountains and plains, how fine, how large, and how sleek did they appear! The stags, as if they had wings, leaped to the very sky; the boars, as they say brave men do, came to close quarters; and, by reason of their bulk, it was impossible to miss them. These, even when they are dead," says he, "appear to me finer than those other walled-up creatures when alive. But," added he, "would your fathers, think you, allow you to go out a-hunting?" "Yes, very readily," said they, "if Astyages desired it." Cyrus then said, "Who is there, then, that would mention it for us to Astyages?" "Who more able," said they, "to persuade him than yourself?" "By Jupiter," said he, "for my part, I know not what kind of person I am become; for I am neither able to speak, nor look up to my grandfather in the same manner as formerly; and, if I go on at this rate, I fear," says he, "I shall become a mere dullard and fool; yet, when I was a little boy, I was thought a wonderful talker." The boys then said, "You tell us a sad piece of news, if you will be able to do nothing for us in case of need, but, as far as depends on you, we must make our requests to some one else."

Cyrus, on hearing this remark, was annoyed, and, retiring in silence, encouraged himself to venture; and, having considered how he might speak to his grandfather in the least offensive manner, and obtain for himself and the boys what they desired, went in, and began thus: "Tell me," said he,

"grandfather, if one of your domestic servants should run away, and you should take him again, what would you do with him?" "What else," said he, "but put him in chains, and force him to work?" "But if he should of himself return to you, how would you act?" "What else should I do," said he, "but have him whipped, that he may do so no more, and make use of him as at first?" "It is time for you, then," said Cyrus, "to prepare a scourge to whip me, as I am contriving how to run away, and take my companions with me, to hunt." "You have done well," said Astyages, "to tell it me beforehand; for I now order you not to stir from home. It would be a fine thing, indeed," added he, "if, for the sake of a little venison, I should send out my daughter's son to ramble at his pleasure."

Cyrus, hearing this, obeyed, and stayed at home; but he continued afflicted, melancholy-looking, and silent. Astyages, finding that he was so extremely distressed, and being willing to please him, took him out to the chase; and, assembling abundance of people, both foot and horse, and also the boys, and driving the beasts into that part of the country which was suited for riding, he made a great hunt, and being himself present, royally attended, gave orders that none should throw till Cyrus had had enough of the exercise. Cyrus, however, would not let him hinder them, but said, "If you have a mind, grandfather, that I should hunt with pleasure, let all those with me engage in the pursuit, and strive each to do his best." Astyages then gave them permission, and, taking his stand, saw them engage with the beasts, striving to outdo each other, pursuing and throwing their javelins. He was delighted with Cyrus, who, from excess of joy, could not hold his tongue, but, like a young and generous dog, cried out when he approached a beast, and encouraged every one by name. He was pleased to see him laughing at one; another he observed him to praise cordially, and without the least feeling of envy. At last Astyages, having taken abundance of game, retired; and, in other respects, was so pleased with that hunt that he always went out with Cyrus whenever he could, and took abundance of people with him, as well as the boys, for the sake of Cyrus. Thus, for the most part, did Cyrus pass his time, contributing much pleasure and service to every one, without doing the least harm.

BABYLON AND NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

By DEAN STANLEY.

[Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, a great English liberal divine and ecclesiastical historian, was nephew of Lord Stanley of Alderley; born 1815; educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold; was a brilliant graduate of Balliol College, Oxford; tutor and examiner at University College, canon of Canterbury Cathedral, professor of ecclesiastical history at Oxford, canon of Christ Church, and in 1864 dean of Westminster; chaplain to the bishop of London, the Prince of Wales, and Queen Victoria; Lord Rector of St. Andrews in 1874. He was for many years the greatest leader of the Broad Church party, eminent at once as scholar, orator, divine, man of letters, historian, and fervid lover of humanity. He wrote among many other things the "Life of Dr. Arnold" (1844), "Sinai and Palestine" (1855), "Lectures on the Eastern Church" (1861), "Lectures on the Jewish Church" (1863–79), "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey" (1867), "The Three Irish Churches" (second edition, 1869), "Essays on Church and State" (1870), "The Athanasian Creed" (1871), "Lectures on the Church of Scotland" (1872), also volumes of collected sermons. He died in 1881.]

Unlike Egypt, which still preserves to us the likeness of the scenes and sights which met the eye of Abraham, Joseph, and Moses, Babylon has more totally disappeared than any other of the great Powers which once ruled the earth. Not a single architectural monument — only one single sculpture — remains of "the glory of the Chaldees' excellency." Even the natural features are so transformed as to be hardly recognizable. But by a singular compensation its appearance has been recorded more exactly than any of the contemporary capitals with which it might have been compared. Of Thebes, Memphis, Nineveh, Susa, no eyewitness has left us a plan or picture. But Babylon was seen and described, not indeed in its full splendor, but still in its entirety, by the most inquisitive traveler of antiquity within one century from the time when the Israelites were within its walls, and his accounts are corrected or confirmed by visitors who saw it yet again fifty years later, when the huge skeleton, though gradually falling to pieces, was distinctly visible.

Of all the seats of empire — of all the cities that the pride or power of man has built on the surface of the globe — Babylon was the greatest. Its greatness, as it was originated, so in large measure it was secured, by its natural position. Its founders took advantage of the huge spur of tertiary rock which projects itself from the long-inclined plane of the Syrian

desert into the alluvial basin of Mesopotamia, thus furnishing a dry and solid platform on which a flourishing city might rest; whilst it was defended on the south by the vast morass or lake, if not estuary, extending in that remote period from the Persian Gulf. On this vantage ground it stood, exactly crossing the line of traffic between the Mediterranean coasts and the Iranian mountains; just also on that point where the Euphrates, sinking into a deeper bed, changes from a wide expanse into a manageable river, not broader than the Thames of our own metropolis; where, also, out of the deep rich alluvial clay it was easy to dig the bricks which from its earliest date supplied the material for its immense buildings, cemented by the bitumen which from that same early date came floating down the river from the springs in its upper course.

Babylon was the most majestic of that class of cities which belong almost exclusively to the primeval history of mankind: "the cities," as they are called by Hegel, "of the river plains"; which have risen on the level banks of the mighty streams of Egypt, Mesopotamia, India, and China, and thus stand in the most striking contrast to the towns which belong to the second stage of human civilization, clustering each on its Acropolis or its Seven Hills, and thus contracted and concentrated by the necessities of their local position as obviously as those older capitals possessed from their situation an illimitable power of expansion. As of that second class one of the most striking examples was Jerusalem on its mountain fastness, with the hills standing round it, as if with a divine shelter, and fenced off by its deep ravines as by a natural fosse, so of that earlier class the most remarkable was the city to which the new-comers suddenly found themselves transplanted. Far as the horizon itself, extended the circuit of the vast capital of the then known world. If the imperceptible circumference of our modern capitals has exceeded the limits of Babylon, yet none in ancient times or modern can be compared with its definite inclosure, which was on the lowest computation forty, on the highest sixty miles round. Like Nineveh or Ecbatana, it was, but on a still larger scale, a country or empire inclosed in a city. Forests, parks, gardens, were intermingled with the houses so as to present rather the appearance of the suburbs of a great metropolis than the metropolis itself. Yet still the regularity and order of a city were preserved. The streets,

for help, since they were too few to make a stand against an army like that of the Medes.

While this debate was going on, Xerxes sent a mounted spy to observe the Greeks, and note how many they were and see what they were doing. He had heard, before he came out of Thessaly, that a few men were assembled at this place, and that at their head were certain Lacedæmonians, under Leonidas, a descendant of Hercules. The horseman rode up to the camp, and looked about him, but did not see the whole army; for such as were on the further side of the wall (which had been rebuilt and was now carefully guarded) it was not possible for him to behold; but he observed those on the outside, who were encamped in front of the rampart. It chanced that at this time the Lacedæmonians held the outer guard, and were seen by the spy, some of them engaged in gymnastic exercises, others combing their long hair. At this the spy greatly marveled; but he counted their number, and when he had taken accurate note of everything, he rode back quietly; for no one pursued after him, nor paid any heed to his visit. So he returned, and told Xerxes all that he had seen. Upon this, Xerxes, who had no means of surmising the truth, — namely, that the Spartans were preparing to do or die manfully, — but thought it laughable that they should be engaged in such employments, . . . suffered four whole days to go by, expecting that the Greeks would run away. When, however, he found on the fifth that they were not gone, thinking that their firm stand was mere impudence and recklessness, he grew wroth, and sent against them the Medes and Cissians, with orders to take them alive and bring them into his presence. Then the Medes rushed forward and charged the Greeks, but fell in vast numbers: others, however, took the places of the slain, and would not be beaten off, though they suffered terrible losses. In this way it became clear to all, and especially to the king, that though he had plenty of combatants, he had but very few warriors. The struggle, however, continued during the whole day.

Then the Medes, having met so rough a reception, withdrew from the fight; and their place was taken by the band of Persians under Hydarnes, whom the king called his "Immortals": they, it was thought, would soon finish the business. But when they joined battle with the Greeks, 'twas with no better success than the Median detachment: things went much as before, — the two armies fighting in a narrow space, and the

barbarians using shorter spears than the Greeks, and having no advantage from their numbers. The Lacedæmonians fought in a way worthy of note, and showed themselves far more skillful in fight than their adversaries, often turning their backs, and making as though they were all flying away, on which the barbarians would rush after them with much noise and shouting, when the Spartans at their approach would wheel round and face their pursuers, in this way destroying vast numbers of the enemy. Some Spartans likewise fell in these encounters, but only a very few. At last the Persians, finding that all their efforts to gain the pass availed nothing, and that, whether they attacked by divisions or in any other way, it was to no purpose, withdrew to their own quarters. During these assaults it is said that Xerxes, who was watching the battle, thrice leaped from the throne on which he sate, in terror for his army.

Next day the combat was renewed, but with no better success on the part of the barbarians. The Greeks were so few that the barbarians hoped to find them disabled, by reason of their wounds, from offering any further resistance; and so they once more attacked them. But the Greeks were drawn up in detachments according to their cities, and bore the brunt of the battle in turns — all except the Phocians, who had been stationed on the mountain to guard the pathway. So, when the Persians found no difference between that day and the preceding, they again retired to their quarters.

Now, as the king was in a great strait, and knew not how he should deal with the emergency, Ephialtes, the son of Eurydêmus, a man of Malis, came to him and was admitted to a conference. Stirred by the hope of receiving a rich reward at the king's hands, he had come to tell him of the pathway which led across the mountain to Thermopylæ. . . . The Persians took this path, and, crossing the Asopus, continued their march through the whole of the night, having the mountains of Œta on their right hand, and on their left those of Trachis. At dawn of day they found themselves close to the summit. Now the hill was guarded, as I have already said, by a thousand Phocian men at arms, who were placed there to defend the pathway, and at the same time to secure their own country. They had been given the guard of the mountain path, while the other Greeks defended the pass below, because they had volunteered for the service, and had pledged themselves to Leonidas to maintain the post.

The ascent of the Persians became known to the Phocians in the following manner: During all the time that they were making their way up, the Greeks remained unconscious of it, inasmuch as the whole mountain was covered with groves of oak; but it happened that the air was very still, and the leaves which the Persians stirred with their feet made, as it was likely they would, a loud rustling, whereupon the Phocians jumped up and flew to seize their arms. In a moment the barbarians came in sight, and, perceiving men arming themselves, were greatly amazed; for they had fallen in with an enemy when they expected no opposition. Hydarnes, alarmed at the sight, and fearing lest the Phocians might be Lacedæmonians, inquired of Ephialtes to what nation those troops belonged. Ephialtes told him the exact truth, whereupon he arrayed his Persians for battle. The Phocians, galled by the showers of arrows to which they were exposed, and imagining themselves the special object of the Persian attack, fled hastily to the crest of the mountain, and there made ready to meet death; but while their mistake continued, the Persians, with Ephialtes and Hydarnes, not thinking it worth their while to delay on account of Phocians, passed on and descended the mountain with all possible speed.

The Greeks at Thermopylæ received the first warning of the destruction which the dawn would bring on them from the seer Megistias, who read their fate in the victims as he was sacrificing. After this deserters came in, and brought the news that the Persians were marching round by the hills: it was still night when these men arrived. Last of all, the scouts came running down from the heights, and brought in the same accounts, when the day was just beginning to break. Then the Greeks held a council to consider what they should do, and here opinions were divided: some were strong against quitting their post, while others contended to the contrary. So when the council had broken up, part of the troops departed and went their ways homeward to their several states; part, however, resolved to remain, and to stand by Leonidas to the last.

It is said that Leonidas himself sent away the troops who departed, because he tendered their safety, but thought it unseemly that either he or his Spartans should quit the post which they had been especially sent to guard. For my own part, I incline to think that Leonidas gave the order because he per-

ceived the allies to be out of heart and unwilling to encounter the danger to which his own mind was made up. . . .

So the allies, when Leonidas ordered them to retire, obeyed him and forthwith departed. Only the Thespians and the Thebans remained with the Spartans; and of these the Thebans were kept back by Leonidas as hostages, very much against their will. The Thespians, on the contrary, stayed entirely of their own accord, refusing to retreat, and declaring that they would not forsake Leonidas and his followers. So they abode with the Spartans, and died with them. Their leader was Demophilus, the son of Diadromes.

At sunrise Xerxes made libations, after which he waited until the time when the forum is wont to fill, and then began his advance. Ephialtes had instructed him thus, as the descent of the mountain is much quicker, and the distance much shorter, than the way round the hills, and the ascent. So the barbarians under Xerxes began to draw nigh; and the Greeks under Leonidas, as they now went forth determined to die, advanced much further than on previous days, until they reached the more open portion of the pass. Hitherto they had held their station within the wall, and from this had gone forth to fight at the point where the pass was the narrowest. Now they joined battle beyond the defile, and carried slaughter among the barbarians, who fell in heaps. Behind them the captains of the squadrons, armed with whips, urged their men forward with continual blows. Many were thrust into the sea, and there perished; a still greater number were trampled to death by their own soldiers; no one heeded the dying. For the Greeks, reckless of their own safety and desperate, since they knew that, as the mountain had been crossed, their destruction was nigh at hand, exerted themselves with the most furious valor against the barbarians.

By this time the spears of the greater number were all shivered, and with their swords they hewed down the ranks of the Persians; and here, as they strove, Leonidas fell fighting bravely, together with many other famous Spartans, whose names I have taken care to learn on account of their great worthiness, as indeed I have those of all the three hundred. There fell, too, at the same time very many famous Persians: among them, two sons of Darius, Abrocomes and Hyperanthes, his children by Phratagune, the daughter of Artanes. Artanes was brother of King Darius, being a son of Hystaspes, the son of Arsames; and

when he gave his daughter to the king, he made him heir likewise of all his substance; for she was his only child.

Thus two brothers of Xerxes here fought and fell. And now there arose a fierce struggle between the Persians and the Lacedæmonians over the body of Leonidas, in which the Greeks four times drove back the enemy, and at last by their great bravery succeeded in bearing off the body. This combat was scarcely ended when the Persians with Ephialtes approached; and the Greeks, informed that they drew nigh, made a change in the manner of their fighting. Drawing back into the narrowest part of the pass, and retreating even behind the cross wall, they posted themselves upon a hillock, where they stood all drawn up together in one close body, except only the Thebans. The hillock whereof I speak is at the entrance of the straits, where the stone lion stands which was set up in honor of Leonidas. Here they defended themselves to the last, such as still had swords using them, and the others resisting with their hands and teeth; till the barbarians, who in part had pulled down the wall and attacked them in front, in part had gone round and now encircled them upon every side, overwhelmed and buried the remnant which was left beneath showers of missile weapons.

[Two Spartans were absent, sick or messengers; one of them flew to the battle and perished, the other on returning home was boycotted as a coward.]

Another of the three hundred is likewise said to have survived the battle, a man named Pantites, whom Leonidas had sent on an embassy into Thessaly. He, they say, on his return to Sparta, found himself in such disesteem that he hanged himself.

Xerxes proceeded to pass through the slain; and finding the body of Leonidas, whom he knew to have been the Lacedæmonian king and captain, he ordered that the head should be struck off, and the trunk fastened to a cross. This proves to me most clearly what is plain also in many other ways, namely, that King Xerxes was more angry with Leonidas, while he was still in life, than with any other mortal. Certes, he would not else have used his body so shamefully. For the Persians are wont to honor those who show themselves valiant in fight more highly than any nation that I know. They, however, to whom the orders were given, did according to the commands of the King.

AGAMEMNON AND CLYTEMNESTRA.

BY ÆSCHYLUS: VERSION OF EDWARD FITZGERALD.

[ÆSCHYLUS: the earliest and greatest of the Greek tragic dramatists; born at Eleusis, in Attica, B.C. 525. He fought at the battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa. He held the supremacy in drama till defeated by his junior Sophocles, when he retired in disgust to Gela in Sicily (B.C. 459), and died there a few years later. Of his seventy tragedies there are extant only seven: "The Persians," "Seven against Thebes," "The Suppliants," "Prometheus Bound," and the famous Orestean trilogy, consisting of "Agamemnon," "The Choëphoroi," and "The Eumenides."

EDWARD FITZGERALD, English poet, was born in Suffolk in 1809, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1830. He was a man of independent fortune, who spent his literary life mainly in making versions of Oriental and South-European literature, and of the Greek classics, largely new work based on the nominal originals. They include the quatrains of Omar Khayyám, Æschylus's "Agamemnon," Sophocles's "Œdipus," Calderon's "Vida es Sueño" and "El Magico Prodigioso," Attar's "Bird Parliament," and others. He died in 1883.]

Clytemnestra receives Agamemnon on his Return from the Sack of Troy, with Priam's Daughter Cassandra a Prisoner.

Clytemnestra —

Down from the chariot thou standest in,
Crowned with the flaming towers of Troy, descend,
And to this palace, rich indeed with thee,
But beggar-poor without, return! And ye,
My women, carpet all the way before,
From the triumphal carriage to the door,
With all the gold and purple in the chest
Stored these ten years; and to what purpose stored,
Unless to strew the footsteps of their Lord
Returning to his unexpected rest!

Agamemnon —

Daughter of Leda, Mistress of my house,
Beware lest loving Welcome of your Lord,
Measuring itself by its protracted absence,
Exceed the bound of rightful compliment,
And better left to other lips than yours.
Address me not, address me not, I say
With dust-adoring adulation, meeter
For some barbarian Despot from his slave;
Nor with invidious Purple strew my way,
Fit only for the footstep of a God
Lighting from Heaven to earth. Let whoso will

Trample their glories underfoot, not I.
Woman, I charge you, honor me no more
Than as the man I am; if honor-worth,
Needing no other trapping but the fame
Of the good deed I clothe myself withal;
And knowing that, of all their gifts to man,
No greater gift than Self-sobriety
The Gods vouchsafe him in the race of life:
Which, after thus far running, if I reach
The goal in peace, it shall be well for me.

Clytemnestra —
Why, how think you old Priam would have walked
Had he returned to Troy your conqueror,
As you to Hellas his?

Agamemnon — What then? Perhaps
Voluptuary Asiatic-like,
On gold and purple.

Clytemnestra — Well, and grudging this,
When all that out before your footsteps flows
Ebbs back into the treasury again;
Think how much more, had Fate the tables turned,
Irrevocably from those coffers gone,
For those barbarian feet to walk upon,
To buy your ransom back!

Agamemnon — Enough, enough!
I know my reason.

Clytemnestra — What! the jealous God?
Or, peradventure, yet more envious man?

Agamemnon —
And *that* of no small moment.

Clytemnestra — No; the one
Sure proof of having won what others would.

Agamemnon —
No matter — Strife but ill becomes a woman.

Clytemnestra —
And frank submission to her simple wish
How well becomes the Soldier in his strength!

Agamemnon —
And I must then submit?

Clytemnestra — Ay, Agamemnon,
Deny me not this first Desire on this
First Morning of your long-desired Return.

Agamemnon —
But not till I have put these sandals off,
That, slavelike, too officiously would pander

Between the purple and my dainty feet.
For fear, for fear indeed, some Jealous eye
From heaven above, or earth below, should strike
The Man who walks the earth Immortal-like.
So much for that. For this same royal maid,
Cassandra, daughter of King Priamus,
Whom, as the flower of all the spoil of Troy,
The host of Hellas dedicates to me;
Entreat her gently; knowing well that none
But submit hardly to a foreign yoke;
And those of Royal blood most hardly brook.
That if I sin thus trampling underfoot
A woof in which the Heavens themselves are dyed,
The jealous God may less resent his crime,
Who mingles human mercy with his pride.

Clytemnestra—

The Sea there is, and shall the sea be dried?
Fount inexhaustibler of purple grain
Than all the wardrobes of the world could drain;
And Earth there is, whose dusky closets hide
The precious metal wherewith not in vain
The Gods themselves this Royal house provide;
For what occasion worthier, or more meet,
Than now to carpet the victorious feet
Of Him who, thus far having done their will,
Shall now their last About-to-be fulfill?

[AGAMEMNON *descends from his chariot, and goes with* CLYTEMNESTRA *into the house,* CASSANDRA *remaining.*

Chorus.

About the nations runs a saw,
That Over-good ill fortune breeds;
And true that, by the mortal law,
Fortune her spoilt children feeds
To surfeit, such as sows the seeds
Of Insolence, that, as it grows,
The flower of Self-repentance blows.
And true that Virtue often leaves
The marble walls and roofs of kings,
And underneath the poor man's eaves
On smoky rafter folds her wings.

Thus the famous city, flown
With insolence, and overgrown,
Is humbled: all her splendor blown

To smoke: her glory laid in dust;
Who shall say by doom unjust?
But should He to whom the wrong
Was done, and Zeus himself made strong
To do the vengeance He decreed —
At last returning with the meed
He wrought for — should the jealous Eye
That blights full-blown prosperity
Pursue him — then indeed, indeed,
Man should hoot and scare aloof
Good fortune lighting on the roof;
Yea, even Virtue's self forsake
If Glory followed in the wake;
Seeing bravest, best, and wisest
But the playthings of a day,
Which a shadow can trip over,
And a breath can puff away.

Clytemnestra [*reëntering*] —
Yet for a moment let me look on her —
This, then, is Priam's daughter —
Cassandra, and a Prophetess, whom Zeus
Has given into my hands to minister
Among my slaves. Didst thou prophesy that?
Well — some more famous have so fallen before —
Even Heracles, the son of Zeus, they say
Was sold, and bowed his shoulder to the yoke.

Chorus —
And, if needs must a captive, better far
Of some old house that affluent Time himself
Has taught the measure of prosperity,
Than drunk with sudden superfluity.

Clytemnestra —
Even so. You hear? Therefore at once descend
From that triumphal chariot — And yet
She keeps her station still, her laurel on,
Disdaining to make answer.

Chorus — Nay, perhaps,
Like some stray swallow blown across the seas,
Interpreting no twitter but her own.

Clytemnestra —
But, if barbarian, still interpreting
The universal language of the hand.

Chorus —
Which yet again she does not seem to see,
Staring before her with wide-open eyes
As in a trance.

Clytemnestra — Ay, ay, a prophetess —
Phœbus Apollo's minion once — Whose now?
A time will come for her. See you to it:
A greater business now is on my hands:
For lo! the fire of Sacrifice is lit,
And the grand victim by the altar stands.
[*Exit* CLYTEMNESTRA.

Chorus [*continuing*].

Still a muttered and half-blind
Superstition haunts mankind,
That, by some divine decree
Yet by mortal undivined,
Mortal Fortune must not over-
Leap the bound he cannot see;
For that even wisest labor
Lofty-building, builds to fall,
Evermore a jealous neighbor
Undermining floor and wall.
So that on the smoothest water
Sailing, in a cloudless sky,
The wary merchant overboard
Flings something of his precious hoard
To pacify the jealous eye,
That will not suffer man to swell
Over human measure. Well,
As the Gods have ordered we
Must take — I know not — let it be.
But, by rule of retribution,
Hidden, too, from human eyes,
Fortune in her revolution,
If she fall, shall fall to rise:
And the hand of Zeus dispenses
Even measure in the main:
One short harvest recompenses
With a glut of golden grain;
So but men in patience wait
Fortune's counter revolution
Axled on eternal Fate;
And the Sisters three that twine,
Cut not short the vital line;
For indeed the purple seed
Of life once shed —

Cassandra — Phœbus Apollo!
Chorus — Hark!
The lips at last unlocking.

Cassandra — Phœbus! Phœbus!
Chorus —
Well, what of Phœbus, maiden? though a name
'Tis but disparagement to call upon
In misery.
Cassandra — Apollo! Apollo! Again!
Oh, the burning arrow through the brain!
Phœbus Apollo! Apollo!
Chorus — Seemingly
Possessed indeed — whether by —
Cassandra — Phœbus! Phœbus!
Thorough trampled ashes, blood, and fiery rain,
Over water seething, and behind the breathing
Warhorse in the darkness — till you rose again —
Took the helm — took the rein —
Chorus —
As one that half asleep at dawn recalls
A night of Horror!
Cassandra —
Hither, whither, Phœbus? And with whom,
Leading me, lighting me —
Chorus — I can answer that —
Cassandra —
Down to what slaughterhouse?
Foh! the smell of carnage through the door
Scares me from it — drags me toward it —
Phœbus! Apollo! Apollo!
Chorus —
One of the dismal prophet pack, it seems,
That hunt the trail of blood. But here at fault —
This is no den of slaughter, but the house
Of Agamemnon.
Cassandra — Down upon the towers
Phantoms of two mangled Children hover — and a famished man,
At an empty table glaring, seizes and devours!
Chorus —
Thyestes and his children! Strange enough
For any maiden from abroad to know,
Or, knowing —
Cassandra — And look! in the chamber below
The terrible Woman, listening, watching,
Under a mask, preparing the blow
In the fold of her robe —
Chorus — Nay, but again at fault:

For in the tragic story of this House —
Unless, indeed, the fatal Helen —
No woman —

Cassandra — No Woman — Tisiphone! Daughter
Of Tartarus — love-grinning Woman above,
Dragon-tailed under — honey-tongued, Harpy-clawed,
Into the glittering meshes of slaughter
She wheedles, entices, him into the poisonous
Fold of the serpent —

Chorus — Peace, mad woman, peace!
Whose stony lips once open vomit out
Such uncouth horrors.

Cassandra — I tell you the lioness
Slaughters the Lion asleep; and lifting
Her blood-dripping fangs buried deep in his mane,
Glaring about her insatiable, bellowing,
Bounds hither — Phœbus, Apollo, Apollo, Apollo!
Whither have you led me, under night alive with fire,
Through the trampled ashes of the city of my sire,
From my slaughtered kinsmen, fallen throne, insulted shrine,
Slavelike to be butchered, the daughter of a Royal line?

Chorus —
And so returning, like a nightingale
Returning to the passionate note of woe
By which the silence first was broken!

Cassandra — Oh,
A nightingale, a nightingale, indeed,
That, as she "Itys! Itys! Itys!" so
I "Helen! Helen! Helen!" having sung
Amid my people, now to those who flung
And trampled on the nest, and slew the young,
Keep crying "Blood! blood! blood!" and none will heed!
Now what for me is this prophetic weed,
And what for me is this immortal crown,
Who like a wild swan from Scamander's reed
Chanting her death song float Cocytus-down?
There let the fatal Leaves to perish lie!
To perish, or enrich some other brow
With that all-fatal gift of Prophecy
They palpitated under Him who now,
Checking his flaming chariot in mid sky,
With divine irony sees disadorn
The wretch his love has made the people's scorn,
The raving quean, the mountebank, the scold,
Who, wrapt up in the ruin she foretold

With those who would not listen, now descends
To that dark kingdom where his empire ends.

Chorus—

Strange that Apollo should the laurel wreath
Of Prophecy he crowned your head withal
Himself disgrace. But something have we heard
Of some divine revenge for slighted love.

Cassandra—

Ay — and as if in malice to attest
With one expiring beam of Second-sight
Wherewith his victim he has cursed and blest,
Ere quenched forever in descending night;
As from behind a veil no longer peeps
The Bride of Truth, nor from their hidden deeps
Darkle the waves of Prophecy, but run
Clear from the very fountain of the Sun.
Ye called — and rightly called — me bloodhound: ye
That like old lagging dogs in self-despite,
Must follow up the scent with me; with me,
Who having smelt the blood about this house
Already spilt, now bark of more to be.
For, though you hear them not, the infernal Choir
Whose dread antiphony forswears the lyre,
Who now are chanting of that grim carouse
Of blood with which the children fed their Sire,
Shall never from their dreadful chorus stop
Till all be counter-pledged to the last drop.

Chorus—

Hinting at what indeed has long been done,
And widely spoken, no Apollo needs;
And for what else you aim at — still in dark
And mystic language —

Cassandra— Nay, then, in the speech,
She that reproved me was so glib to teach —
Before yon Sun a hand's breadth in the skies
He moves in shall have moved, those age-sick eyes
Shall open wide on Agamemnon slain
Before your very feet. Now, speak I plain?

Chorus—

Blasphemer, hush!

Cassandra— Ay, hush the mouth you may,
But not the murder.

Chorus— Murder! But the Gods —

Cassandra— The Gods!
Who even now are their accomplices.

Chorus—

Woman!— Accomplices— With whom?—

Cassandra— With Her,

Who brandishing aloft the ax of doom,
That just has laid one victim at her feet,
Looks round her for that other, without whom
The banquet of revenge were incomplete.
Yet ere I fall will I prelude the strain
Of Triumph, that in full I shall repeat
When, looking from the twilight Underland,
I welcome Her as she descends amain,
Gashed like myself, but by a dearer hand.
For that old murdered Lion with me slain,
Rolling an awful eyeball through the gloom
He stalks about of Hades up to Day,
Shall rouse the whelp of exile far away,
His only authentic offspring, ere the grim
Wolf crept between his Lioness and him;
Who with one stroke of Retribution, her
Who did the deed, and her adulterer,
Shall drive to hell; and then, himself pursued
By the winged Furies of his Mother's blood,
Shall drag about the yoke of Madness, till
Released, when Nemesis has gorged her fill,
By that same God, in whose prophetic ray
Viewing To-morrow mirrored as To-day,
And that this House of Atreus the same wine
Themselves must drink they brewed for me and mine;
I close my lips forever with one prayer,
That the dark Warder of the World below
Would ope the portal at a single blow.

Chorus.

And the raving voice, that rose
Out of silence into speech
Overshooting human reach,
Back to silence foams and blows,
Leaving all my bosom heaving—
Wrath and raving all, one knows;
Prophet-seeming, but if ever
Of the Prophet God possest,
By the Prophet's self-confest
God-abandoned—woman's shrill
Anguish into tempest rising,
Louder as less listened.
Still—

Spite of Reason, spite of Will,
What unwelcome, what unholy,
Vapor of Foreboding, slowly
Rising from the central soul's
Recesses, all in darkness rolls?
What! shall Age's torpid ashes
Kindle at the ransom spark
Of a raving maiden? — Hark!
What was that behind the wall?
A heavy blow — a groan — a fall —
Some one crying — Listen further —
Hark again then, crying "Murder!"
Some one — who then? Agamemnon?
Agamemnon? — Hark again!
Murder! murder! murder! murder!
Help within there! Help without there!
Break the doors in! —

Clytemnestra [*appearing from within, where lies* AGAMEMNON *dead*] —

Spare your pain.
Look! I who but just now before you all
Boasted of loyal wedlock unashamed,
Now unashamed dare boast the contrary.
Why, how else should one compass the defeat
Of him who underhand contrives one's own,
Unless by such a snare of circumstance
As, once enmeshed, he never should break through?
The blow now struck was not the random blow
Of sudden passion, but with slow device
Prepared, and leveled with the hand of time.
I say it who devised it; I who did;
And now stand here to face the consequence.
Ay, in a deadlier web than of that loom
In whose blood-purple he divined a doom,
And feared to walk upon, but walked at last,
Entangling him inextricably fast,
I smote him, and he bellowed; and again
I smote, and with a groan his knees gave way;
And, as he fell before me, with a third
And last libation from the deadly mace
I pledged the crowning draught to Hades due,
That subterranean Savior — of the Dead!
At which he spouted up the Ghost in such
A burst of purple as, bespattered with,
No less did I rejoice than the green ear

Rejoices in the largess of the skies
That fleeting Iris follows as it flies.

Chorus —

Oh, woman, woman, woman!
By what accursèd root or weed
Of Earth, or Sea, or Hell, inflamed,
Darest stand before us unashamed
And, daring do, dare glory in the deed!

Clytemnestra —

Oh, that I dreamed the fall of Troy, as you
Belike of Troy's destroyer. Dream or not,
Here lies your King — my Husband — Agamemnon,
Slain by this right hand's righteous handicraft.
Like you, or like it not, alike to me;
To me alike whether or not you share
In making due libation over this
Great Sacrifice — if ever due, from him
Who, having charged so deep a bowl of blood,
Himself is forced to drink it to the dregs.

Chorus —

Woman, what blood but that of Troy, which Zeus
Foredoomed for expiation by his hand
For whom the penalty was pledged? And now,
Over his murdered body, Thou
Talk of libation! — Thou! Thou! Thou!
But mark! Not thine of sacred wine
Over his head, but ours on thine
Of curse, and groan, and torn-up stone,
To slay or storm thee from the gate,
The City's curse, the People's hate,
Execrate, exterminate —

Clytemnestra —

Ay, ay, to me how lightly you adjudge
Exile or death, and never had a word
Of counter condemnation for Him there;
Who, when the field throve with the proper flock
For Sacrifice, forsooth let be the beast,
And with his own hand his own innocent
Blood, and the darling passion of my womb —
Her slew — to lull a peevish wind of Thrace.
And him who cursed the city with that crime
You hail with acclamation; but on me,
Who only do the work you should have done,
You turn the ax of condemnation. Well;
Threaten you me, I take the challenge up;

Here stand we face to face; win Thou the game,
And take the stake you aim at; but if I —
Then, by the Godhead that for me decides,
Another lesson you shall learn, though late.

Chorus —

Man-mettled evermore, and now
Manslaughter-maddened! Shameless brow!
But do you think us deaf and blind
Not to know, and long ago,
What Passion under all the prate
Of holy justice made thee hate
Where Love was due, and love where —

Clytemnestra — Nay, then, hear!

By this dead Husband, and the reconciled
Avenging Fury of my slaughtered child,
I swear I will not reign the slave of fear
While he that holds me, as I hold him, dear,
Kindles his fire upon this hearth: my fast
Shield for the time to come, as of the past.
Yonder lies he that in the honeyed arms
Of his Chryseides under Troy walls
Dishonored mine: and this last laureled wench,
Prophetic messmate of the rower's bench,
Thus far in triumph his, with him along
Shall go, together chanting one death song
To Hades — fitting garnish for the feast
Which Fate's avenging hand through mine hath drest.

Chorus — Woe, woe, woe, woe!

That death as sudden as the blow
That laid Thee low would me lay low
Where low thou liest, my sovereign Lord!
Who ten years long to Trojan sword
Devoted, and to storm aboard,
In one ill woman's cause accurst,
Liest slain before thy palace door
By one accursedest and worst!

Clytemnestra —

Call not on Death, old man, that, called or no,
Comes quick; nor spend your ebbing breath on me,
Nor Helena: who but as arrows be
Shot by the hidden hand behind the bow.

Chorus — Alas, alas! The Curse I know
That round the House of Atreus clings,
About the roof, about the walls,
Shrouds it with his sable wings;

And still as each new victim falls,
And gorged with kingly gore,
Down on the bleeding carcass flings,
And croaks for "More, more, more!"

Clytemnestra —

Ay, now, indeed, you harp on likelier strings.
Not I, nor Helen, but that terrible
Alastor of old Tantalus in Hell;
Who, one sole actor in the scene begun
By him, and carried down from sire to son,
The mask of Victim and Avenger shifts:
And, for a last catastrophe, that grim
Guest of the abominable banquet lifts
His head from Hell, and in my person cries
For one full-grown sufficient sacrifice,
Requital of the feast prepared for him
Of his own flesh and blood — And there it lies.

Chorus — O Agamemnon! O my Lord!
Who, after ten years toiled;
After barbarian lance and sword
Encountered, fought, and foiled;
Returning with the just award
Of Glory, thus inglorious by
Thine own domestic Altar die,
Fast in the spider meshes coiled
Of Treason most abhorred!

Clytemnestra —

And by what retribution more complete,
Than, having in the meshes of deceit
Enticed my child, and slain her like a fawn
Upon the altar; to that altar drawn
Himself, like an unconscious beast, full-fed
With Conquest, and the garland on his head,
Is slain? and now, gone down among the Ghost,
Of taken Troy indeed may make the most,
But not *one* unrequited murder boast.

Chorus —

Oh, Agamemnon, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead!
What hand, what pious hand shall wash the wound
Through which the sacred spirit ebbed and fled!
With reverend care composed, and to the ground
Commit the mangled form of Majesty,
And pour the due libation o'er the mound!

Clytemnestra —

This hand, that struck the guilty life away,

The guiltless carcass in the dust shall lay
With due solemnities: and if with no
Mock tears, or howling counterfeit of woe,
On this side earth; perhaps the innocent thing,
Whom with paternal love he sent before,
Meeting him by the melancholy shore,
Her arms about him with a kiss shall fling,
And lead him to his shadowy throne below.

Chorus — Alas! alas! the fatal rent
Which through the house of Atreus went,
Gapes again; a purple rain
Sweats the marble floor, and falls
From the tottering roof and walls,
The Demon heaving under; gone
The master prop they rested on:
And the storm once more awake
Of Nemesis; of Nemesis
Whose fury who shall slake!

Clytemnestra —
Even I; who by this last grand victim hope
The Pyramid of Vengeance so to cope,
That — and methinks I hear him in the deep
Beneath us growling toward his rest — the stern
Alastor to some other roof may turn,
Leaving us here at last in peace to keep
What of life's harvest yet remains to reap.

Chorus — Thou to talk of reaping Peace
Who sowest Murder! Woman, cease!
And, despite that iron face —
Iron as the bloody mace
Thou bearest — boasting as if Vengeance
Centered in that hand alone;
Know that, Fury pledged to Fury,
Vengeance owes himself the debts
He makes, and while he serves thee, whets
His knife upon another stone,
Against thyself, and him with thee
Colleaguing, as you boast to be,
The tools of Fate. But Fate is Zeus;
Zeus — who for a while permitting
Sin to prosper in his name,
Shall vindicate his own abuse;
And having brought his secret thought
To light, shall break and fling to shame
The baser tools with which he wrought.

Ægisthus —

All hail, thou daybreak of my just revenge!
In which, as waking from injurious sleep,
Methinks I recognize the Gods enthroned
In the bright conclave of eternal Justice,
Revindicate the wrongs of man to man!
For see *this* man — so dear to me now dead —
Caught in the very meshes of the snare
By which his father Atreus netted mine.
For that same Atreus surely, was it not?
Who, wrought by false Suspicion to fixed Hate,
From Argos out his younger brother drove,
My sire — Thyestes — drove him like a wolf,
Keeping his cubs — save one — to better purpose.
For when at last the home-heartbroken man
Crept humbly back again, craving no more
Of his own country than to breathe its air
In liberty, and of her fruits as much
As not to starve withal — the savage King,
With damnable alacrity of hate,
And reconciliation of revenge,
Bade him, all smiles, to supper — such a supper,
Where the prime dainty was — my brother's flesh,
So maimed and clipt of human likelihood,
That the unsuspecting Father, light of heart,
And quick of appetite, at once fell to,
And ate — ate — what, with savage irony
As soon as eaten, told — the wretched man
Disgorging with a shriek, down to the ground
The table with its curst utensil dashed,
And, grinding into pieces with his heel,
Cried, loud enough for Heaven and Hell to hear,
"Thus perish all the race of Pleisthenes!"
And now behold! the son of that same Atreus
By me the son of that Thyestes slain
Whom the kind brother, sparing from the cook,
Had with his victim packed to banishment;
Where Nemesis — (so sinners from some nook,
Whence least they think assailable, assailed) —
Reared me from infancy till fully grown,
To claim in full my father's bloody due.
Ay, I it was — none other — far away
Who spun the thread, which gathering day by day
Mesh after mesh, inch upon inch, at last
Reached him, and wound about him, as he lay,

And in the supper of his smoking Troy
Devoured his own destruction — scarce condign
Return for that his Father forced on mine.

Chorus —

Ægisthus, only things of baser breed
Insult the fallen; fallen too, as you boast,
By one who planned but dared not do the deed.
This is your hour of triumph. But take heed;
The blood of Atreus is not all outrun
With this slain King, but flowing in a son,
Who saved by such an exile as your own
For such a counter retribution —

Ægisthus — Oh,
You then, the nether benches of the realm,
Dare open tongue on those who rule the helm?
Take heed yourselves; for, old and dull of wit,
And hardened as your mouth against the bit,
Be wise in time; kick not against the spurs;
Remembering Princes are shrewd taskmasters.

Chorus — Beware thyself, bewaring me;
Remembering that, too sharply stirred,
The spurrer need beware the spurred;
As thou of me; whose single word
Shall rouse the City — yea, the very
Stones you walk upon, in thunder
Gathering o'er your head, to bury
Thee and thine Adultress under!

Ægisthus — Raven, that with croaking jaws
Unorphean, undivine,
After you no City draws;
And if any vengeance, mine
Upon your withered shoulders —

Chorus — Thine!
Who daring not to strike the blow
Thy worse than woman craft designed,
To worse than woman —

Ægisthus — Soldiers, ho!

Clytemnestra —

Softly, good Ægisthus, softly; let the sword that has so deep
Drunk of righteous Retribution now within the scabbard sleep!
And if Nemesis be sated with the blood already spilt,
Even so let us, nor carry lawful Justice into Guilt.
Sheathe your sword; dismiss your spears; and you, Old men, your howling cease,

And, ere ill blood come to running, each unto his home in peace,
Recognizing what is done for done indeed, as done it is,
And husbanding your scanty breath to pray that nothing more amiss.
Farewell. Meanwhile, you and I, Ægisthus, shall deliberate,
When the storm is blowing under, how to settle House and State.

FATE'S ACCOMPLISHMENT.

By RICHARD GARNETT.

(From "Iphigenia in Delphi.")

[RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D., English poet and man of letters, was born at Lichfield, England, in 1835; son and namesake of the Assistant Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum. He was himself in its service from 1851 to 1899, latterly as Keeper of Printed Books. He has published, besides volumes of collected original poems, "Poems from the German," "A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology," "Sonnets from Dante, Petrarch, and Camoens"; also "Io in Egypt," "Iphigenia in Delphi," "The Twilight of the Gods," etc.; Lives of Milton, Carlyle, Emerson, William Blake, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield; "History of Italian Literature," etc.]

[ARGUMENT. — An oracle declared that Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, must be sacrificed to Artemis, to procure a passage to Troy for the Grecian fleet lying becalmed at Aulis. Iphigenia was brought to Aulis under pretense of a marriage with Achilles, and was about to be put to death when Artemis substituted a hind in her place, and conveyed her to Tauris in Scythia, where she became priestess. The Greeks believed that she had been actually sacrificed, and it was partly in revenge for this deed that Agamemnon was murdered on his return from Troy, by his wife Clytemnestra. When Agamemnon's son Orestes had grown up, he took vengeance on Clytemnestra and her paramour Ægisthus by the help of his sister Electra; and then, being persecuted by the Furies on account of the death of his mother, repaired to Delphi to ask counsel of Apollo. He was directed to go to Tauris and carry off the statue of Artemis. In this he succeeded by the aid of Iphigenia, and returned in her company to Delphi, to be purified from the murder of Clytemnestra. Meanwhile Electra, who was ignorant of the existence of Iphigenia, had also repaired to Delphi to inquire respecting the fate of her long absent brother, and to consecrate the ax with which Clytemnestra had slain Agamemnon, and with which she had in turn been destroyed by Orestes. — GARNETT.]

Eurycles [*entering the temple*] —
Daughter of Agamemnon, turn and hear
A heavy word from a reluctant tongue.
Electra —
Who art thou, man? whence sent? what thing to tell?

Eurycles —
One of Orestes' comrades, bound with him
To Scythia — bound without him back to Greece.
Electra —
Without! without! Thou darest not to call
Orestes dead!
Eurycles — I have not seen him die.
Electra —
Then animate? Thou darest to be mute!
Eurycles —
O princess, listen only to my tale,
And I will tell thee truly all I know.
Electra —
Speak quickly, while I yet have life to hear.
Eurycles —
Long did the north wind baffle, but at length
We gained the coast of massacre, and found
A cave low-arched, wave-whispering, at its mouth,
But vaulted loftily within, and dry.
Therein we entered, and with food and drink
Refreshed ourselves; and then Orestes spake,
"Rest here, my friends, while Pylades with us
Goes forth to explore this region, what it is,
And how the goddess' image may be won."
And so they parted, venturous; but the hours
Wore on, nor came there any sign from them.
Then took we counsel, and cast forth a lot
For perquisition, and it fell on me.
Then went I forth, and found an open space
Before a moated city, and in it
Pylades and thy brother standing bound;
Their armor rent from them, their dress defiled
With blood and dust, and from the brow of each
Oozed the thick sullen droppings, and I judged
Our friends the booty of a multitude,
Beset by rustics armed with clubs and stones,
And turned me round to fly; but as I turned
Came forth a wondrous woman tall and fair,
Grecian in aspect, in a Grecian garb
Draping her stateliness symmetrical.
And truly I had deemed her Artemis,
But that, the while she approached and shore a lock
From either captive, thundering pealed acclaim
Exultant from the barbarous multitude,
"The priestess, who shall give the men to death!"

I turned and fled, and flying saw her still
And hastening to our ambush I called forth
My comrades to the rescue, but alas!
One said, How shall we brave a host in arms?
And one, The slaughter is performed ere this.
And one, The Pythian but fulfills his pledge —
What peace is peaceful as the peace of death?
And so we sailed. Alas! regard me not
So rigidly with thy dismaying eyes!
For verily, had I prevailed, thou hadst heard
Thy brother's fortune from thy brother's lips,
Or never from the lips of any man.

Electra —

I hate thee not, but get thee from my sight.

Eurycles —

I go as thou commandest, yet not far:
Full surely thou wilt soon have need of me. [*Goes out.*

Electra —

Now see I all the blindness of our race,
Now see I all the malice of the gods.
O my Orestes! O my brother! now
A mangled victim! who could e'er conceive
The time to have been when thou didst come a swift
Avenger, terrible and beautiful,
Yet cloaked with craft, unrecognizable,
Bearing the urn thou feign'dst to contain thy dust?
And I believed, and took it to my arms,
And wept such tears as I am shedding now,
But then did never deem to shed again;
Till thy dear heart was melted, and thy arms
Met sudden round my neck, and thou didst cry,
"Believe it not, Electra, but believe
Thou clasp'st the living brother, not the dead,"
Who had not deemed me mad had I rejoined:
"I would, Orestes, that the tale were true.
Yet, had it been true, then hadst thou obtained
Decorous rights of sepulture most meet,
Paid by a kindred hand, thy sister had warmed
Thy chill ash for a little with her breast,
And then avenged it. Yea, this hand had reeked
And dripped with the adulterous blood, thou pure,
And I sole quarry of the hounds of hell."
Ah me! the gladness I was glad to lose!
What sudden thought grasps and enkindles me?
The wheel of circumstance brings all things back.

Again thou diest, my brother, and again
My vengeance lives. Alas! I cannot go,
And with this hatchet cleave thy hateful head,
And spill thy abominable blood accursed,
Vassal of Artemis. But thou, false god,
Smooth murderer with ambiguous oracles,
Thou art not safe, as thou esteem'st thyself.
Look down, and thou shalt see to what a deed
A desperate heart can prompt a daring hand.
Forsake thy nectared and ambrosial feast,
And save thy shrine, if thou art indeed a god!

[*Snatches a brand from the altar.*

Iphigenia [*entering*] —

Ha, wretched! what art doing with that brand?

Electra —

I fire the fane of a deceitful god.

Iphigenia —

Nay, truly, if this hand can hinder thee.

Electra —

Thou wouldst then rather I should burn thy eyes!

Iphigenia —

Apollo will protect his combatant.

Electra —

Ah me! the brand is caught from out my grasp.

Iphigenia —

Thou seest, the weak are strong by piety.

Electra —

O miserable slave of the Unjust!
May these requite thee, abject, with the doom
Bestowed by them upon the brave and free!
Thou hast a brother? — mayst thou see him die!
A sister? — mayst thou slay her with thy hand!

Iphigenia —

Curse, frantic, with a curse I do not heed;
For surely thou art crazed with wretchedness.

Electra —

O maiden, as a mother who has lost
Daughter or son, clasps the insensible urn,
And fondles it, and feigns it is her child —
So thee, though thou art colder than an urn,
Yet will I feign another, and will make
Thee umpire of my quarrel with the gods.
I had — alas! alas! — a brother; his name
Thou knowest not, nor shalt suffice, he turned
Hither, inquiring of his death or life.

Now, that the god said "death," who would have blamed?
But it was little for my brother to die,
Unless the gods could have their sport with him,
So he was told, "Find such and such, and rest."
He went to find it, and he found the grave.
Now, if I stood and railed, the god would say,
"What rest so deep as the grave's quietude?"
O base, contemptible, and lying god! —
I see thou chokest with thy zeal to earn
The wages of thy supple abjectness.
Come, plead thy master's cause, and be repaid
With some reward unenviable by me.

Iphigenia —

Alas! for all thy solemn hierarchy,
Olympus, and the order that controls
The world, had Love dominion for an hour!
But this was craft and wisdom of the gods,
That, knowing Love by nature masterful,
Inconstant, willful, proud, tyrannical,
They compassed him with all fragility,
Set him at subtlest variance with himself,
Stronger than Change or Death, than Time that leaves
The storied bronze with unengraven front,
Yet weak as weakness' self; nor weak alone,
But without weakness inconceivable.
Say now we grant it were impossible
Thy brother should perish, had I found thee here
Asking the god for him with thy wild voice?
Thou buyest not Love save with the anxious heart
That quakes at what *may* happen — often *must;*
Else were thy love as empty as thy fear.

Electra —

Methinks I hear the main's inhabitant
Marveling why the foolish seaman drowns.
Thy brother is alive, and mine is dead.

Iphigenia —

'Tis for that thing I pity thee, and now
Would offer thee a sister in his room.

Electra —

Thee for a sister, heartless! Say as soon
Artemis' image, or her cruel self;
Or even her satellite, the murderess.

Iphigenia —

Alas! thou knowest not what thou dost reject.
But why curse Artemis? 'tis her I serve.

Electra —
Thou servest Artemis! Had I but known!
Off! off! detested!
Iphigenia — Whence this frantic rage?
Electra —
Off! ere I smite thee! Thou, my sister, thou!
Iphigenia —
Again I warn thee that thou dost reject
Thou knowest not what. A sister's were a breast
Whereon to weep, venting in raining tears
The fury thou amassest now in clouds,
And hurlest at the gods in thunderbolts.
Electra —
Hear, then: I had a sister, and have not.
Iphigenia —
Wretched, by what calamity deprived?
Electra —
A Mighty One (inquire not for her name)
Looked upon her, and thought — How beautiful!
Simple, and sweet, and innocent, and blithe
With buoyant life, yet must the virgin die,
For I have some strange pleasure in her death.
Wherefore she took the maid and slaughtered her.
Iphigenia —
Thou talkest idly; grief hath turned thy brain.
Ah me! Thy eyes blaze, and a fire of light
Is poured upon thee, all from head to foot.
Electra —
Sister, ere me a victim of the Unjust,
Leave ghostly Acheron, if thou canst,
And see awhile, how thy beloved avenges thee!
[*Snatches a brand from the altar.*
Iphigenia —
Mad woman, cease! ah me! help! rescue! help!
Eurycles [*running in*] —
What means this clamor and commotion?
[*Perceiving* IPHIGENIA]
Gods!
Electra —
Thou palsiest me with look unspeakable.
Eurycles —
Behold thy brother's murderess!
Iphigenia — I? I?
Eurycles —
The Scythian woman, vowed to Artemis!

Electra —
Kind gods, I do not curse ye any more.
[*Snatches the ax from the altar, and strikes* IPHIGENIA.
Die, hatefullest! [IPHIGENIA *falls.*
O drunkenness of joy!
Aye, moan. Thy moans are music to mine ears.
Orestes [*entering*] —
Eyes! what do ye behold?
Electra — Orestes!
Eurycles — Prince!
Electra —
O day of happiness! O crown of life!
Orestes! clasp —
Orestes — Off! off! abominable!
O temple, fall upon us! bury us!
Electra! wretch detestable!
Iphigenia — Electra!
Hasten and kiss me ere it be too late!
[*Dies.* ORESTES *throws himself upon the body.*
Electra —
Orestes, to this sudden shock of joy
My whole frame thrills responsive,
My full heart's
Glad clamor in my bosom silences
All dissonancy, and I do not ask,
How here? how sped? how saved? how taken for lost?
Or why thou spurnest my embrace, the while
Thou kneelest to caress a murderer.
Orestes [*not regarding* ELECTRA] —
O speak, look, make some sign, or only breathe!
Electra —
How, when thou deign'st no look or word to me?
Orestes —
Thou slayest me, counterfeiting to be slain.
Electra —
Met ever brother with a greeting like this?
Orestes —
Woe! woe! it is most certain she is dead. [*Rising.*
Peace, execrable, red with sister's blood!
Electra —
Orestes, thou art mad or mockest me.
What ravest thou of sisters and their blood?
Look upon me, thou hast no sister else.
Orestes —
Too true the word thou spakest then, accursed!
Yet rather say I have no sister at all,

For never will I hail thee sister more.

Electra —

Alas! alas! the Fury grasps thee again!
Too long have I perceived thou knowest me not.
O hide thee in my bosom, ere she gaze
Thy heart cold with her petrifying eyes!

Orestes —

I see indeed a Fury, seeing thee.

Electra [*to* IPHIGENIA] —

Abominable! more hateful than I deemed.
Who thought thee but his murderer, for then
Most surely I had kissed him by the Styx.
But thou hast stolen his love away from me
And how to win it back I do not know.

Orestes —

Thou sayest well: not the abyss of Acheron
Could part us with a chasm like thy crime.

Electra —

Why ravest thou, and idly talk'st of crime?
I have slain who would have slain thee, have I not?

Orestes —

No, thou hast murdered my deliverer.

Electra —

What? not the ministrant of Artemis?

Orestes —

Yea; and thy sister, for thy better knowledge.

Electra —

O foolish! Deem'st thou her Chrysothemis?

Orestes —

Chrysothemis sleeps sound in Argive earth.

Electra —

And all men know Iphigenia slain
At Aulis, by the vengeful Artemis.

Orestes —

Thou art near the mark; yet call the place
Delphi, not Aulis, and the murderer of blood
Electra, and no longer Artemis.
For Artemis was merciful, and caught
The victim away in darkness, and the Greeks
Slaughtered a hind, esteeming it the maid.
But she was rapt to Tauris, there became
The priestess of the sanctuary, gave
Me life and sweet return, for herself took death,
For thee, most miserable, fratricide.

Electra —

Apollo, how art thou avenged of me!

PROMETHEUS.

BY ÆSCHYLUS.

(Version of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.)

[ELIZABETH BARRETT was born in Durham, England, 1809, and became deeply versed in classics and philosophy, which inspired and pervaded her earliest work, the translation of "Prometheus Bound" (1833, rewritten 1850) and "The Seraphim" (1838). An invalid for many years, and always delicate, she was much secluded; but having become attached to Robert Browning through her poem "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," eloped with and married him in 1846. They lived mostly in Italy till her death at Florence in 1861. Her most massive production, full of her best thought, feeling, and art, is the great verse novel "Aurora Leigh" (1856). "Casa Guidi Windows" (1848–1851) deals with the revolution of 1848. The sequence "Sonnets from the Portuguese" is most widely known by name. Of the others, "The Cry of the Children," "The Swan's Nest," and "A Musical Instrument" are deservedly popular.]

Chorus —

REMOVE the veil from all things and relate
The story to us, — of what crime accused,
Zeus smites thee with dishonorable pangs.
Speak: if to teach us do not grieve thyself.

Prometheus —

The utterance of these things is torture to me,
But so, too, is their silence; each way lies
Woe strong as fate.
When gods began with wrath,
And war rose up between their starry brows,
Some choosing to cast Chronos from his throne
That Zeus might king it there, and some in haste
With opposite oaths that they would have no Zeus
To rule the gods forever, — I, who brought
The counsel I thought meetest, could not move
The Titans, children of the Heaven and Earth,
What time, disdaining in their rugged souls
My subtle machinations, they assumed
It was an easy thing for force to take
The mastery of fate. My mother, then,
Who is called not only Themis but Earth too
(Her single beauty joys in many names)
Did teach me with reiterant prophecy
What future should be, and how conquering gods
Should not prevail by strength and violence
But by guile only. When I told them so,

They would not deign to contemplate the truth
On all sides round; whereat I deemed it best
To lead my willing mother upwardly
And set my Themis face to face with Zeus
As willing to receive her. Tartarus,
With its abysmal cloister of the Dark,
Because I gave that counsel, covers up
The antique Chronos and his siding hosts,
And, by that counsel helped, the king of gods
Hath recompensed me with these bitter pangs:
For kingship wears a cancer at the heart, —
Distrust in friendship. Do ye also ask
What crime it is for which he tortures me?
That shall be clear before you. When at first
He filled his father's throne, he instantly
Made various gifts of glory to the gods
And dealt the empire out. Alone of men,
Of miserable men, he took no count,
But yearned to sweep their track off from the world
And plant a newer race there. Not a god
Resisted such desire except myself.
I dared it! *I* drew mortals back to light,
From meditated ruin deep as hell!
For which wrong I am bent down in these pangs
Dreadful to suffer, mournful to behold,
And I, who pitied man, am thought myself
Unworthy of pity; while I render out
Deep rhythms of anguish 'neath the harping hand
That strikes me thus — a sight to shame your Zeus!

Chorus —

Hard as thy chains and cold as all these rocks
Is he, Prometheus, who withholds his heart
From joining in thy woe. I yearned before
To fly this sight; and, now I gaze on it,
I sicken inwards.

Prometheus — To my friends, indeed,
I must be a sad sight.

Chorus — And didst thou sin
No more than so?

Prometheus — I did restrain besides
My mortals from premeditating death.

Chorus —

How didst thou medicine the plague fear of death?

Prometheus —

I set blind Hopes to inhabit in their house.

Chorus —
By that gift thou didst help thy mortals well.
Prometheus —
I gave them also fire.
Chorus — And have they now,
Those creatures of a day, the red-eyed fire?
Prometheus —
They have: and shall learn by it many arts.
Chorus —
And truly for such sins Zeus tortures thee
And will remit no anguish? Is there set
No limit before thee to thine agony?
Prometheus —
No other: only what seems good to HIM.
Chorus —
And how will it seem good? What hope remains?
Seest thou not that thou hast sinned? But that thou
hast sinned
It glads me not to speak of, and grieves thee:
Then let it pass from both, and seek thyself
Some outlet from distress.
Prometheus — It is in truth
An easy thing to stand aloof from pain
And lavish exhortation and advice
On one vexed sorely by it. I have known
All in prevision. By my choice, my choice,
I freely sinned — I will confess my sin —
And helping mortals, found my own despair.
I did not think indeed that I should pine
Beneath such pangs against such skyey rocks,
Doomed to this drear hill and no neighboring
Of any life: but mourn not ye for griefs
I bear to-day: hear rather, dropping down
To the plain, how other woes creep on to me,
And learn the consummation of my doom.
Beseech you, nymphs, beseech you, grieve for me
Who now am grieving; for Grief walks the earth,
And sits down at the foot of each by turns.
Chorus —
We hear the deep clash of thy words,
Prometheus, and obey.
And I spring with a rapid foot away
From the rushing car and the holy air,
The track of birds;

And I drop to the rugged ground and there
Await the tale of thy despair.

* * * * * * *

Prometheus —

Beseech you, think not I am silent thus
Through pride or scorn. I only gnaw my heart
With meditation, seeing myself so wronged.
For see — their honors to these new-made gods,
What other gave but I, and dealt them out
With distribution? Ay — but here I am dumb!
For here, I should repeat your knowledge to you,
If I spake aught. List rather to the deeds
I did for mortals; how, being fools before,
I made them wise and true in aim of soul.
And let me tell you — not as taunting men,
But teaching you the intention of my gifts,
How, first beholding, they beheld in vain,
And hearing, heard not, but, like shapes in dreams,
Mixed all things wildly down the tedious time,
Nor knew to build a house against the sun
With wickered sides, nor any woodcraft knew,
But lived, like silly ants, beneath the ground
In hollow caves unsunned. There, came to them
No steadfast sign of winter, nor of spring
Flower-perfumed, nor of summer full of fruit,
But blindly and lawlessly they did all things,
Until I taught them how the stars do rise
And set in mystery, and devised for them
Number, the inducer of philosophies,
The synthesis of Letters, and, beside,
The artificer of all things, Memory,
That sweet Muse mother. I was first to yoke
The servile beasts in couples, carrying
An heirdom of man's burdens on their backs.
I joined to chariots, steeds, that love the bit
They champ at — the chief pomp of golden ease.
And none but I originated ships,
The seamen's chariots, wandering on the brine
With linen wings. And I — oh, miserable! —
Who did devise for mortals all these arts,
Have no device left now to save myself
From the woe I suffer.

Chorus — Most unseemly woe
Thou sufferest, and dost stagger from the sense
Bewildered! like a bad leech falling sick

Thou art faint at soul, and canst not find the drugs
Required to save thyself.

Prometheus — Hearken the rest,
And marvel further, what more arts and means
I did invent, — this, greatest: if a man
Fell sick, there was no cure, nor esculent
Nor chrism nor liquid, but for lack of drugs
Men pined and wasted, till I showed them all
Those mixtures of emollient remedies
Whereby they might be rescued from disease.
I fixed the various rules of mantic art,
Discerned the vision from the common dream,
Instructed them in vocal auguries
Hard to interpret, and defined as plain
The wayside omens, — flights of crook-clawed birds, —
Showed which are, by their nature, fortunate,
And which not so, and what the food of each,
And what the hates, affections, social needs,
Of all to one another, — taught what sign
Of visceral lightness, colored to a shade,
May charm the genial gods, and what fair spots
Commend the lung and liver. Burning so
The limbs encased in fat, and the long chine,
I led my mortals on to an art abstruse,
And cleared their eyes to the image in the fire,
Erst filmed in dark. Enough said now of this.
For the other helps of man hid underground,
The iron and the brass, silver and gold,
Can any dare affirm he found them out
Before me? none, I know! unless he choose
To lie in his vaunt. In one word learn the whole, —
That all arts came to mortals from Prometheus.

Chorus —
Give mortals now no inexpedient help,
Neglecting thine own sorrow. I have hope still
To see thee, breaking from the fetter here,
Stand up as strong as Zeus.

Prometheus — This ends not thus,
The oracular fate ordains. I must be bowed
By infinite woes and pangs, to escape this chain.
Necessity is stronger than mine art.

Chorus —
Who holds the helm of that Necessity?

Prometheus —
The threefold Fates and the unforgetting Furies.

Chorus —
Is Zeus less absolute than these are?
Prometheus — Yea,
And therefore cannot fly what is ordained.
Chorus —
What is ordained for Zeus, except to be
A king forever?
Prometheus — 'Tis too early yet
For thee to learn it: ask no more.
Chorus — Perhaps
Thy secret may be something holy?
Prometheus — Turn
To another matter: this, it is not time
To speak abroad, but utterly to veil
In silence. For by that same secret kept,
I 'scape this chain's dishonor and its woe.

* * * * * * *

HERMES *enters.*

Hermes —
I speak to thee, the sophist, the talker down
Of scorn by scorn, the sinner against gods,
The reverencer of men, the thief of fire, —
I speak to thee and adjure thee! Zeus requires
Thy declaration of what marriage rite
Thus moves thy vaunt and shall hereafter cause
His fall from empire. Do not wrap thy speech
In riddles, but speak clearly! Never cast
Ambiguous paths, Prometheus, for my feet,
Since Zeus, thou mayst perceive, is scarcely won
To mercy by such means.
Prometheus — A speech well-mouthed
In the utterance, and full-minded in the sense,
As doth befit a servant of the gods!
New gods, ye newly reign, and think forsooth
Ye dwell in towers too high for any dart
To carry a wound there! — have I not stood by
While two kings fell from thence? and shall I not
Behold the third, the same who rules you now,
Fall, shamed to sudden ruin? — Do I seem
To tremble and quail before your modern gods?

Far be it from me! — For thyself, depart,
Retread thy steps in haste. To all thou hast asked
I answer nothing.

Hermes — Such a wind of pride
Impelled thee of yore full sail upon these rocks.

Prometheus —
I would not barter — learn thou soothly that! —
My suffering for thy service. I maintain
It is a nobler thing to serve these rocks
Than live a faithful slave to father Zeus.
Thus upon scorners I retort their scorn.

Hermes —
It seems that thou dost glory in thy despair.

Prometheus —
I glory? would my foes did glory so,
And I stood by to see them! — naming whom,
Thou are not unremembered.

Hermes — Dost thou charge
Me also with the blame of thy mischance?

Prometheus —
I tell thee I loathe the universal gods,
Who for the good I gave them rendered back
The ill of their injustice.

Hermes — Thou art mad —
Thou art raving, Titan, at the fever height.

Prometheus —
If it be madness to abhor my foes,
May I be mad!

Hermes — If thou wert prosperous
Thou wouldst be unendurable.

Prometheus — Alas!

Hermes —
Zeus knows not that word.

Prometheus — But maturing Time
Teaches all things.

Hermes — Howbeit, thou hast not learnt
The wisdom yet, thou needest.

Prometheus — If I had,
I should not talk thus with a slave like thee.

Hermes —
No answer thou vouchsafest, I believe,
To the great Sire's requirement.

Prometheus — Verily
I owe him grateful service, — and should pay it.

Hermes—
Why, dost thou mock me, Titan, as I stood
A child before thy face.
Prometheus— No child, forsooth,
But yet more foolish than a foolish child,
If thou expect that I should answer aught
Thy Zeus can ask. No torture from his hand
Nor any machination in the world
Shall force mine utterance ere he loose, himself,
These cankerous fetters from me. For the rest,
Let him now hurl his blanching lightnings down,
And with his white-winged snows and mutterings deep
Of subterranean thunders mix all things,
Confound them in disorder. None of this
Shall bend my sturdy will and make me speak
The name of his dethroner who shall come.
Hermes—
Can this avail thee? Look to it!
Prometheus— Long ago
It was looked forward to, precounseled of.
Hermes—
Vain god, take righteous courage! dare for once
To apprehend and front thine agonies
With a just prudence.
Prometheus— Vainly dost thou chafe
My soul with exhortation, as yonder sea
Goes beating on the rock. Oh, think no more
That I, fear-struck by Zeus to a woman's mind,
Will supplicate him, loathèd as he is,
With feminine upliftings of my hands,
To break these chains. Far from me be the thought!
Hermes—
I have indeed, methinks, said much in vain,
For still thy heart beneath my showers of prayers
Lies dry and hard — nay, leaps like a young horse
Who bites against the new bit in his teeth,
And tugs and struggles against the new-tried rein, —
Still fiercest in the feeblest thing of all,
Which sophism is; since absolute will disjoined
From perfect mind is worse than weak. Behold,
Unless my words persuade thee, what a blast
And whirlwind of inevitable woe
Must sweep persuasion through thee! For at first
The Father will split up this jut of rock
With the great thunder and the bolted flame

And hide thy body where a hinge of stone
Shall catch it like an arm; and when thou hast passed
A long black time within, thou shalt come out
To front the sun while Zeus's winged hound,
The strong carnivorous eagle, shall wheel down
To meet thee, self-called to a daily feast,
And set his fierce beak in thee and tear off
The long rags of thy flesh and batten deep
Upon thy dusky liver. Do not look
For any end moreover to this curse
Or ere some god appear, to accept thy pangs
On his own head vicarious, and descend
With unreluctant step the darks of hell
And gloomy abysses around Tartarus.
Then ponder this — this threat is not a growth
Of vain invention; it is spoken and meant;
King Zeus's mouth is impotent to lie,
Consummating the utterance by the act;
So, look to it, thou! take heed, and nevermore
Forget good counsel, to indulge self-will.

Chorus —

Our Hermes suits his reasons to the times;
At least I think so, since he bids thee drop
Self-will for prudent counsel. Yield to him!
When the wise err, their wisdom makes their shame.

Prometheus —

Unto me the foreknower, this mandate of power
He cries, to reveal it.
What's strange in my fate, if I suffer from hate
At the hour that I feel it?
Let the locks of the lightning, all bristling and whitening,
Flash, coiling me round,
While the æther goes surging 'neath thunder and scourging
Of wild winds unbound!
Let the blast of the firmament whirl from its place
The earth rooted below,
And the brine of the ocean, in rapid emotion,
Be driven in the face
Of the stars up in heaven, as they walk to and fro!
Let him hurl me anon into Tartarus — on —
To the blackest degree,
With Necessity's vortices strangling me down;
But he cannot join death to a fate meant for *me!*

Hermes —

Why, the words that he speaks and the thoughts that he thinks

Are maniacal! — add,
If the Fate who hath bound him should loose not the links,
He were utterly mad.
Then depart ye who groan with him,
Leaving to moan with him, —
Go in haste! lest the roar of the thunder anearing
Should blast you to idiocy, living and hearing.

Chorus —

Change thy speech for another, thy thought for a new,
If to move me and teach me indeed be thy care!
For thy words swerve so far from the loyal and true
That the thunder of Zeus seems more easy to bear.
How! couldst teach me to venture such vileness? behold!
I *choose*, with this victim, this anguish foretold!
I recoil from the traitor in hate and disdain,
And I know that the curse of the treason is worse
Than the pang of the chain.

Hermes —

Then remember, O nymphs, what I tell you before,
Nor, when pierced by the arrows that Até will throw you,
Cast blame on your fate and declare evermore
That Zeus thrust you on anguish he did not foreshow you.
Nay, verily, nay! for ye perish anon
For your deed — by your choice. By no blindness of doubt,
No abruptness of doom, but by madness alone,
In the great net of Até, whence none cometh out,
Ye are wound and undone.

Prometheus —

Aye! in act now, in word now no more,
Earth is rocking in space.
And the thunders crash up with a roar upon roar,
And the eddying lightnings flash fire in my face,
And the whirlwinds are whirling the dust round and round,
And the blasts of the winds universal leap free
And blow each upon each with a passion of sound,
And æther goes mingling in storm with the sea.
Such a curse on my head, in a manifest dread,
From the hand of your Zeus has been hurtled along.
O my mother's fair glory! O Æther, enringing
All eyes with the sweet common light of thy bringing!
Dost see how I suffer this wrong?

THE DEFIANCE OF PROMETHEUS.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

(From "Prometheus Unbound.")

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, English poet, was born in Sussex, August 4, 1792, and educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford, whence he was expelled for a tract on the "Necessity of Atheism." His first notable poem, "Queen Mab," was privately printed in 1813. He succeeded to his father's estate in 1815. "Alastor" was completed in 1816; "The Revolt of Islam," "Rosalind and Helen," and "Julian and Maddalo," in 1818; "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," "The Coliseum," "Peter Bell the Third," and the "Mask of Anarchy," in 1819; "Œdipus Tyrannus" and the "Witch of Atlas," in 1820; "Epipsychidion," "The Defense of Poetry," "Adonais," and "Hellas," in 1822. He was drowned at sea July 8, 1822.]

SCENE — *A Ravine of Icy Rocks in the Indian Caucasus.* PROMETHEUS *is discovered bound to the Precipice.* PANTHEA *and* IONE *are seated at his feet. Time, Night. During the Scene, Morning slowly breaks.*

Prometheus —

Monarch of Gods and Dæmons, and all Spirits —
But One — who throng those bright and rolling worlds
Which thou and I alone of living things
Behold with sleepless eyes! regard this earth
Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
Requitest for knee worship, prayer, and praise,
And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,
With fear and self-contempt and barren hope:
Whilst me who am thy foe, eyeless in hate
Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,
O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge.
Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,
And moments aye divided by keen pangs
Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,
Scorn and despair — these are mine empire: —
More glorious far than that which thou surveyest
From thine unenvied throne, O mighty God! —
Almighty, had I deigned to share the shame
Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here
Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured; without herb,
Insect, or beast, or shape or sound of life.
Ah me! alas! pain, pain, ever, forever!

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.
I ask the Earth, have not the mountains felt?
I ask yon Heaven, the all-beholding Sun,
Has it not seen? The Sea, in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing shadow spread below,
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?
Ah me! alas! pain, pain, ever, forever!

The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
Of their moon-freezing crystals; the bright chains
Eat with their burning cold into my bones;
Heaven's wingèd hound, polluting from thy lips
His beak in poison not his own, tears up
My heart; and shapeless sights come wandering by,
The ghastly people of the realm of Dream,
Mocking me; and the Earthquake fiends are charged
To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds
When the rocks split and close again behind:
While from their loud abysses howling throng
The Genii of the Storm, urging the rage
Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.
And yet to me welcome is day and night;
Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the morn,
Or, starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
The leaden-colored east; for then they lead
The wingless crawling Hours, one among whom
—As some dark priest hales the reluctant victim —
Shall drag thee, cruel King, to kiss the blood
From these pale feet, which then might trample thee
If they disdained not such a prostrate slave.
Disdain! Ah no! I pity thee. What ruin
Will hunt thee undefended through the wide heaven!
How will thy soul, cloven to its depth with terror,
Gape like a hell within! I speak in grief,
Not exultation; for I hate no more,
As then ere misery made me wise. The curse
Once breathed on thee I would recall. Ye Mountains,
Whose many-voicèd Echoes through the mist
Of cataracts flung the thunder of that spell!
Ye icy Springs, stagnant with wrinkling frost,
Which vibrated to hear me, and then crept
Shuddering through India! thou serenest Air,
Through which the Sun walks burning without beams!
And the swift Whirlwinds who on poisèd wings
Hung mute and moveless o'er yon hushed abyss,

As thunder, louder than your own, made rock
The orbèd world! if then my words had power,—
Though I am changed so that aught evil wish
Is dead within, although no memory be
Of what is hate,—let them not lose it now!
What was that curse? for ye all heard me speak.

* * * * * * *

Phantasm of Jupiter —

"Fiend, I defy thee! with a calm fixed mind.
All that thou canst inflict I bid thee do;
Foul Tyrant both of Gods and Humankind,
One only being shalt thou not subdue!
Rain then thy plagues upon me here,
Ghastly disease and frenzying fear;
And let alternate frost and fire
Eat into me, and be thine ire
Lightning, and cutting hail, and legioned forms
Of Furies driving by upon the wounding storms.

"Aye, do thy worst! Thou art omnipotent.
O'er all things but thyself I gave thee power,
And my own will. Be thy swift mischiefs sent
To blast mankind from yon etherial tower.
Let thy malignant spirit move
In darkness over those I love.
On me and mine I imprecate
The utmost torture of thy hate;
And thus devote to sleepless agony
This undeclining head while thou must reign on high.

"But thou, who art the God and Lord! O thou
Who fillest with thy soul this world of woe,
To whom all things of earth and heaven do bow
In fear and worship, all-prevailing foe!
I curse thee! Let a sufferer's curse
Clasp thee, his torturer, like remorse!
Till thine infinity shall be
A robe of envenomed agony;
And thine omnipotence a crown of pain,
To cling like burning gold round thy dissolving brain!

"Heap on thy soul, by virtue of this curse,
Ill deeds,—then be thou damned, beholding good:
Both infinite as is the universe,
And thou, and thy self-torturing solitude!

An awful image of calm Power
Though now thou sittest, let the hour
Come when thou must appear to be
That which thou art internally:
And, after many a false and fruitless crime,
Scorn track thy lagging fall through boundless space
and time!"

Prometheus —
Were these my words, O Parent?

The Earth — They were thine.

Prometheus —
It doth repent me: words are quick and vain:
Grief for a while is blind, and so was mine.
I wish no living thing to suffer pain.

The Earth —
Misery, oh misery to me,
That Jove at length should vanquish thee!
Wail, howl aloud, Land and Sea, —
The Earth's rent heart shall answer ye!
Howl, Spirits of the living and the dead!
Your refuge, your defense, lies fallen and vanquishèd!

First Echo —
Lies fallen and vanquishèd?

Second Echo —
Fallen and vanquishèd!

Ione —
Fear not: 'tis but some passing spasm, —
The Titan is unvanquished still. —
But see where through the azure chasm
Of yon forked and snowy hill,
Trampling the slant winds on high
With golden-sandaled feet that glow
Under plumes of purple dye
Like rose-ensanguined ivory,
A Shape comes now,
Stretching on high from his right hand
A serpent-cinctured wand.

Panthea —
'Tis Jove's world-wandering herald, Mercury.

* * * * * * *

Mercury — Awful Sufferer!
To thee unwilling, most unwillingly,
I come, by the Great Father's will driven down,
To execute a doom of new revenge.

Alas! I pity thee, and hate myself
That I can do no more. Aye from thy sight
Returning, for a season heaven seems hell,
So thy worn form pursues me night and day
Smiling reproach. Wise art thou, firm, and good,
But vainly wouldst stand forth alone in strife
Against the Omnipotent; as yon clear lamps
That measure and divide the weary years,
From which there is no refuge, long have taught,
And long must teach. Even now thy torturer arms
With the strange might of unimagined pains
The powers who scheme slow agonies in hell;
And my commission is to lead them here,
Or what more subtle, foul, or savage fiends
People the abyss, and leave them to their task.
Be it not so! There is a secret known
To thee, and to none else of living things,
Which may transfer the scepter of wide heaven,
The fear of which perplexes the Supreme; —
Clothe it in words, and bid it clasp his throne
In intercession; bend thy soul in prayer,
And, like a suppliant in some gorgeous fane,
Let the will kneel within thy haughty heart:
For benefits and meek submission tame
The fiercest and the mightiest.

Prometheus — Evil minds
Change good to their own nature. I gave all
He has; and in return he chains me here,
Years, ages, night and day; whether the sun
Split my parched skin, or in the moony night
The crystal-wingèd snow cling round my hair;
Whilst my beloved race is trampled down
By his thought-executing ministers.
Such is the tyrant's recompense. 'Tis just:
He who is evil can receive no good;
And for a world bestowed or a friend lost
He can feel hate, fear, shame; not gratitude.
He but requites me for his own misdeed.
Kindness to such is keen reproach, which breaks
With bitter stings the light sleep of Revenge.
Submission thou dost know I cannot try;
For what submission but that fatal word,
The death seal of mankind's captivity,
Like the Sicilian's hair-suspended sword
Which trembles o'er his crown, would he accept,

Or could I yield? Which yet I will not yield.
Let others flatter Crime where it sits throned
In brief omnipotence! Secure are they:
For Justice, when triumphant, will weep down
Pity, not punishment, on her own wrongs,
Too much avenged by those who err. I wait,
Enduring thus, the retributive hour
Which since we spake is even nearer now.
But hark, the Hell-hounds clamor. Fear delay!
Behold! heaven lowers under thy father's frown!

Mercury —
Oh that we might be spared! I to inflict,
And thou to suffer! Once more answer me:
Thou knowest not the period of Jove's power?

Prometheus —
I know but this, that it must come.

Mercury — Alas!
Thou canst not count thy years to come of pain?

Prometheus —
They last while Jove must reign; nor more nor less
Do I desire or fear.

Mercury — Yet pause, and plunge
Into eternity, where recorded time —
Even all that we imagine, age on age —
Seems but a point, and the reluctant mind
Flags wearily in its unending flight,
Till it sink, dizzy, blind, lost, shelterless.
Perchance it has not numbered the slow years
Which thou must spend in torture, unreprieved?

Prometheus —
Perchance no thought can count them. Yet they pass.

Mercury —
If thou mightst dwell among the Gods the while
Lapped in voluptuous joy?

Prometheus — I would not quit
This bleak ravine, these unrepentant pains.

Mercury —
Alas! I wonder at, yet pity thee.

Prometheus —
Pity the self-despising slaves of Heaven,
Not me, within whose mind sits peace serene,
As light in the sun, throned. How vain is talk!
Call up the fiends.

THE CONSPIRACY OF PAUSANIAS.

By SIR EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

(From "Pausanias the Spartan.")

[Edward George Earle Lytton-Bulwer, later Lord Lytton, English novelist, playwright, and poet, was born in Norfolk in 1803. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; became a member of Parliament for many years, colonial secretary 1858–1859; was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* 1831–1833; elected lord rector of Glasgow University 1856; died January 18, 1873. His novels include (among many others): "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice, or the Mysteries," "Zanoni," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "Kenelm Chillingly," "The Coming Race," and the unfinished "Pausanias the Spartan"; his plays, the permanent favorites "Richelieu," "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons"; his poems, the satirical "New Timon," and translations of Schiller's ballads.]

I.

In a large hall, with a marble fountain in the middle of it, the Greek Captains awaited the coming of Pausanias. A low and muttered conversation was carried on among them, in small knots and groups, amidst which the voice of Uliades was heard the loudest. Suddenly the hum was hushed, for footsteps were heard without. The thick curtains that at one extreme screened the doorway were drawn aside, and, attended by three of the Spartan knights, among whom was Lysander, and by two soothsayers, who were seldom absent, in war or warlike council, from the side of the Royal Heracleid, Pausanias slowly entered the hall.

So majestic, grave, and self-collected were the bearing and aspect of the Spartan General, that the hereditary awe inspired by his race was once more awakened, and the angry crowd saluted him, silent and half abashed. Although the strong passions and the daring arrogance of Pausanias did not allow him the exercise of that enduring, systematic, unsleeping hypocrisy, which in relations with the foreigner often characterized his countrymen, and which from its outward dignity and profound craft exalted the vice into genius; yet, trained from earliest childhood in the arts that hide design, that control the countenance, and convey in the fewest words the most ambiguous meanings, the Spartan General could, for a brief period, or for a critical purpose, command all the wiles for which the Greek was nationally famous, and in which Thucydides believed that of all Greeks the Spartan was the most skillful adept. And

now, as, uniting the courtesy of the host with the dignity of the chief, he returned the salute of the officers, and smiled his gracious welcome, the unwonted affability of his manner took the discontented by surprise, and half propitiated the most indignant in his favor.

"I need not ask you, O Greeks," said he, "why ye have sought me. Ye have learned the escape of Ariamanes and Datis — a strange and unaccountable mischance."

The captains looked round at each other in silence, till at last every eye rested upon Cimon, whose illustrious birth, as well as his known respect for Sparta, combined with his equally well-known dislike of her chief, seemed to mark him, despite his youth, as the fittest person to be speaker for the rest. Cimon, who understood the mute appeal, and whose courage never failed his ambition, raised his head, and, after a moment's hesitation, replied to the Spartan: —

"Pausanias, you guess rightly the cause which leads us to your presence. These prisoners were our noblest; their capture the reward of our common valor; they were generals, moreover, of high skill and repute. They had become experienced in our Grecian warfare, even by their defeats. Those two men, should Xerxes again invade Greece, are worth more to his service than half the nations whose myriads crossed the Hellespont. But this is not all. The arms of the Barbarians we can encounter undismayed. It is treason at home which can alone appall us."

There was a low murmur among the Ionians at these words. Pausanias, with well-dissembled surprise on his countenance, turned his eyes from Cimon to the murmurers, and from them again to Cimon, and repeated, —

"Treason! son of Miltiades; and from whom?"

"Such is the question that we would put to thee, Pausanias, — to thee, whose eyes, as leader of our armies, are doubtless vigilant daily and nightly over the interests of Greece."

"I am not blind," returned Pausanias, appearing unconscious of the irony; "but I am not Argus. If thou hast discovered aught that is hidden from me, speak boldly."

"Thou hast made Gongylus the Eretrian governor of Byzantium; for what great services we know not. But he has lived much in Persia."

"For that reason, on this the frontier of her domains, he is better enabled to penetrate her designs and counteract her ambition."

"This Gongylus," continued Cimon, "is well known to have much frequented the Persian captives in their confinement."

"In order to learn from them what may yet be the strength of the king. In this he had my commands."

"I question it not. But, Pausanias," continued Cimon, raising his voice, and with energy, "had he also thy commands to leave thy galley last night, and to return to the citadel?"

"He had. What then?"

"And on his return the Persians disappear — a singular chance, truly. But that is not all. Last night, before he returned to the citadel, Gongylus was perceived, alone, in a retired spot on the outskirts of the city."

"Alone?" echoed Pausanias.

"Alone. If he had companions, they were not discerned. This spot was out of the path he should have taken. By this spot, on the soft soil, are the marks of hoofs, and in the thicket close by were found these witnesses;" and Cimon drew from his vest a handful of the pearls only worn by the Eastern captives.

"There is something in this," said Xanthippus, "which requires at least examination. May it please you, Pausanias, to summon Gongylus hither?"

A momentary shade passed over the brow of the conspirator, but the eyes of the Greeks were on him, and to refuse were as dangerous as to comply. He turned to one of his Spartans, and ordered him to summon the Eretrian.

"You have spoken well, Xanthippus. This matter must be sifted."

With that, motioning the captains to the seats that were ranged round the walls and before a long table, he cast himself into a large chair at the head of the table, and waited in silent anxiety the entrance of the Eretrian. His whole trust now was in the craft and penetration of his friend. If the courage or the cunning of Gongylus failed him — if but a word betrayed him — Pausanias was lost. He was girt by men who hated him; and he read in the dark, fierce eyes of the Ionians — whose pride he had so often galled, whose revenge he had so carelessly provoked — the certainty of ruin. One hand hidden within the folds of his robe convulsively clinched the flesh, in the stern agony of his suspense. His calm and composed face nevertheless exhibited to the captains no trace of fear.

The draperies were again drawn aside, and Gongylus slowly entered.

Habituated to peril of every kind from his earliest youth, the Eretrian was quick to detect its presence. The sight of the silent Greeks, formally seated round the hall, and watching his steps and countenance with eyes whose jealous and vindictive meaning it required no Œdipus to read; the grave and half-averted brow of Pausanias; and the angry excitement that had prevailed amidst the host at the news of the escape of the Persians — all sufficed to apprise him of the nature of the council to which he had been summoned.

Supporting himself on his staff, and dragging his limbs tardily along, he had leisure to examine, though with apparent indifference, the whole group; and when, with a calm salutation, he arrested his steps at the foot of the table immediately facing Pausanias, he darted one glance at the Spartan, so fearless, so bright, so cheering, that Pausanias breathed hard, as if a load were thrown from his breast, and, turning easily toward Cimon, said, —

"Behold your witness. Which of us shall be questioner, and which judge?"

"That matters but little," returned Cimon. "Before this audience justice must force its way."

"It rests with you, Pausanias," said Xanthippus, "to acquaint the Governor of Byzantium with the suspicions he has excited."

"Gongylus," said Pausanias, "the captive Barbarians, Ariamanes and Datis, were placed by me especially under thy vigilance and guard. Thou knowest that, while (for humanity becomes the victor) I ordered thee to vex them by no undue restraints, I nevertheless commanded thee to consider thy life itself answerable for their durance. They have escaped. The captains of Greece demand of thee, as I demanded — by what means — by what connivance? Speak the truth, and deem that in falsehood, as well as in treachery, detection is easy and death certain."

The tone of Pausanias, and his severe look, pleased and reassured all the Greeks, except the wiser Cimon, who, though his suspicions were a little shaken, continued to fix his eyes rather on Pausanias than on the Eretrian.

"Pausanias," replied Gongylus, drawing up his lean frame, as with the dignity of conscious innocence, "that suspicion could fall upon me, I find it difficult to suppose. Raised by

thy favor to the command of Byzantium, what have I to gain by treason or neglect? These Persians — I knew them well. I had known them in Susa — known them when I served Darius, being then an exile from Eretria. Ye know, my countrymen, that when Darius invaded Greece I left his court and armies, and sought my native land, to fall or to conquer in its cause. Well, then, I knew these Barbarians. I sought them frequently; partly, it may be, to return to them in their adversity the courtesies shown me in mine. Ye are Greeks: ye will not condemn me for humanity and gratitude. Partly with another motive. I knew that Ariamanes had the greatest influence over Xerxes. I knew that the great king would at any cost seek to regain the liberty of his friend. I urged upon Ariamanes the wisdom of a peace with the Greeks even on their own terms. I told him that when Xerxes sent to offer the ransom, conditions of peace would avail more than sacks of gold. He listened and approved. Did I wrong in this, Pausanias? No; for thou, whose deep sagacity has made thee condescend even to appear half Persian, because thou art all Greek — thou thyself didst sanction my efforts on behalf of Greece."

Pausanias looked with a silent triumph round the conclave, and Xanthippus nodded approval.

"In order to conciliate them, and with too great confidence in their faith, I relaxed by degrees the rigor of their confinement; that was a fault, I own it. Their apartments communicated with a court in which I suffered them to walk at will. But I placed there two sentinels in whom I deemed I could repose all trust — not my own countrymen — not Eretrians — not thy Spartans or Laconians, Pausanias. No; I deemed that if ever the jealousy (a laudable jealousy) of the Greeks should demand an account of my faith and vigilance, my witnesses should be the countrymen of those who have ever the most suspected me. Those sentinels were, the one a Samian, the other a Platæan. These men have betrayed me and Greece. Last night, on returning hither from the vessel, I visited the Persians. They were about to retire to rest, and I quit them soon, suspecting nothing. This morning they had fled, and with them their abettors, the sentinels. I hastened, first, to send soldiers in search of them; and, secondly, to inform Pausanias in his galley. If I have erred, I submit me to your punishment. Punish my error, but acquit my honesty."

"And what," said Cimon, abruptly, "led thee far from thy path, between the Heracleid's galley and the citadel, to the fields near the temple of Aphrodite, between the citadel and the bay? Thy color changes. Mark him, Greeks. Quick; thine answer."

The countenance of Gongylus had indeed lost its color and hardihood. The loud tone of Cimon — the effect his confusion produced on the Greeks, some of whom, the Ionians, less self-possessed and dignified than the rest, half rose, with fierce gestures and muttered exclamations — served still more to embarrass and intimidate him. He cast a hasty look on Pausanias, who averted his eyes. There was a pause. The Spartan gave himself up for lost; but how much more was his fear increased when Gongylus, casting an imploring gaze upon the Greeks, said, hesitatingly, —

"Question me no further. I dare not speak;" and as he spoke he pointed to Pausanias.

"It was the dread of thy resentment, Pausanias," said Cimon, coldly, "that withheld his confession. Vouchsafe to reassure him."

"Eretrian," said Pausanias, striking his clinched hand on the table, "I know not what tale trembles on thy lips; but, be it what it may, give it voice, I command thee."

"Thou thyself, thou wert the cause that led me toward the temple of Aphrodite," said Gongylus, in a low voice.

At these words there went forth a general deep-breathed murmur. With one accord every Greek rose to his feet. The Spartan attendants in the rear of Pausanias drew closer to his person; but there was nothing in their faces — yet more dark and vindictive than those of the other Greeks — that promised protection. Pausanias alone remained seated and unmoved. His imminent danger gave him back all his valor, all his pride, all his passionate and profound disdain. With unbleached cheek, with haughty eyes, he met the gaze of the assembly; and then waving his hand as if that gesture sufficed to restrain and awe them, he said, —

"In the name of all Greece, whose chief I yet am, whose protector I have once been, I command ye to resume your seats, and listen to the Eretrian. Spartans, fall back. Governor of Byzantium, pursue your tale."

"Yes, Pausanias," resumed Gongylus, "you alone were the cause that drew me from my rest. I would fain be silent, but ——"

"Say on!" cried Pausanias, fiercely, and measuring the space between himself and Gongylus, in doubt whether the Eretrian's head were within reach of his scimeter; so at least Gongylus interpreted that freezing look of despair and vengeance, and he drew back some paces. "I place myself, O Greeks, under your protection; it is dangerous to reveal the errors of the great. Know that, as Governor of Byzantium, many things ye wot not of reach my ears. Hence, I guard against dangers while ye sleep. Learn, then, that Pausanias is not without the weakness of his ancestor, Alcides; he loves a maiden — a Byzantine — Cleonice, the daughter of Diagoras."

This unexpected announcement, made in so grave a tone, provoked a smile among the gay Ionians; but an exclamation of jealous anger broke from Antagoras, and a blush, partly of wounded pride, partly of warlike shame, crimsoned the swarthy cheek of Pausanias. Cimon, who was by no means free from the joyous infirmities of youth, relaxed his severe brow, and said after a short pause, —

"Is it, then, among the grave duties of the Governor of Byzantium to watch over the fair Cleonice, or to aid the suit of her illustrious lover?"

"Not so," answered Gongylus; "but the life of the Grecian General is dear, at least, to the grateful Governor of Byzantium. Greeks, ye know that among you Pausanias has many foes. Returning last night from his presence, and passing through the thicket, I overheard voices at hand. I caught the name of Pausanias. 'The Spartan,' said one voice, 'nightly visits the house of Diagoras. He goes usually alone. From the height near the temple we can watch well, for the night is clear; if he goes alone, we can intercept his way on his return.' 'To the height!' cried the other. I thought to distinguish the voices, but the trees hid the speakers. I followed the footsteps toward the temple, for it behooved me to learn who thus menaced the chief of Greece. But ye know that the wood reaches even to the sacred building, and the steps gained the temple before I could recognize the men. I concealed myself, as I thought, to watch; but it seems that I was perceived, for he who saw me, and now accuses, was doubtless one of the assassins. Happy I, if the sight of a witness scared him from the crime. Either fearing detection, or aware that their intent that night was frustrated — for Pausanias, visiting Cleonice earlier than his wont, had already resought his galley — the men retreated as

they came, unseen, not unheard. I caught their receding steps through the brushwood. Greeks, I have said. Who is my accuser? in him behold the would-be murderer of Pausanias!"

"Liar!" cried an indignant and loud voice among the captains, and Antagoras stood forth from the circle.

"It is I who saw thee. Darest thou accuse Antagoras of Chios?"

"What at that hour brought Antagoras of Chios to the Temple of Aphrodite?" retorted Gongylus.

The eyes of the Greeks turned toward the young captain, and there was confusion on his face. But, recovering himself quickly, the Chian answered: "Why should I blush to own it? Aphrodite is no dishonorable deity to the men of the Ionian Isles. I sought the temple at that hour, as is our wont, to make my offering and record my prayer."

"Certainly," said Cimon. "We must own that Aphrodite is powerful at Byzantium. Who can acquit Pausanias and blame Antagoras?"

"Pardon me — one question," said Gongylus. "Is not the female heart which Antagoras would beseech the goddess to soften toward him that of the Cleonice of whom we spoke? See, he denies it not. Greeks, the Chians are warm lovers, and warm lovers are revengeful rivals."

This artful speech had its instantaneous effect among the younger and more unthinking loiterers. Those who at once would have disbelieved the imputed guilt of Antagoras upon motives merely political, inclined to a suggestion that ascribed it to the jealousy of a lover. And his character, ardent and fiery, rendered the suspicion yet more plausible. Meanwhile the minds of the audience had been craftily drawn from the grave and main object of the meeting — the flight of the Persians — and a lighter and livelier curiosity had supplanted the eager and dark resentment which had hitherto animated the circle. Pausanias, with the subtle genius that belonged to him, hastened to seize advantage of the momentary diversion in his favor, and before the Chian could recover from his consternation, both at the charge and the evident effect it had produced upon a part of the assembly, the Spartan stretched his hand, and spake.

"Greeks, Pausanias listens to no tale of danger to himself. Willingly he believes that Gongylus either misinterpreted the

intent of some jealous and heated threats, or that the words he overheard were not uttered by Antagoras. Possible is it, too, that others may have sought the temple with less gentle desires than our Chian ally. Let this pass. Unworthy such matters of the councils of bearded men; too much reference has been made to those follies which our idleness has given birth to. Let no fair Briseis renew strife among chiefs and soldiers. Excuse not thyself, Antagoras; we dismiss all charge against thee. On the other hand, Gongylus will doubtless seem to you to have accounted for his appearance near the precincts of the temple. And it is but a coincidence, natural enough, that the Persian prisoners should have chosen, later in the night, the same spot for the steeds to await them. The thickness of the wood round the temple, and the direction of the place toward the east, points out the neighborhood as the very one in which the fugitives would appoint the horses. Waste no further time, but provide at once for the pursuit. To you, Cimon, be this case confided. Already have I dispatched fifty light-armed men on fleet Thessalian steeds. You, Cimon, increase the number of the pursuers. The prisoners may be yet recaptured. Doth aught else remain worthy of our ears? If so, speak; if not, depart."

"Pausanias," said Antagoras, firmly, "let Gongylus retract, or not, his charge against me, I retain mine against Gongylus. Wholly false is it that in word or deed I plotted violence against thee, though of much — not as Cleonice's lover, but as Grecian captain — I have good reason to complain. Wholly false is it that I had a comrade. I was alone. And coming out from the temple, where I had hung my chaplet, I perceived Gongylus clearly under the starlit skies. He stood in listening attitude close by the sacred myrtle grove. I hastened toward him, but methinks he saw me not; he turned slowly, penetrated the wood, and vanished. I gained the spot on the soft sward which the dropping boughs make ever humid. I saw the print of hoofs. Within the thicket I found the pearls that Cimon has displayed to you. Clear, then, is it that this man lies — clear that the Persians must have fled already — although Gongylus declares that on his return to the citadel he visited them in their prison. Explain this, Eretrian!"

"He who would speak false witness," answered Gongylus, with a firmness equal to the Chian's, "can find pearls at whatsoever hour he pleases. Greeks, this man presses me to renew

the charge which Pausanias generously sought to stifle. I have said. And I, Governor of Byzantium, call on the council of the Grecian Leaders to maintain my authority, and protect their own Chief."

Then arose a vexed and perturbed murmur, most of the Ionians siding with Antagoras, such of the allies as yet clung to the Dorian ascendency grouping round Gongylus.

The persistence of Antagoras had made the dilemma of no slight embarrassment to Pausanias. Something lofty in his original nature urged him to shrink from supporting Gongylus in an accusation which he believed untrue. On the other hand, he could not abandon his accomplice in an effort, as dangerous as it was crafty, to conceal their common guilt.

"Son of Miltiades," he said, after a brief pause, in which his dexterous resolution was formed, "I invoke your aid to appease a contest in which I foresee no result but that of schism among ourselves. Antagoras has no witness to support his tale, Gongylus none to support his own. Who shall decide between conflicting testimonies which rest but on the lips of accuser and accused? Hereafter, if the matter be deemed sufficiently grave, let us refer the decision to the oracle that never errs. Time and chance meanwhile may favor us in clearing up the darkness we cannot now penetrate. For you, Governor of Byzantium, it behooves me to say that the escape of prisoners intrusted to your charge justifies vigilance, if not suspicion. We shall consult at our leisure whether or not that course suffices to remove you from the government of Byzantium. Heralds, advance; our council is dissolved."

With these words Pausanias rose, and the majesty of his bearing, with the unwonted temper and conciliation of his language, so came in aid of his high office, that no man ventured a dissentient murmur.

The conclave broke up, and not till its members had gained the outer air did any signs of suspicion or dissatisfaction evince themselves; but then, gathering in groups, the Ionians with especial jealousy discussed what had passed, and with their native shrewdness ascribed the moderation of Pausanias to his desire to screen Gongylus and avoid further inquisition into the flight of the prisoners. The discontented looked round for Cimon; but the young Athenian had hastily retired from the throng, and, after issuing orders to pursue the fugi-

tives, sought Aristides in the house near the quay in which he lodged.

Cimon related to his friend what had passed at the meeting, and, terminating his recital, said, —

"Thou shouldst have been with us. With thee we might have ventured more."

"And if so," returned the wise Athenian, with a smile, "ye would have prospered less. Precisely because I would not commit our country to the suspicion of fomenting intrigues and mutiny to her own advantage, did I abstain from the assembly, well aware that Pausanias would bring his minion harmless from the unsupported accusation of Antagoras. Thou hast acted with cool judgment, Cimon. The Spartan is weaving the webs of the Parcæ for his own feet. Leave him to weave on, undisturbed. The hour in which Athens shall assume the sovereignty of the seas is drawing near. Let it come, like Jove's thunder, in a calm sky."

II.

Pausanias did not that night quit the city. After the meeting, he held a private conference with the Spartan Equals, whom custom and the government assigned, in appearance as his attendants, in reality as witnesses, if not spies, of his conduct. Though every pure Spartan, as compared with the subject Laconian population, was noble, the republic acknowledged two main distinctions in class, — the higher, entitled Equals, a word which we might not inaptly and more intelligibly render Peers; the lower, Inferiors. These distinctions, though hereditary, were not immutable. The peer could be degraded, the inferior could become a peer. To the royal person in war three peers were allotted. Those assigned to Pausanias, of the tribe called the Hylleans, were naturally of a rank and influence that constrained him to treat them with a certain deference, which perpetually chafed his pride and confirmed his discontent; for these three men were precisely of the mold which at heart he most despised. Polydorus, the first in rank, — for like Pausanias, he boasted his descent from Hercules, — was the personification of the rudeness and bigotry of a Spartan who had never before stirred from his rocky home, and who disdained all that he could not comprehend. Gelon, the second, passed for a very

wise man, for he seldom spoke but in monosyllables; yet probably his words were as numerous as his ideas. Cleomenes, the third, was as distasteful to the Regent from his merits as the others from their deficiencies. He had risen from the grade of the Inferiors by his valor: blunt, homely, frank, sincere, he never disguised his displeasure at the manner of Pausanias — though, a true Spartan in discipline, he never transgressed the respect which his chief commanded in time of war.

Pausanias knew that these officers were in correspondence with Sparta, and he now exerted all his powers to remove from their minds any suspicion which the disappearance of the prisoners might have left in them.

In this interview he displayed all those great natural powers which, rightly trained and guided, might have made him not less great in council than in war. With masterly precision he enlarged on the growing ambition of Athens, on the disposition in her favor evinced by all the Ionian confederates. "Hitherto," he said truly, "Sparta has uniformly held rank as the first state of Greece; the leadership of the Greeks belongs to us by birth and renown. But see you not that the war is now shifting from land to sea? Sea is not our element; it is that of Athens, of all the Ionian race. If this continue, we lose our ascendency, and Athens becomes the sovereign of Hellas. Beneath the calm of Aristides I detect his deep design. In vain Cimon affects the manner of the Spartan: at heart he is Athenian. This charge against Gongylus is aimed at me. Grant that the plot which it conceals succeed; grant that Sparta share the affected suspicions of the Ionians, and recall me from Byzantium; deem you that there lives one Spartan who could delay for a day the supremacy of Athens? Naught save the respect the Dorian Greeks at least attach to the General at Platæa could restrain the secret ambition of the city of the demagogues. Deem not that I have been as rash and vain as some hold me for the stern visage I have shown to the Ionians. Trust me that it was necessary to awe them, with a view to maintain our majesty. For Sparta to preserve her ascendency two things are needful: first, to continue the war by land; secondly, to disgust the Ionians with their sojourn here, send them with their ships to their own havens, and so leave Hellas under the sole guardianship of ourselves and our Peloponnesian allies. Therefore I say, bear with me in this double design; chide me not if my haughty manner disperse these subtle Ionians. If I

bore with them to-day, it was less from respect than — shall I say it?— my fear lest you should misinterpret me. Beware how you detail to Sparta whatever might rouse the jealousy of her government. Trust to me, and I will extend the dominion of Sparta till it grasp the whole of Greece. We will depose everywhere the revolutionary Demos, and establish our own oligarchies in every Grecian state. We will Laconize all Hellas."

Much of what Pausanias said was wise and profound. Such statesmanship, narrow and ungenial, but vigorous and crafty, Sparta taught in later years to her alert politicians. And we have already seen that, despite the dazzling prospects of Oriental dominion, he as yet had separated himself rather from the laws than the interests of Sparta, and still incorporated his own ambition with the extension of the sovereignty of his country over the rest of Greece.

But the Peers heard him in dull and gloomy silence; and not till he had paused and thrice asked for a reply did Polydorus speak.

"You would increase the dominion of Sparta, Pausanias. Increase of dominion is waste of life and treasure. We have few men, little gold; Sparta is content to hold her own."

"Good," said Gelon, with impassive countenance. "What care we who leads the Greeks into blows? The fewer blows the better. Brave men fight if they must; wise men never fight if they can help it."

"And such is your counsel, Cleomenes?" asked Pausanias, with a quivering lip.

"Not from the same reasons," answered the nobler and more generous Spartan. "I presume not to question your motives, Pausanias. I leave you to explain them to the Ephors and the Gerusia. But since you press me, this I say. First, all the Greeks, Ionian as well as Dorian, fought equally against the Mede, and from the commander of the Greeks all should receive fellowship and courtesy. Secondly, I say if Athens is better fitted than Sparta for the maritime ascendency, let Athens rule, so that Hellas be saved from the Mede. Thirdly, O Pausanias, I pray that Sparta may rest satisfied with her own institutions, and not disturb the peace of Greece by forcing them upon other states, and thereby enslaving Hellas. What more could the Persian do? Finally, my advice is to suspend Gongylus from his office, to conciliate the Ionians, to remain as a

Grecian armament firm and united, and so procure, on better terms, peace with Persia. And then let each state retire within itself, and none aspire to rule the other. A thousand free cities are better guard against the Barbarian than a single state made up of republics overthrown and resting its strength upon hearts enslaved."

"Do you too," said Pausanias, gnawing his nether lip, "do you too, Polydorus; you too, Gelon, agree with Cleomenes, that if Athens is better fitted than Sparta for the sovereignty of the seas, we should yield to that restless rival so perilous a power?"

"Ships cost gold," said Polydorus; "Spartans have none to spare. Mariners require skillful captains; Spartans know nothing of the sea."

"Moreover," quoth Gelon, "the ocean is a terrible element. What can valor do against a storm? We may lose more men by adverse weather than a century can repair. Let who will have the seas. Sparta has her rocks and defiles."

"Men and Peers," said Pausanias, ill repressing his scorn, "ye little dream what arms ye place in the hands of the Athenians. I have done. Take only this prophecy: You are now the head of Greece. You surrender your scepter to Athens, and become a second-rate power."

"Never second-rate when Greece shall demand armed men," said Cleomenes, proudly.

"Armed men, armed men!" cried the more profound Pausanias. "Do you suppose that commerce — that trade — that maritime energy — that fleets which ransack the shores of the world, will not obtain a power greater than mere brutelike valor? But as ye will, as ye will."

"As we speak, our forefathers thought," said Gelon.

"And, Pausanias," said Cleomenes, gravely, "as we speak, so think the Ephors."

Pausanias fixed his dark eye on Cleomenes, and, after a brief pause, saluted the Equals and withdrew. "Sparta," he muttered, as he regained his chamber, "Sparta, thou refusest to be great; but greatness is necessary to thy son. Ah, their iron laws would constrain my soul! but it shall wear them as a warrior wears his armor and adapts it to his body. Thou shalt be queen of all Hellas, despite thyself, thine Ephors, and thy laws. Then only will I forgive thee."

ODES OF PINDAR.

(Translated by Ernest Myers.)

[For biographical sketch, see p. 95. For other odes, see "The Greek Future Life," Vol. II., p. 113, "Legend of Tantalus and the Olympic Games," p. 95 of this volume.]

NINTH PYTHIAN — LEGEND OF KYRENE: FOR TELESIKRATES OF KYRENE, WINNER OF THE FOOT RACE IN FULL ARMOR.

I HAVE desire to proclaim with aid of the deep-vested Graces a victory at Pytho of Telesikrates bearing the shield of bronze, and to speak aloud his name, for his fair fortune and the glory wherewith he hath crowned Kyrene, city of charioteers.

Kyrene [a Thessalian maiden] once from Pelion's wind-echoing dells, Leto's son, the flowing-haired, caught up and in a golden car bore away the huntress maiden to the place where he made her queen of a land rich in flocks, yea, richest of all lands in the fruits of the field, that her home might be the third part of the mainland of earth [Africa] — a stock that should bear lovely bloom. And silver-foot Aphrodite awaited the Delian stranger issuing from his car divine, and lightly laid on him her hand; then over their sweet bridal-bed she cast the loveliness of maiden shame, and in a common wedlock joined the god and the daughter of wide-ruling Hypseus, who then was king of the haughty Lapithai, a hero whose father's father was the ocean god — for amid the famous mountain dells of Pindos the Naiad Kreüsa bare him after she had delight in the bed of Peneus; Kreüsa, daughter of Earth.

Now the child he reared was Kyrene of the lovely arms. She was not one who loved the pacings to and fro before the loom, neither the delights of feastings with her fellows within the house, but with bronze javelins and a sword she fought against and slew wild beasts of prey; yea, and much peace and sure she gave thereby to her father's herds; but for sleep, the sharer of her bed, short spent she it and sweet, descending on her eyelids as the dawn drew near.

Once as she struggled alone, without spear, with a terrible lion, he of the wide quiver, far-darting Apollo, found her: and

straightway he called Cheiron from his hall and spake to him aloud: "Son of Philyra, come forth from thy holy cave, and behold and wonder at the spirit of this woman, and her great might, what strife she wageth here with soul undaunted, a girl with heart too high for toil to quell; for her mind shaketh not in the storm of fear. What man begat her? From what tribe was she torn to dwell in the secret places of the shadowing hills? She hath assayed a struggle unachievable. Is it lawful openly to put forth my hand to her, or rather on a bridal bed pluck the sweet flower?"

To him the Centaur bold with a frank smile on his mild brow made answer straightway of his wisdom: "Secret are wise Lovecraft's keys unto love's sanctities, O Phoibos, and among gods and men alike all deem this shame, to have pleasure of marriage at the first openly. Now even thee, who mayest have no part in lies, thy soft desire hath led to dissemble in this thy speech. The maiden's lineage dost thou, O king, inquire of me — thou who knowest the certain end of all things, and all ways. How many leaves the earth sendeth forth in spring, how many grains of sand in sea and river are rolled by waves and the winds' stress, what shall come to pass, and whence it shall be, thou discernest perfectly. But if even against wisdom I must match myself, I will speak on. To wed this damsel camest thou unto this glen, and thou art destined to bear her beyond the sea to a chosen garden of Zeus, where thou shalt make her a city's queen, when thou hast gathered together an island people to a hill in the plain's midst. And now shall queenly Libya of broad meadow lands well pleased receive for thee, within a golden house, thy glorious bride, and there make gift to her of a portion in the land, to be an inhabiter thereof with herself, neither shall it be lacking in tribute of plants bearing fruit after all kinds, neither a stranger to the beasts of chase. There shall she bring forth a son, whom glorious Hermes taking up from his mother's arms shall bear to the fair-throned Hours and to Earth; and they shall set the babe upon their knees, and nectar and ambrosia they shall distill upon his lips, and shall make him as an immortal, a Zeus or a holy Apollo, to men beloved of him a very present help, a tutelar of flocks, and to some Agreus and Nomios, but to others Aristaios shall be his name."

By these words he made him ready for the bridal's sweet fulfillment. And swift the act and short the ways of gods who

are eager to an end. That same day made accomplishment of the matter, and in a golden chamber of Libya they lay together; where now she haunteth a city excellent in beauty and glorious in the games.

And now at sacred Pytho hath the son of Karneadas wedded that city to the fair flower of good luck; for by his victory there he hath proclaimed Kyrene's name, even hers who shall receive him with glad welcome home, to the country of fair women bringing precious honor out of Delphi.

Great merits stir to many words; yet to be brief and skillful on long themes is a good hearing for bards; for fitness of times is in everything alike of chief import.

That Iolaos had respect thereto [by seizing the critical moment] seven-gated Thebes knoweth well, for when he had stricken down the head of Eurystheus beneath the edge of the sword, she buried the slayer beneath the earth in the tomb of Amphitryon, the charioteer, where his father's father was laid, a guest of the Spartoi, who had left his home to dwell among the streets of the sons of Kadmos who drave white horses. To him and to Zeus at once did wise Alkmene bear the strength of twin sons prevailing in battle.

Dull is that man who lendeth not his voice to Herakles, nor hath in remembrance continually the waters of Dirke that nurtured him and Iphikles. To them will I raise a song of triumph for that I have received good at their hands, after that I had prayed to them that the pure light of the voiceful Graces might not forsake me. For at Aigina and on the hill of Nisos twice ere now I say that I have sung Kyrene's praise, and by my act have shunned the reproach of helpless dumbness.

Wherefore if any of the citizens be our friend, yea even if he be against us, let him not seek to hide the thing that hath been well done in the common cause, and so despise the word of the old god of the sea [Nereus]. He biddeth one give praise with the whole heart to noble deeds, yea even to an enemy, so be it that justice be on his side.

Full many times at the yearly feast of Pallas have the maidens seen thee winner, and silently they prayed each for herself that such an one as thou, O Telesikrates, might be her beloved husband or her son; and thus also was it at the games of Olympia and of ample-bosomed Earth [Delphi or Pytho, the supposed center of the Earth], and at all in thine own land.

Me anywise to slake my thirst for song the ancient glory of thy forefathers summoneth to pay its due and rouse it yet again — to tell how that for love of a Libyan woman there went up suitors to the city of Irasa to woo Antaios' lovely-haired daughter of great renown; whom many chiefs of men, her kinsmen, sought to wed, and many strangers also; for the beauty of her was marvelous, and they were fain to cull the fruit whereto her gold-crowned youth had bloomed.

But her father gained for his daughter a marriage more glorious still. Now he had heard how sometime Danaos at Argos devised for his forty and eight maiden daughters, ere midday was upon them, a wedding of utmost speed — for he straightway set the whole company at the racecourse end, and bade determine by a foot race which maiden each hero should have, of all the suitors that had come.

Even on this wise gave the Libyan a bridegroom to his daughter, and joined the twain. At the line he set the damsel, having arrayed her splendidly, to be the goal and prize, and proclaimed in the midst that he should lead her thence to be his bride who, dashing to the front, should first touch the robes she wore.

Thereon Alexidamos, when that he had sped through the swift course, took by her hand the noble maiden, and led her through the troops of Nomad horsemen. Many the leaves and wreaths they showered on him; yea, and of former days many plumes of victories had he won.

First Pythian — Eruption of Etna and Defeat of the Barbarians: for Hieron of Aitna, Winner in the Chariot Race.

[The date of this victory is B.C. 474. In the year 480, the year of Salamis, the Syracusans under Hieron had defeated the Carthaginians in the great battle of Himera. In 479 a great eruption of Etna (Aitna) began. In 476 Hieron founded, near the mountain, but we may suppose at a safe distance, the new city of Aitna, in honor of which he had himself proclaimed as an Aitnaian after this and other victories in the games. And in this same year, 474, he had defeated the Etruscans, or Tuscans, or Tyrrhenians, in a great sea fight before Cumæ. Pindar might well delight to honor those who had been waging so well against the barbarians of the South and West the same war which the Hellenes of the mother country waged against the barbarians of the East. — Myers.]

O golden Lyre, thou common treasure of Apollo and the Muses violet-tressed, thou whom the dancer's step, prelude of

festal mirth, obeyeth, and the singers heed thy bidding, what time with quivering strings thou utterest preamble of choir-leading overture — lo even the sworded lightning of immortal fire thou quenchest, and on the scepter of Zeus his eagle sleepeth, slackening his swift wings either side, the king of birds, for a dark mist thou hast distilled on his arched head, a gentle seal upon his eyes, and he in slumber heaveth his supple back, spellbound beneath thy throbs.

Yea also violent Ares, leaving far off the fierce point of his spears, letteth his heart have joy in rest, for thy shafts soothe hearts divine by the cunning of Leto's son and the deep-bosomed Muses.

But whatsoever things Zeus loveth not fly frighted from the voice of the Pierides, whether on earth or on the raging sea; whereof is he who lieth in dreadful Tartaros, the foe of the gods, Typhon of the hundred heads, whom erst the den Kilikian of many names did breed, but now verily the sea-constraining cliffs beyond Cumæ, and Sicily, lie heavy on his shaggy breast; and he is fast bound by a pillar of the sky, even by snowy Etna, nursing the whole year's length her frozen snow.

Whereout pure springs of unapproachable fire are vomited from the inmost depths; in the daytime the lava streams pour forth a lurid rush of smoke; but in the darkness a red rolling flame sweepeth rocks with uproar to the wide, deep sea.

That dragon thing [Typhon] it is that maketh issue from beneath the terrible fiery flood, a monster marvelous to look upon, yea, a marvel to hear of from such as go thereby and tell what thing is prisoned between the dark-wooded tops of Etna and the plain, where the back of him is galled and furrowed by the bed whereon he lieth.

O Zeus, be it ours to find favor in thy sight, who art defender of this mountain, the forehead of a fruitful land, whose namesake neighbor city hath been ennobled by her glorious founder, for that on the racecourse at the Pythian games the herald made proclamation of her name aloud, telling of Hieron's fair victory in the chariot race.

Now the first boon to men in ships is that a favorable breeze come to them as they set forth upon the sea; for this is promise that in the end also they shall come with good hap home. So after this good fortune doth reason show us hope of crowns to come for Aitna's horses, and honor in the banquet songs.

O Phoibos, lord of Lykia and of Delos, who lovest the spring of Castaly on thy Parnassos, be this the purpose of thy will, and grant the land fair issue of her men.

For from gods come all means of mortal valor, hereby come bards and men of mighty hand and eloquent speech.

This is the man I am fain to praise, and trust that not outside the ring shall I hurl the bronze-tipped javelin I brandish in my hand, but with far throw outdo my rivals in the match.

Would that his whole life may give him, even as now, good luck and wealth right onward, and of his pains forgetfulness.

Verily it shall remind him in what fightings of wars he stood up with steadfast soul, when the people found grace of glory at the hands of gods, such as none of the Hellenes hath reaped, a proud crown of wealth.

For after the ensample of Philoktetes, he went but now to war; and when necessity was upon them, even they of proud spirit sought of him a boon.

To Lemnos once they say came godlike heroes to fetch thence the archer son of Paian, vexed of an ulcerous wound; and he sacked the city of Priam and made an end of the Danaoi's labors, for the body wherewith he went was sick, but this was destined from the beginning.

Even thus to Hieron may God be a guide for the time approaching, and give him to lay hold upon the things of his desire.

Also in the house of Deinomenes do me grace, O Muse, to sing, for sake of our four-horsed car: no alien joy to him is his sire's victory.

Come, then, and next for Etna's king let us devise a friendly song, for whom with god-built freedom after the laws of Hyllic pattern hath that city been founded of Hieron's hand; for the desire of the sons of Pamphylos and of the Herakleidai dwelling beneath the heights of Taygetos is to abide continually in the Dorian laws of Aigimios. At Amyklai they dwelt prosperously, when they were come down out of Pindos and drew near in honor to the Tyndaridai who ride on white horses, and the glory of their spears waxed great.

Thou Zeus, with whom are the issues of things, grant that the true speech of men ever bear no worse report of citizens and kings beside the water of Amenas. By thine aid shall

a man that is chief and that instructeth his son after him give due honor unto his people and move them to be of one voice peacefully.

I pray thee, son of Kronos, grant that the Phenician and the Tuscan war cry be hushed at home, since they have beheld the calamity of their ships that befell them before Cumæ, even how they were smitten by the captain of the Syracusans, who from their swift ships hurled their youth into the sea, to deliver Hellas from the bondage of the oppressor.

From Salamis shall I of Athenians take reward of thanks, at Sparta when I shall tell in a song to come of the battle [Platæa] before Kithairon, wherein the Medes that bear crooked bows were overthrown; but by the fair-watered banks of Himeras it shall be for the song I have rendered to the sons of Deinomenes, which by their valor they have earned, since the men that warred against them are overthrown.

If thou shalt speak in season, and comprehend in brief the ends of many matters, less impeachment followeth of men; for surfeit blunteth the eagerness of expectancy, and city talk of others' praise grieveth hearts secretly.

Nevertheless, for that envy is preferred before pity [*i.e.*, it is better to be envied than to be pitied], let slip not fair occasion: guide with just helm thy people, and forge the sword of thy speech on an anvil whereof cometh no lie. Even a word falling lightly is of import in that it proceedeth from thee. Of many things art thou steward: many witnesses are there to thy deeds of either kind.

But abiding in the fair flower of this spirit, if thou art fain to be continually of good report, be not too careful for the cost: loose free like a mariner thy sail unto the wind.

Friend, be not deceived by time-serving words of guile. The voice of the report that liveth after a man, this alone revealeth the lives of dead men to the singers and to the chroniclers; the loving-kindness of Cræsus fadeth not away; but him who burned men with fire within a brazen bull, Phalaris, that had no pity, men tell of everywhere with hate, neither will any lute in hall suffer him in the gentle fellowship of young boys' themes of songs.

To be happy is the chiefest prize; to be glorious the next lot: if a man have lighted on both and taken them to be his, he hath attained unto the supreme crown.

SEVENTH OLYMPIAN — THE RHODIAN CONFEDERACY: FOR DIAGORAS OF RHODES, WINNER IN THE BOXING MATCH.

(Translated by Ernest Myers.)

[There is a noteworthy incident of the Peloponnesian War which should be remembered in connection with this ode. In the year 406, fifty-eight years after this victory of Diagoras, during the final and most embittering agony of Athens, one Dorieus, a son of Diagoras, and himself a famous athlete, was captured by the Athenians in a sea fight. It was then the custom either to release prisoners of war for a ransom or else to put them to death. The Athenians asked no ransom of Dorieus, but set him free on the spot. — MYERS.]

As when from a wealthy hand one lifting a cup, made glad within with the dew of the vine, maketh gift thereof to a youth his daughter's spouse, a largess of the feast from home to home, an all-golden choicest treasure, that the banquet may have grace, and that he may glorify his kin; and therewith he maketh him envied in the eyes of the friends around him for a wedlock wherein hearts are wedded —

So also I, my liquid nectar sending, the Muses' gift, the sweet fruit of my soul, to men that are winners in the games at Pytho or Olympia make holy offering. Happy is he whom good report encompasseth; now on one man, now on another doth the Grace that quickeneth look favorably, and tune for him the lyre and the pipe's stops of music manifold.

Thus to the sound of the twain am I come with Diagoras sailing home, to sing the sea-girt Rhodes, child of Aphrodite and bride of Helios, that to a mighty and fair-fighting man, who by Alpheos' stream and by Kastalia's hath won him crowns, I may for his boxing make award of glory, and to his father Demegetos in whom Justice hath her delight, dwellers in the isle of three cities with an Argive host, nigh to a promontory of spacious Asia.

Fain would I truly tell from the beginning from Tlepolemos the message of my word, the common right of this puissant seed of Herakles. For on the father's side they claim from Zeus, and on the mother's from Astydameia, sons of Amyntor.

Now round the minds of men hang follies unnumbered — this is the unachievable thing, to find what shall be best hap for a man both presently and also at the last. Yea, for the very founder of this country [Tlepolemos] once on a time struck with his staff of tough wild olive wood Alkmene's bastard

brother Likymnios in Tiryns as he came forth from Midea's chamber, and slew him in the kindling of his wrath. So even the wise man's feet are turned astray by tumult of the soul.

Then he came to inquire of the oracle of God. And he of the golden hair from his sweet-incensed shrine spake unto him of a sailing of ships that should be from the shore of Lerna unto a pasture ringed with sea, where sometime the great king of gods rained on the city golden snow, what time by Hephaistos' handicraft beneath the bronze-wrought ax from the crown of her father's head Athene leapt to light and cried aloud with an exceeding cry; and Heaven trembled at her coming, and Earth, the Mother.

Then also the god who giveth light to men, Hyperion, bade his beloved sons see that they guard the payment of the debt, that they should build first for the goddess an altar in the sight of all men, and laying thereon a holy offering they should make glad the hearts of the father and of his daughter of the sounding spear. Now Reverence, Forethought's child, putteth valor and the joy of battle into the hearts of men; yet withal there cometh upon them bafflingly the cloud of forgetfulness and maketh the mind to swerve from the straight path of action. For they though they had brands burning yet kindled not the seed of flame, but with fireless rites they made a grove on the hill of the citadel. For them Zeus brought a yellow cloud into the sky and rained much gold upon the land; and Glaukopis herself gave them to excel the dwellers upon earth in every art of handicraft. For on their roads ran the semblances of beasts and creeping things: whereof they have great glory, for to him that hath knowledge the subtlety that is without deceit is the greater altogether. [That is, probably, without magic, or the pretense of being anything but machines. This is considered an allusion to the Telchines who lived before the Heliadai in Rhodes, and were magicians as well as craftsmen.]

Now the ancient story of men saith that when Zeus and the other gods made division of the earth among them, not yet was island Rhodes apparent in the open sea, but in the briny depths lay hid. And for that Helios was otherwhere, none drew a lot for him; so they left him portionless of land, that holy god. And when he spake thereof Zeus would cast lots afresh; but he suffered him not, for that he said that beneath the hoary sea he saw a certain land waxing from its root in earth, that should

bring forth food for many men, and rejoice in flocks. And straightway he bade her of the golden fillet, Lachesis, to stretch her hands on high, nor violate the gods' great oath, but with the son of Kronos promise him that the isle sent up to the light of heaven should be thenceforth a title of himself alone.

And in the end of the matter his speech had fulfillment; there sprang up from the watery main an island, and the father who begetteth the keen rays of day hath the dominion thereof, even the lord of fire-breathing steeds. There sometime having lain with Rhodos he begat seven sons, who had of him minds wiser than any among the men of old; and one begat Kameiros, and Ialysos his eldest, and Lindos: and they held each apart their shares of cities, making threefold division of their father's land, and these men call their dwelling places. There is a sweet amends for his piteous ill hap ordained for Tlepolemos, leader of the Tirynthians at the beginning, as for a god, even the leading thither of sheep for a savory burnt offering, and the award of honor in games. [That is, he presides over the celebration of games, as tutelar hero of the island.]

Of garlands from these games hath Diagoras twice won him crowns, and four times he had good luck at famous Isthmos and twice following at Nemea, and twice at rocky Athens. And at Argos the bronze shield knoweth him, and the deeds of Arcadia and of Thebes and the yearly games Bœotian, and Pellene and Aigina where six times he won; and the pillar of stone at Megara hath the same tale to tell.

But do thou, O Father Zeus, who holdest sway on the mountain ridges of Atabyrios glorify the accustomed Olympian winner's hymn, and the man who hath done valiantly with his fists: give him honor at the hands of citizens and of strangers; for he walketh in the straight way that abhorreth insolence, having learnt well the lessons his true soul hath taught him, which hath come to him from his noble sires. Darken not thou the light of one who springeth from the same stock of Kallianax. Surely with the joys of Eratidai the whole city maketh mirth. But the varying breezes even at the same point of time speed each upon their various ways.

(Translated by J. A. Symonds.)

The Twelfth Pythian.

To thee, fairest of earthly towns, I pray —
Thou splendor-lover, throne of Proserpine,
Piled o'er Girgenti's slopes, that feed alway
Fat sheep! — with grace of gods and men incline,
Great queen, to take this Pythian crown and own
Midas; for he of all the Greeks, thy son,
Hath triumphed in the art which Pallas won,
Weaving of fierce Gorgonian throats the dolorous moan.

She from the snake-encircled hideous head
Of maidens heard the wailful dirges flow,
What time the third of those fell Sisters bled
By Perseus' hand, who brought the destined woe
To vexed Seriphos. He on Phorkys' brood
Wrought ruin, and on Polydectes laid
Stern penance for his mother's servitude,
And for her forceful wedlock, when he slew the maid

Medusa. He by living gold, they say,
Was got on Danaë: but Pallas bore
Her hero through those toils, and wrought the lay
Of full-voiced flutes to mock the ghastly roar
Of those strong jaws of grim Euryale:
A goddess made and gave to men the flute,
The fountainhead of many a strain to be,
That ne'er at game or nation's feast it might be mute,

Sounding through subtle brass and voiceful reeds,
Which near the city of the Graces spring
By fair Cephisus, faithful to the needs
Of dancers. Lo! there cometh no good thing
Apart from toils to mortals, though to-day
Heaven crown their deeds: yet shun we not the laws
Of Fate; for times impend when chance withdraws
What most we hoped, and what we hoped not gives for aye.

THE GREATNESS OF ATHENS.

By THUCYDIDES.

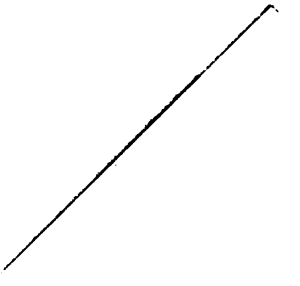
[Thucydides, the ablest of ancient historians, was born near Athens, probably B.C. 471; a sufferer in and survivor of the great plague. As a general, he was condemned to death, in B.C. 424, during the Peloponnesian War, — probably with active agency of Cleon, — for failure to prevent the Spartan Brasidas from capturing Amphipolis. (Grote thinks him much to blame; Jowett, that as he had the telling of his own story, he could have made out a good case for himself if he had thought it necessary.) He remained in exile twenty years and wrote his still matchless history of that war — his one literary work; perfecting it by much travel and close topographical study of many important points, and by interviews with those of most authority.]

(From the — probably in the main imaginary — Funeral Speech of Pericles: translated by Benjamin Jowett.)

I will speak first of our ancestors; for it is right and becoming that now, when we are lamenting the dead, a tribute should be paid to their memory. There has never been a time when they did not inhabit this land, which by their valor they have handed down from generation to generation, and we have received from them a free state. But if they were worthy of praise, still more were our fathers who added to their inheritance, and after many a struggle transmitted to us, their sons, this great empire. And we ourselves assembled here to-day, who are still most of us in the vigor of life, have chiefly done the work of improvement, and have richly endowed our city with all things, so that she is sufficient for herself both in peace and war. Of the military exploits by which our various possessions were acquired, or of the energy with which we or our fathers drove back the tide of war, Hellenic or Barbarian, I will not speak; for the tale would be long and is familiar to you.

But before I praise the dead, I should like to point out by what principles of action we rose to power, and under what institutions and through what manner of life our empire became great. For I conceive that such thoughts are not unsuited to the occasion, and that this numerous assembly of citizens and strangers may profitably listen to them.

Our form of government does not enter into rivalry with the institutions of others. We do not copy our neighbors, but are an example to them. It is true that we are called a democracy, for the administration is in the hands of the many and



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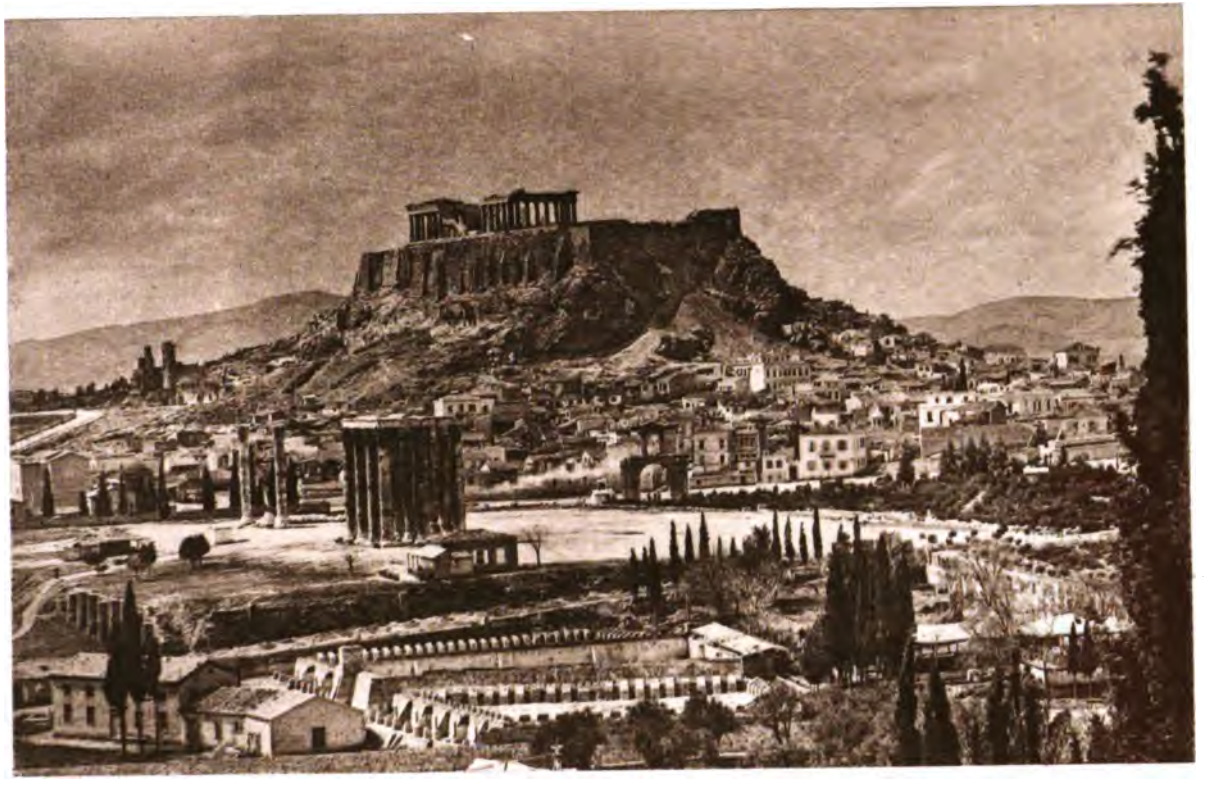

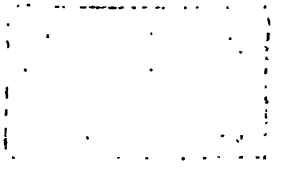

not of the few. But while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognized; and when a citizen is in any way distinguished, he is preferred to the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar, but a man may benefit his country whatever be the obscurity of his condition.

There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbor if he does what he likes; we do not put on sour looks at him, which, though harmless, are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts; we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for authority and for the laws, having an especial regard to those which are ordained for the protection of the injured as well as to those unwritten laws which bring upon the transgressor of them the reprobation of the general sentiment.

And we have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil; we have regular games and sacrifices throughout the year; at home the style of our life is refined; and the delight which we daily feel in all these things helps to banish melancholy. Because of the greatness of our city the fruits of the whole earth flow in upon us; so that we enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as of our own.

Then, again, our military training is in many respects superior to that of our adversaries. Our city is thrown open to the world; and we never expel a foreigner, or prevent him from seeing or learning anything of which the secret if revealed to an enemy might profit him. We rely not upon management or trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands. And in the matter of education, whereas they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face.

And here is the proof. The Lacedæmonians come into Attica not by themselves, but with their whole confederacy following; we go alone into a neighbor's country; and although our opponents are fighting for their homes and we on a foreign soil, we have seldom any difficulty in overcoming them. Our enemies have never yet felt our united strength;

the care of a navy divides our attention, and on land we are obliged to send our own citizens everywhere. But they, if they meet and defeat a part of our army, are as proud as if they had routed us all, and when defeated they pretend to have been vanquished by us all.

If, then, we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, and with a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers? Since we do not anticipate the pain, although, when the hour comes, we can be as brave as those who never allow themselves to rest; and thus too our city is equally admirable in peace and in war. For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ, not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace: the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it.

An Athenian citizen does not neglect the state because he takes care of his own household; and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs, not as a harmless, but as a useless, character; and if few of us are originators, we are all sound judges of a policy. The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act and of acting too, whereas other men are courageous from ignorance but hesitate upon reflection. And they are surely to be esteemed the bravest spirits who, having the clearest sense both of the pains and pleasures of life, do not on that account shrink from danger.

In doing good, again, we are unlike others; we make our friends by conferring, not by receiving, favors. Now he who confers a favor is the firmer friend, because he would fain by kindness keep alive the memory of an obligation; but the recipient is colder in his feelings, because he knows that in requiting another's generosity he will not be winning gratitude, but only paying a debt. We alone do good to our neighbors not upon a calculation of interest, but in the confidence of freedom and in a frank and fearless spirit.

To sum up: I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have

the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the state. For in the hour of trial Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him.

And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Homer or of any other panegyrist whose poetry may please for the moment, although his representation of the facts will not bear the light of day. For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valor, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and died; they could not bear the thought that she might be taken from them; and every one of us who survive should gladly toil on her behalf.

ATHENE.

By Sir LEWIS MORRIS.

[Sir Lewis Morris: English poet; born at Carmarthen, Wales, 1832. Until 1881 his profession was the law; in 1887 he became secretary of University College, Wales. The descendant of several generations of Welsh bards, he has published three series of "Songs of Two Worlds" (1871, 1874, 1875), "The Epic of Hades" (1876), "Guen" (1879), "The Vision of Saints" (1890). His poems have been recently collected.]

While I stood
Expectant, lo! a fair pale form drew near
With front severe, and wide blue eyes which bore
Mild wisdom in their gaze. Great purity
Shone from her — not the young-eyed innocence
Of her whom first I saw, but that which comes
From wider knowledge, which restrains the tide
Of passionate youth, and leads the musing soul
By the calm deeps of Wisdom. And I knew

My eyes had seen the fair, the virgin Queen,
Who once within her shining Parthenon
Beheld the sages kneel.
She with clear voice
And coldly sweet, yet with a softness too,
As doth befit a virgin: —
"She does right
To boast her sway, my sister, seeing indeed
That all things are as by a double law,
And from a double root the tree of Life
Springs up to the face of heaven. Body and Soul,
Matter and Spirit, lower joys of Sense
And higher joys of Thought, I know that both
Build up the shrine of Being. The brute sense
Leaves man a brute; but, winged with soaring thought,
Mounts to high heaven. The unembodied spirit,
Dwelling alone, unmated, void of sense,
Is impotent. And yet I hold there is,
Far off, but not too far for mortal reach,
A calmer height, where, nearer to the stars,
Thought sits alone and gazes with rapt gaze,
A large-eyed maiden in a robe of white,
Who brings the light of Knowledge down, and draws
To her pontifical eyes a bridge of gold,
Which spans from earth to heaven.
For what were life,
If things of sense were all, for those large souls
And high, which grudging Nature has shut fast
Within unlovely forms, or those from whom
The circuit of the rapid gliding years
Steals the brief gift of beauty? Shall we hold,
With idle singers, all the treasure of hope
Is lost with youth — swift-fleeting, treacherous youth,
Which fades and flies before the ripening brain
Crowns life with Wisdom's crown? Nay, even in youth,
Is it not more to walk upon the heights
Alone — the cold free heights — and mark the vale
Lie breathless in the glare, or hidden and blurred
By cloud and storm; or pestilence and war
Creep on with blood and death; while the soul dwells
Apart upon the peaks, outfronts the sun
As the eagle does, and takes the coming dawn
While all the vale is dark, and knows the springs
Of tiny rivulets hurrying from the snows,

Which soon shall swell to vast resistless floods,
And feed the Oceans which divide the World?

"Oh ecstasy! oh, wonder! oh, delight!
Which neither the slow-withering wear of Time,
Which takes all else — the smooth and rounded cheek
Of youth; the lightsome step; the warm young heart
Which beats for love or friend; the treasure of hope
Immeasurable; the quick coursing blood
Which makes it joy to be, — aye, takes them all
And leaves us naught — nor yet satiety
Born of too full possession, takes or mars!
Oh, fair delight of learning! which grows great
And stronger and more keen, for slower limbs,
And dimmer eyes and loneliness, and loss
Of lower good — wealth, friendship, aye, and Love —
When the swift soul, turning its weary gaze
From the old vanished joys, projects itself
Into the void and floats in empty space,
Striving to reach the mystic source of Things,
The secrets of the earth and sea and air,
The Law that holds the process of the suns,
The awful depths of Mind and Thought; the prime
Unfathomable mystery of God!

"Is there, then, any who holds my worship cold
And lifeless? Nay, but 'tis the light which cheers
The waning life! Love thou thy love, brave youth!
Cleave to thy love, fair maid! it is the Law
Which dominates the world, that bids ye use
Your nature; but when now the fuller tide
Slackens a little, turn your calmer eyes
To the fair page of Knowledge. It is power
I give, and power is precious. It is strength
To live four-square, careless of outward shows,
And self-sufficing. It is clearer sight
To know the rule of life, the Eternal scheme;
And, knowing it, to do and not to err,
And, doing, to be blest."

GREECE BEFORE ITS NEW BIRTH.

BY LORD BYRON.

[For biographical sketch, see p. 197.]

ANCIENT of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone — glimmering through the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and passed away — is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each moldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
The marble column's yet unshaken base;
Here, son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne:
Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling place.
It may not be: nor even can Fancy's eye
Restore what Time hath labored to deface.
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh;
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
And long-accustomed bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilom did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait —
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmanned.

In all save form alone, how changed! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew
With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage:
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

Hereditary bondmen! know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;
And the Serai's impenetrable tower
Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;
Or Wahab's rebel brood who dared divest
The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,
May wind their path of blood along the West;
But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil.

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then may'st thou be restored; but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
Can man its shattered splendor renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now;
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,

Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plow:
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth:

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
While strangers only not regardless pass,
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mold,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same;
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord —
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame,
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word;
Which uttered, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene — what now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground,
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendor past
Shall pilgrims, pensive but unwearied, throng;
Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore:
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ATHENIANS AT SYRACUSE.

By THUCYDIDES.

(Translated by Benjamin Jowett.)

DEMOSTHENES, Menander, and Euthydemus, who had gone on board the Athenian fleet to take the command, now quitted their own station, and proceeded straight to the closed mouth of the harbor, intending to force their way to the open sea where a passage was still left.

The Syracusans and their allies had already put out with nearly the same number of ships as before. A detachment of them guarded the entrance of the harbor; the remainder were disposed all round it in such a manner that they might fall on the Athenians from every side at once, and that their land forces might at the same time be able to coöperate wherever the ships retreated to the shore. Sicanus and Agatharchus commanded the Syracusan fleet, each of them a wing; Pythen and the Corinthians occupied the center. When the Athenians approached the closed mouth of the harbor the violence of their

onset overpowered the ships which were stationed there; they then attempted to loosen the fastenings. Whereupon from all sides the Syracusans and their allies came bearing down upon them, and the conflict was no longer confined to the entrance, but extended throughout the harbor. No previous engagement had been so fierce and obstinate. Great was the eagerness with which the rowers on both sides rushed upon their enemies whenever the word of command was given; and keen was the contest between the pilots as they maneuvered one against another. The marines too were full of anxiety that, when ship struck ship, the service on deck should not fall short of the rest; every one in the place assigned to him was eager to be foremost among his fellows. Many vessels meeting — and never did so many fight in so small a space, for the two fleets together amounted to nearly two hundred — they were seldom able to strike in the regular manner, because they had no opportunity of first retiring or breaking the line; they generally fouled one another as ship dashed against ship in the hurry of flight or pursuit. All the time that another vessel was bearing down, the men on deck poured showers of javelins and arrows and stones upon the enemy; and when the two closed, the marines fought hand to hand, and endeavored to board. In many places, owing to the want of room, they who had struck another found that they were struck themselves: often two or even more vessels were unavoidably entangled about one, and the pilots had to make plans of attack and defense, not against one adversary only, but against several coming from different sides. The crash of so many ships dashing one against another took away the wits of the sailors, and made it impossible to hear the boatswains, whose voices in both fleets rose high, as they gave directions to the rowers, or cheered them on in the excitement of the struggle. On the Athenian side they were shouting to their men that they must force a passage and seize the opportunity now or never of returning in safety to their native land. To the Syracusans and their allies was represented the glory of preventing the escape of their enemies, and of a victory by which every man would exalt the honor of his own city. The commanders too, when they saw any ship backing water without necessity, would call the captain by his name, and ask, of the Athenians, whether they were retreating because they expected to be more at home upon the land of their bitterest foes than upon that sea which had been their own so long; on

the Syracusan side, whether, when they knew perfectly well that the Athenians were only eager to find some means of flight, they would themselves fly from the fugitives.

While the naval engagement hung in the balance, the two armies on shore had great trial and conflict of soul. The Sicilian soldier was animated by the hope of increasing the glory which he had already won, while the invader was tormented by the fear that his fortunes might sink lower still. The last chance of the Athenians lay in their ships, and their anxiety was dreadful. The fortune of the battle varied; and it was not possible that the spectators on the shore should all receive the same impression of it. Being quite close, and having different points of view, they would some of them see their own ships victorious; their courage would then revive and they would earnestly call upon the gods not to take from them their hope of deliverance. But others, who saw their ships worsted, cried and shrieked aloud, and were by the sight alone more utterly unnerved than the defeated combatants themselves. Others again, who had fixed their gaze on some part of the struggle which was undecided, were in a state of excitement still more terrible; they kept swaying their bodies to and fro in an agony of hope and fear as the stubborn conflict went on and on; for at every instant they were all but saved or all but lost. And while the strife hung in the balance you might hear in the Athenian army at once lamentation, shouting, cries of victory or defeat, and all the various sounds which are wrung from a great host in extremity of danger. Not less agonizing were the feelings of those on board. At length the Syracusans and their allies, after a protracted struggle, put the Athenians to flight, and triumphantly bearing down upon them, and encouraging one another with loud cries and exhortations, drove them to land. Then that part of the navy which had not been taken in the deep water fell back in confusion to the shore, and the crews rushed out of the ships into the camp. And the land forces, no longer now divided in feeling, but uttering one universal groan of intolerable anguish, ran, some of them to save the ships, others to defend what remained of the wall; but the greater number began to look to themselves and to their own safety. Never had there been a greater panic in an Athenian army than at that moment. They now suffered what they had done to others at Pylos. For at Pylos the Lacedæmonians, when they saw their ships destroyed, knew

that their friends who had crossed over into the island of Sphacteria were lost with them. And so now the Athenians, after the rout of their fleet, knew that they had no hope of saving themselves by land unless events took some extraordinary turn.

Thus, after a fierce battle and a great destruction of ships and men on both sides, the Syracusans and their allies gained the victory. They gathered up the wrecks and bodies of the dead, and sailing back to the city, erected a trophy. The Athenians, overwhelmed by their misery, never so much as thought of recovering their wrecks or of asking leave to collect their dead. Their intention was to retreat that very night. Demosthenes came to Nicias and proposed that they should once more man their remaining vessels and endeavor to force the passage at daybreak, saying that they had more ships fit for service than the enemy. For the Athenian fleet still numbered sixty, but the enemy had less than fifty. Nicias approved of his proposal, and they would have manned the ships, but the sailors refused to embark; for they were paralyzed by their defeat, and had no longer any hope of succeeding. So the Athenians all made up their minds to escape by land.

Hermocrates the Syracusan suspected their intention, and dreading what might happen if their vast army, retreating by land and settling somewhere in Sicily, should choose to renew the war, he went to the authorities, and represented to them that they ought not to allow the Athenians to withdraw by night (mentioning his own suspicion of their intentions), but that all the Syracusans and their allies should march out before them, wall up the roads, and occupy the passes with a guard. They thought very much as he did, and wanted to carry out his plan, but doubted whether their men, who were too glad to repose after a great battle, and in time of festival — for there happened on that very day to be a sacrifice to Heracles — could be induced to obey. Most of them, in the exultation of victory, were drinking and keeping holiday, and at such a time how could they ever be expected to take up arms and go forth at the order of the generals? On these grounds the authorities decided that the thing was impossible. Whereupon Hermocrates himself, fearing lest the Athenians should gain a start and quietly pass the most difficult places in the night, contrived the following plan: when it was growing dark he sent certain of his own acquaintances, accompanied by a few horsemen, to the Athenian camp. They rode up within earshot, and pretending to be friends

(there were known to be men in the city who gave information to Nicias of what went on) called to some of the soldiers, and bade them tell him not to withdraw his army during the night, for the Syracusans were guarding the roads; he should make preparation at leisure and retire by day. Having delivered their message they departed, and those who had heard them informed the Athenian generals.

On receiving this message, which they supposed to be genuine, they remained during the night. And having once given up the intention of starting immediately, they decided to remain during the next day, that the soldiers might, as well as they could, put together their baggage in the most convenient form, and depart, taking with them the bare necessaries of life, but nothing else.

Meanwhile the Syracusans and Gylippus, going forth before them with their land forces, blocked the roads in the country by which the Athenians were likely to pass, guarded the fords of the rivers and streams, and posted themselves at the best points for receiving and stopping them. Their sailors rowed up to the beach and dragged away the Athenian ships. The Athenians themselves burnt a few of them, as they had intended, but the rest the Syracusans towed away, unmolested and at their leisure, from the places where they had severally run aground, and conveyed them to the city.

On the third day after the sea fight, when Nicias and Demosthenes thought that their preparations were complete, the army began to move. They were in a dreadful condition; not only was there the great fact that they had lost their whole fleet, and instead of their expected triumph had brought the utmost peril upon Athens as well as upon themselves, but also the sights which presented themselves as they quitted the camp were painful to every eye and mind. The dead were unburied, and when any one saw the body of a friend lying on the ground he was smitten with sorrow and dread, while the sick or wounded who still survived but had to be left were even a greater trial to the living, and more to be pitied than those who were gone. Their prayers and lamentations drove their companions to distraction; they would beg that they might be taken with them, and call by name any friend or relation whom they saw passing; they would hang upon their departing comrades and follow as far as they could, and when their limbs and strength failed them and they dropped behind many were the impreca-

tions and cries which they uttered. So that the whole army was in tears, and such was their despair that they could hardly make up their minds to stir, although they were leaving an enemy's country, having suffered calamities too great for tears already, and dreading miseries yet greater in the unknown future. There was also a general feeling of shame and self-reproach, — indeed they seemed, not like an army, but like the fugitive population of a city captured after a siege; and of a great city too. For the whole multitude who were marching together numbered not less than forty thousand. Each of them took with him anything he could carry which was likely to be of use. Even the heavy-armed and cavalry, contrary to their practice when under arms, conveyed about their persons their own food, some because they had no attendants, others because they could not trust them; for they had long been deserting, and most of them had gone off all at once. Nor was the food which they carried sufficient; for the supplies of the camp had failed. Their disgrace and the universality of the misery, although there might be some consolation in the very community of suffering, was nevertheless at that moment hard to bear, especially when they remembered from what pomp and splendor they had fallen into their present low estate. Never had an Hellenic army experienced such a reverse. They had come intending to enslave others, and they were going away in fear lest they would be themselves enslaved. Instead of the prayers and hymns with which they had put to sea, they were now departing amid appeals to heaven of another sort. They were no longer sailors but landsmen, depending, not upon their fleet, but upon their infantry. Yet in face of the great danger which still threatened them all these things appeared endurable.

Nicias, seeing the army disheartened at their terrible fall, went along the ranks and encouraged and consoled them as well as he could. In his fervor he raised his voice as he passed from one to another and spoke louder and louder, desiring that the benefit of his words might reach as far as possible.

"Even now, Athenians and allies, we must hope: men have been delivered out of worse straits than these, and I would not have you judge yourselves too severely on account either of the reverses which you have sustained or of your present undeserved miseries. I too am as weak as any of you; for I am quite prostrated by my disease, as you see. And although

there was a time when I might have been thought equal to the best of you in the happiness of my private and public life, I am now in as great danger, and as much at the mercy of fortune as the meanest. Yet my days have been passed in the performance of many a religious duty, and of many a just and blameless action. Therefore my hope of the future remains unshaken, and our calamities do not appall me as they might. Who knows that they may not be lightened? For our enemies have had their full share of success, and if our expedition provoked the jealousy of any God, by this time we have been punished enough. Others ere now have attacked their neighbors; they have done as men will do, and suffered what men can bear. We may therefore begin to hope that the Gods will be more merciful to us; for we now invite their pity rather than their jealousy. And look at your own well-armed ranks; see how many brave soldiers you are, marching in solid array, and do not be dismayed; bear in mind that wherever you plant yourselves you are a city already, and that no city of Sicily will find it easy to resist your attack, or can dislodge you if you choose to settle. Provide for the safety and good order of your own march, and remember every one of you that on whatever spot a man is compelled to fight, there if he conquer he may find a home and a fortress. We must press forward day and night, for our supplies are but scanty. The Sicels, through fear of the Syracusans, still adhere to us, and if we can only reach any part of their territory we shall be among friends, and you may consider yourselves secure. We have sent to them, and they have been told to meet us and bring food. In a word, soldiers, let me tell you that you must be brave; there is no place near to which a coward can fly. And if you now escape your enemies, those of you who are not Athenians may see once more the home for which they long, while you Athenians will again rear aloft the fallen greatness of Athens. For men, and not walls or ships in which are no men, constitute a state."

Thus exhorting his troops Nicias passed through the army, and wherever he saw gaps in the ranks or the men dropping out of line, he brought them back to their proper place. Demosthenes did the same for the troops under his command, and gave them similar exhortations. The army marched disposed in a hollow oblong: the division of Nicias leading, and that of Demosthenes following; the hoplites inclosed within

their ranks the baggage bearers and the rest of the army. When they arrived at the ford of the river Anapus they found a force of the Syracusans and of their allies drawn up to meet them; these they put to flight, and getting command of the ford, proceeded on their march. The Syracusans continually harassed them, the cavalry riding alongside, and the light-armed troops hurling darts at them. On this day the Athenians proceeded about four and a half miles and encamped at a hill. On the next day they started early, and, having advanced more than two miles, descended into a level plain, and encamped. The country was inhabited, and they were desirous of obtaining food from the houses, and also water which they might carry with them, as there was little to be had for many miles in the country which lay before them. Meanwhile the Syracusans had gone on before them, and at a point where the road ascends a steep hill called the Acræan height, and there is a precipitous ravine on either side, were blocking up the pass by a wall. On the next day the Athenians advanced, although again impeded by the numbers of the enemy's cavalry who rode alongside, and of their javelin men who threw darts at them. For a long time the Athenians maintained the struggle, but at last retired to their own encampment. Their supplies were now cut off, because the horsemen circumscribed their movements.

In the morning they started early and resumed their march. They pressed onwards to the hill where the way was barred, and found in front of them the Syracusan infantry drawn up to defend the wall, in deep array, for the pass was narrow. Whereupon the Athenians advanced and assaulted the barrier; but the enemy, who were numerous and had the advantage of position, threw missiles upon them from the hill, which was steep, and so, not being able to force their way, they again retired and rested. During the conflict, as is often the case in the fall of the year, there came on a storm of rain and thunder, whereby the Athenians were yet more disheartened, for they thought that everything was conspiring to their destruction. While they were resting, Gylippus and the Syracusans dispatched a division of their army to raise a wall behind them across the road by which they had come; but the Athenians sent some of their own troops and frustrated their intention. They then retired with their whole army in the direction of the plain and passed the night. On the following day they

again advanced. The Syracusans now surrounded and attacked them on every side, and wounded many of them. If the Athenians advanced they retreated, but charged them when they retired, falling especially upon the hindermost of them, in the hope that, if they could put to flight a few at a time, they might strike a panic into the whole army. In this fashion the Athenians struggled on for a long time, and having advanced about three quarters of a mile rested in the plain. The Syracusans then left them and returned to their own encampment.

The army was now in a miserable plight, being in want of every necessary; and by the continual assaults of the enemy great numbers of the soldiers had been wounded. Nicias and Demosthenes, perceiving their condition, resolved during the night to light as many watch fires as possible and to lead off their forces. They intended to take another route and march towards the sea in the direction opposite to that from which the Syracusans were watching them. Now their whole line of march lay, not towards Catana, but towards the other side of Sicily, in the direction of Camarina and Gela, and the cities, Hellenic or Barbarian, of that region. So they lighted numerous fires and departed in the night. And then, as constantly happens in armies, especially in very great ones, and as might be expected when they were marching by night in an enemy's country, and with the enemy from whom they were flying not far off, there arose a panic among them, and they fell into confusion. The army of Nicias, which led the way, kept together, and was considerably in advance, but that of Demosthenes, which was the larger half, got severed from the other division, and marched in less order. At daybreak they succeeded in reaching the sea, and striking into the Helorine road marched along it, intending as soon as they arrived at the river Cacyparis to follow up the stream through the interior of the island. They were expecting that the Sicels for whom they had sent would meet them on this road. When they had reached the river they found there also a guard of the Syracusans cutting off the passage by a wall and palisade. They forced their way through, and crossing the river, passed on towards another river which is called the Erineus, this being the direction in which their guides led them.

When daylight broke and the Syracusans and their allies saw that the Athenians had departed, most of them thought that Gylippus had let them go on purpose, and were very

angry with him. They easily found the line of their retreat, and quickly following, came up with them about the time of the midday meal. The troops of Demosthenes were last; they were marching slowly and in disorder, not having recovered from the panic of the previous night, when they were overtaken by the Syracusans, who immediately fell upon them and fought. Separated as they were from the others, they were easily hemmed in by the Syracusan cavalry and driven into a narrow space. The division of Nicias was as much as six miles in advance, for he marched faster, thinking that their safety depended at such a time, not in remaining and fighting, if they could avoid it, but in retreating as quickly as they could, and resisting only when they were positively compelled. Demosthenes, on the other hand, who had been more incessantly harassed throughout the retreat, because marching last he was first attacked by the enemy, now, when he saw the Syracusans pursuing him, instead of pressing onward, had ranged his army in order of battle. Thus lingering he was surrounded, and he and the Athenians under his command were in the greatest danger and confusion. For they were crushed into a walled inclosure, having a road on both sides and planted thickly with olive trees, and missiles were hurled at them from all points. The Syracusans naturally preferred this mode of attack to a regular engagement. For to risk themselves against desperate men would have been only playing into the hands of the Athenians. Moreover, every one was sparing of his life; their good fortune was already assured, and they did not want to fall in the hour of victory. Even by this irregular mode of fighting they thought that they could overpower and capture the Athenians.

And so when they had gone on all day assailing them with missiles from every quarter, and saw that they were quite worn out with their wounds and all their other sufferings, Gylippus and the Syracusans made a proclamation, first of all to the islanders, that any of them who pleased might come over to them and have their freedom. But only a few cities accepted the offer. At length an agreement was made for the entire force under Demosthenes. Their arms were to be surrendered, but no one was to suffer death, either from violence or from imprisonment, or from want of the bare means of life. So they all surrendered, being in number six thousand, and gave up what money they had. This they threw into the hollows of

shields and filled four. The captives were at once taken to the city. On the same day Nicias and his division reached the river Erineus, which he crossed, and halted his army on a rising ground.

On the following day he was overtaken by the Syracusans, who told him that Demosthenes had surrendered, and bade him do the same. He, not believing them, procured a truce while he sent a horseman to go and see. Upon the return of the horseman bringing assurance of the fact, he sent a herald to Gylippus and the Syracusans, saying that he would agree, on behalf of the Athenian state, to pay the expenses which the Syracusans had incurred in the war, on condition that they should let his army go; until the money was paid he would give Athenian citizens as hostages, a man for a talent. Gylippus and the Syracusans would not accept these proposals, but attacked and surrounded this division of the army as well as the other, and hurled missiles at them from every side until the evening. They, too, were grievously in want of food and necessaries. Nevertheless they meant to wait for the dead of the night and then to proceed. They were just resuming their arms, when the Syracusans discovered them and raised the Pæan. The Athenians, perceiving that they were detected, laid down their arms again, with the exception of about three hundred men who broke through the enemy's guard and made their escape in the darkness as best they could.

When the day dawned Nicias led forward his army, and the Syracusans and the allies again assailed them on every side, hurling javelins and other missiles at them. The Athenians hurried on to the river Assinarus. They hoped to gain a little relief if they forded the river, for the mass of horsemen and other troops overwhelmed and crushed them; and they were worn out by fatigue and thirst. But no sooner did they reach the water than they lost all order and rushed in; every man was trying to cross first, and, the enemy pressing upon them at the same time, the passage of the river became hopeless. Being compelled to keep close together they fell one upon another, and trampled each other under foot: some at once perished, pierced by their own spears; others got entangled in the baggage and were carried down the stream. The Syracusans stood upon the further bank of the river, which was steep, and hurled missiles from above on the Athenians, who were huddled together in the deep bed of the stream and for the most part were drink-

ing greedily. The Peloponnesians came down the bank and slaughteréd them, falling chiefly upon those who were in the river. Whereupon the water at once became foul, but was drunk all the same, although muddy and dyed with blood, and the crowd fought for it.

At last, when the dead bodies were lying in heaps one upon another in the water, and the army was utterly undone, some perishing in the river, and any who escaped being cut off by the cavalry, Nicias surrendered to Gylippus, in whom he had more confidence than in the Syracusans. He entreated him and the Lacedæmonians to do what they pleased with himself, but not to go on killing the men. So Gylippus gave the word to make prisoners. Thereupon the survivors, not including, however, a large number whom the soldiers concealed, were brought in alive. As for the three hundred who had broken through the guard in the night, the Syracusans sent in pursuit and seized them. The total of the public prisoners when collected was not great; for many were appropriated by the soldiers, and the whole of Sicily was full of them, they not having capitulated like the troops under Demosthenes. A large number also perished, — the slaughter at the river being very great, quite as great as any which took place in the Sicilian war; and not a few had fallen in the frequent attacks which were made upon the Athenians during their march. Still, many escaped, some at the time, others ran away after an interval of slavery, and all these found refuge at Catana.

The Syracusans and their allies collected their forces and returned with the spoil, and as many prisoners as they could take with them, into the city. The captive Athenians and allies they deposited in the quarries, which they thought would be the safest place of confinement. Nicias and Demosthenes they put to the sword, although against the will of Gylippus. For Gylippus thought that to carry home with him to Lacedæmon the generals of the enemy, over and above all his other successes, would be a brilliant triumph. One of them, Demosthenes, happened to be the greatest foe, and the other the greatest friend, of the Lacedæmonians, both in the same matter of Pylos and Sphacteria. For Nicias had taken up their cause, and had persuaded the Athenians to make the peace which set at liberty the prisoners taken in the island. The Lacedæmonians were grateful to him for the service, and this was the main reason why he trusted Gylippus and surrendered himself to him.

But certain Syracusans, who had been in communication with him, were afraid (such was the report) that on some suspicion of their guilt he might be put to the torture and bring trouble on them in the hour of their prosperity. Others, and especially the Corinthians, feared that, being rich, he might by bribery escape and do them further mischief. So the Syracusans gained the consent of the allies and had him executed. For these or the like reasons he suffered death. No one of the Hellenes in my time was less deserving of so miserable an end; for he lived in the practice of every virtue.

Those who were imprisoned in the quarries were at the beginning of their captivity harshly treated by the Syracusans. There were great numbers of them, and they were crowded in a deep and narrow place. At first the sun by day was still scorching and suffocating, for they had no roof over their heads, while the autumn nights were cold, and the extremes of temperature engendered violent disorders. Being cramped for room they had to do everything on the same spot. The corpses of those who died from their wounds, exposure to the weather, and the like, lay heaped one upon another. The smells were intolerable; and they were at the same time afflicted by hunger and thirst. During eight months they were allowed only about half a pint of water and a pint of food a day. Every kind of misery which could befall man in such a place befell them. This was the condition of all the captives for about ten weeks. At length the Syracusans sold them, with the exception of the Athenians and of any Sicilians or Italian Greeks who had sided with them in the war. The whole number of the public prisoners is not accurately known, but they were not less than seven thousand.

Of all the Hellenic actions which took place in this war, or indeed of all the Hellenic actions which are on record, this was the greatest — the most glorious to the victors, the most ruinous to the vanquished; for they were utterly and at all points defeated, and their sufferings were prodigious. Fleet and army perished from the face of the earth; nothing was saved, and of the many who went forth few returned home.

Thus ended the Sicilian expedition.

THE SACRIFICE OF ANTIGONE.

By SOPHOCLES.

(Translated by R. C. Jebb.)

[SOPHOCLES: A famous Greek tragic poet, born at Colonus, near Athens, probably in B.C. 495. He received a careful education, and at his first appearance as a tragic poet, when only twenty-seven years old, gained a victory over the veteran Æschylus. From that time until extreme old age he maintained his preëminence, obtaining the first prize more than twenty times. He also took part in political affairs, and during the Samian War (B.C. 440) was one of the ten generals acting jointly with Pericles. Of the one hundred and thirty dramas ascribed to him, only seven are preserved complete: "Trachiniæ," "Ajax," "Philoctetes," "Electra," "Œdipus Tyrannus," "Œdipus at Colonus," and "Antigone." Among the innovations which Sophocles made in the drama were the introduction of a third actor, the increase of the number of the chorus from twelve to fifteen, and the perfection of costumes and decoration.]

[Thebes has been besieged by an Argive army, the allies of the exile Polyneices, whom his brother Eteocles had driven out of Thebes that he himself might be sole king. But on the day before, the two brothers had slain each other in single fight. Creon, their uncle, is now king. The Argive army has lost six other leaders and fled.]

ANTIGONE AND ISMENE.

Antigone — Ismene, my sister, mine own dear sister, knowest thou what ill there is, of all bequeathed by Œdipus, that Zeus fulfills not for us twain while we live? Nothing painful is there, nothing fraught with ruin, no shame, no dishonor, that I have not seen in thy woes and mine. And now what new edict is this of which they tell, that our Captain hath just published to all Thebes? Knowest thou aught? Hast thou heard? Or is it hidden from thee that our friends are threatened with the doom of our foes?

Ismene — No word of friends, Antigone, gladsome or painful, hath come to me, since we two sisters were bereft of brothers twain, killed in one day by a twofold blow; and since in this last night the Argive host hath fled, I know no more, whether my fortune be brighter or more grievous.

Antigone — I knew it well, and therefore sought to bring thee beyond the gates of the court, that thou mightest hear alone.

Ismene — What is it? 'Tis plain that thou art brooding on some dark tidings.

Antigone — What, hath not Creon destined our brothers, the one to honored burial, the other to unburied shame? Eteocles, they say, with due observance of right and custom, he hath laid in the earth, for his honor among the dead below. But the hapless corpse

of Polyneices — as rumor saith, it hath been published to the town that none shall entomb him or mourn, but leave unwept, unsepulchered, a welcome store for the birds, as they espy him, to feast on at will. Such, 'tis said, is the edict that the good Creon hath set forth for thee and for me, — yes, for *me*, — and is coming hither to proclaim it clearly to those who know it not; nor counts the matter light, but, whoso disobeys in aught, his doom is death by stoning before all the folk. Thou knowest it now; and thou wilt soon show whether thou art nobly bred, or the base daughter of a noble line.

Ismene — Poor sister, — and if things stand thus, what could I help to do or undo?

Antigone — Consider if thou wilt share the toil and the deed.

Ismene — In what venture? What can be thy meaning?

Antigone — Wilt thou aid this hand to lift the dead?

Ismene — Thou wouldst bury him, — when 'tis forbidden to Thebes?

Antigone — I will do my part — and thine, if thou wilt not — to a brother. False to him will I never be found.

Ismene — Ah, overbold! when Creon hath forbidden?

Antigone — Nay, he hath no right to keep me from mine own.

Ismene — Ah me! think, sister, how our father perished, amid hate and scorn, when sins bared by his own search had moved him to strike both eyes with self-blinding hand; then the mother wife, two names in one, with twisted noose did despite unto her life; and last, our two brothers in one day — each shedding, hapless one, a kinsman's blood — wrought out with mutual hands their common doom. And now *we* in turn — we two left all alone — think how we shall perish, more miserably than all the rest, if, in defiance of the law, we brave a king's decree or his powers. Nay, we must remember, first, that we were born women, as who should not strive with men; next, that we are ruled of the stronger, so that we must obey in these things, and in things yet sorer. I, therefore, asking the Spirits Infernal to pardon, seeing that force is put on me herein, will hearken to our rulers; for 'tis witless to be over-busy.

Antigone — I will not urge thee, — no, nor, if thou yet shouldst have the mind, wouldst thou be welcome as a worker with *me*. Nay, be what thou wilt; but I will bury him: well for me to die in doing that. I shall rest, a loved one with him whom I have loved, sinless in my crime; for I owe a longer allegiance to the dead than to the living: in that world I shall abide forever. But if *thou* wilt, be guilty of dishonoring laws which the gods have stablished in honor.

Ismene — I do them no dishonor; but to defy the State, — I have no strength for that.

Antigone — Such be thy plea: I, then, will go to heap the earth above the brother whom I love.

Ismene — Alas, unhappy one! How I fear for thee!

Antigone — Fear not for me; guide thine own fate aright.

Ismene — At least, then, disclose this plan to none, but hide it closely — and so, too, will I.

Antigone — Oh, denounce it! Thou wilt be far more hateful for thy silence, if thou proclaim not these things to all.

Ismene — Thou hast a hot heart for chilling deeds.

Antigone — I know that I please where I am most bound to please.

Ismene — Aye, if thou canst; but thou wouldst what thou canst not.

Antigone — Why, then, when my strength fails, I shall have done.

Ismene — A hopeless quest should not be made at all.

Antigone — If thus thou speakest, thou wilt have hatred from me, and wilt justly be subject to the lasting hatred of the dead. But leave me, and the folly that is mine alone, to suffer this dread thing; for I shall not suffer aught so dreadful as an ignoble death.

Ismene — Go, then, if thou must; and of this be sure, — that, though thine errand is foolish, to thy dear ones thou art truly dear.

ANTIGONE AND CREON.

Creon — Thou — thou whose face is bent to earth — dost thou avow, or disavow, this deed?

Antigone — I avow it; I make no denial.

Creon [*to Guard*] — Thou canst betake thee whither thou wilt, free and clear of a grave charge. [*Exit Guard.*

[*To Antigone*] — Now tell me thou — not in many words, but briefly — knewest thou that an edict had forbidden this?

Antigone — I knew it: could I help it? It was public.

Creon — And thou didst indeed dare to transgress that law?

Antigone — Yes; for it was not Zeus that had published me that edict; not such are the laws set among men by the Justice who dwells with the gods below; nor deemed I that thy decrees were of such force, that a mortal could override the unwritten and unfailing statutes of heaven. For their life is not of to-day or yesterday, but from all time, and no man knows when they were first put forth. Not through dread of any human pride could I answer to the gods for breaking *these*. Die I must, — I knew that well (how should I not?) — even without thy edicts. But if I am to die before my time, I count that a gain: for when any one lives, as I do, compassed about with evils, can such an one find aught but gain in death? So for me to

meet this doom is trifling grief; but if I had suffered my mother's son to lie in death an unburied corpse, that would have grieved me; for this, I am not grieved. And if my present deeds are foolish in thy sight, it may be that a foolish judge arraigns my folly.

Chorus — The maid shows herself passionate child of passionate sire, and knows not how to bend before troubles.

Creon — Yet I would have thee know that o'er-stubborn spirits are most often humbled; 'tis the stiffest iron, baked to hardness in the fire, that thou shalt oftenest see snapped and shivered; and I have known horses that show temper brought to order by a little curb; there is no room for pride, when thou art thy neighbor's slave. — This girl was already versed in insolence when she transgressed the laws that had been set forth; and, that done, lo, a second insult, — to vaunt of this, and exult in her deed. Now verily I am no man, she is the man, if this victory shall rest with her, and bring no penalty. No! be she sister's child, or nearer to me in blood than any that worships Zeus at the altar of our house, — she and her kinsfolk shall not avoid a doom most dire; for indeed I charge that other with a like share in the plotting of this burial. And summon her, — for I saw her e'en now within, — raving, and not mistress of her wits. So oft, before the deed, the mind stands self-convicted in its treason, when folks are plotting mischief in the dark. But verily this, too, is hateful, — when one who hath been caught in wickedness then seeks to make the crime a glory.

Antigone — Wouldst thou do more than take and slay me?

Creon — No more, indeed; having that, I have all.

Antigone — Why then dost thou delay? In thy discourse there is naught that pleases me, — never may there be! — and so my words must needs be unpleasing to thee. And yet, for glory — whence could I have won a nobler, than by giving burial to mine own brother? All here would own that they thought it well, were not their lips sealed by fear. But royalty, blest in so much besides, hath the power to do and say what it will.

Creon — Thou differest from all these Thebans in that view.

Antigone — These also share it; but they curb their tongues for thee.

Creon — And art thou not ashamed to act apart from them?

Antigone — No; there is nothing shameful in piety to a brother.

Creon — Was it not a brother, too, that died in the opposite cause?

Antigone — Brother by the same mother and the same sire.

Creon — Why, then, dost thou render a grace that is impious in his sight?

Antigone — The dead man will not say that he so deems it.

Creon — Yea, if thou makest him but equal in honor with the wicked.

Antigone — It was his brother, not his slave, that perished.

Creon — Wasting this land; while *he* fell as its champion.

Antigone — Nevertheless, Hades desires these rites.

Creon — But the good desires not a like portion with the evil.

Antigone — Who knows but this seems blameless in the world below?

Creon — A foe is never a friend — not even in death.

Antigone — 'Tis not my nature to join in hating, but in loving.

Creon — Pass, then, to the world of the dead, and, if thou must needs love, love them. While I live, no woman shall rule me.

Enter ISMENE *from the house, led in by two* ATTENDANTS.

Chorus — Lo, yonder Ismene comes forth, shedding such tears as fond sisters weep; a cloud upon her brow casts its shadow over her darkly flushing face, and breaks in rain on her fair cheek.

Creon — And thou, who, lurking like a viper in my house, was secretly draining my life blood, while I knew not that I was nurturing two pests, to rise against my throne — come, tell me now, wilt thou also confess thy part in this burial, or wilt thou forswear all knowledge of it?

Ismene — I have done the deed, — if she allows my claim, — and share the burden of the charge.

Antigone — Nay, justice will not suffer thee to do that: thou didst not consent to the deed, nor did I give thee part in it.

Ismene — But, now that ills beset thee, I am not ashamed to sail the sea of trouble at thy side.

Antigone — Whose was the deed, Hades and the dead are witnesses: a friend in words is not the friend that I love.

Ismene — Nay, sister, reject me not, but let me die with thee, and duly honor the dead.

Antigone — Share not thou my death, nor claim deeds to which thou hast not put thy hand: my death will suffice.

Ismene — And what life is dear to me, bereft of thee?

Antigone — Ask Creon; all thy care is for him.

Ismene — Why vex me thus, when it avails thee naught?

Antigone — Indeed, if I mock, 'tis with pain that I mock thee.

Ismene — Tell me, — how can I serve thee, even now?

Antigone — Save thyself: I grudge not thy escape.

Ismene — Ah, woe is me! And shall I have no share in thy fate?

Antigone — Thy choice was to live: mine, to die.

Ismene — At least thy choice was not made without my protest.

Antigone — One world approved thy wisdom; another, mine.

Ismene — Howbeit, the offense is the same for both of us.

Antigone — Be of good cheer; thou livest; but my life hath long been given to death, that so I might serve the dead.

Creon — Lo, one of these maidens hath newly shown herself foolish, as the other hath been since her life began.

Ismene — Yea, O King, such reason as nature may have given abides not with the unfortunate, but goes astray.

Creon — Thine did, when thou choosest vile deeds with the vile.

Ismene — What life could I endure, without her presence?

Creon — Nay, speak not of her "presence"; she lives no more.

Ismene — But wilt thou slay the betrothed of thine own son?

Creon — Nay, there are other fields for him to plow.

Ismene — But there can never be such love as bound him to her.

Creon — I like not an evil wife for my son.

Antigone — Hæmon, beloved! How thy father wrongs thee!

Creon — Enough, enough of thee and of thy marriage!

Chorus — Wilt thou indeed rob thy son of this maiden?

Creon — 'Tis Death that shall stay these bridals for me.

Chorus — 'Tis determined, it seems, that she shall die.

Creon — Determined, yes, for thee and for me. — [*To the two* ATTENDANTS.] No more delay — servants, take them within! Henceforth they must be women, and not range at large; for verily even the bold seek to fly, when they see Death now closing on their life.

[*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS, *guarding* ANTIGONE *and* ISMENE.

CREON AND HÆMON.

Creon — We shall know soon, better than seers could tell us. — My son, hearing the fixed doom of thy betrothed, art thou come in rage against thy father? Or have I thy good will, act how I may?

Hæmon — Father, I am thine; and thou, in thy wisdom, tracest for me rules which I shall follow. No marriage shall be deemed by me a greater gain than thy good guidance.

Creon — Yea, this, my son, should be thy heart's fixed law, — in all things to obey thy father's will. 'Tis for this that men pray to see dutiful children grow up around them in their homes, — that such may requite their father's foe with evil, and honor, as their father doth, his friend. But he who begets unprofitable children — what shall we say that he hath sown, but troubles for himself, and much triumph for his foes? Then do not thou, my son, at pleasure's beck, dethrone thy reason for a woman's sake; knowing that this is a joy that soon grows cold in clasping arms, — an evil woman to share thy bed and thy home. For what wound could strike deeper than a false friend? Nay, with loathing, and as if she were thine enemy, let this girl go to find a husband in the house of Hades. For since I have taken her, alone of all the city, in open disobedience, I will not make myself a liar to my people — I will slay her. So

let her appeal as she will to the majesty of kindred blood. If I am to nurture mine own kindred in naughtiness, needs must I bear with it in aliens. He who does his duty in his own household will be found righteous in the State also. But if any one transgresses, and does violence to the laws, or thinks to dictate to his rulers, such an one can win no praise from me. No, whomsoever the city may appoint, that man must be obeyed, in little things and great, in just things and unjust; and I should feel sure that one who thus obeys would be a good ruler no less than a good subject, and in the storm of spears would stand his ground where he was set, loyal and dauntless at his comrade's side. But disobedience is the worst of evils. This it is that ruins cities; this makes homes desolate; by this, the ranks of allies are broken into headlong rout: but, of the lives whose course is fair, the greater part owes safety to obedience. Therefore we must support the cause of order, and in no wise suffer a woman to worst us. Better to fall from power, if we must, by a man's hand; then we should not be called weaker than a woman.

Chorus — To us, unless our years have stolen our wit, thou seemest to say wisely what thou sayest.

Hæmon — Father, the gods implant reason in men, the highest of all things that we call our own. Not mine the skill — far from me be the quest! — to say wherein thou speakest not aright; and yet another man, too, might have some useful thought. At least, it is my natural office to watch, on thy behalf, all that men say, or do, or find to blame. For the dread of thy frown forbids the citizen to speak such words as would offend thine ear; but I can hear these murmurs in the dark, these moanings of the city for this maiden; "no woman," they say, "ever merited her doom less, — none ever was to die so shamefully for deeds so glorious as hers; who, when her own brother had fallen in bloody strife, would not leave him unburied, to be devoured by carrion dogs, or by any bird; — deserves not *she* the meed of golden honor?" Such is the darkling rumor that spreads in secret. For me, my father, no treasure is so precious as thy welfare. What, indeed, is a nobler ornament for children than a prospering sire's fair fame, or for sire than son's? Wear not, then, one mood only in thyself; think not that thy word, and thine alone, must be right. For if any man thinks that he alone is wise, — that in speech, or in mind, he hath no peer, — such a soul, when laid open, is ever found empty. No, though a man be wise, 'tis no shame for him to learn many things, and to bend in season. Seest thou, beside the wintry torrent's course, how the trees that yield to it save every twig, while the stiff-necked perish root and branch? And even thus he who keeps the sheet of his sail taut, and never slackens it, upsets his boat, and finishes his voyage with keel uppermost. Nay, forego thy wrath; permit thyself to change. For if I, a younger man, may offer

my thought, it were far best, I ween, that men should be all-wise by nature; but, otherwise — and oft the scale inclines not so — 'tis good also to learn from those who speak aright.

Chorus — Sire, 'tis meet that thou shouldest profit by his words, if he speaks aught in season, and thou, Hæmon, by thy father's; for on both parts there hath been wise speech.

Creon — Men of my age — are we indeed to be schooled, then, by men of his?

Hæmon — In nothing that is not right; but if I am young, thou shouldest look to my merits, not to my years.

Creon — Is it a merit to honor the unruly?

Hæmon — I could wish no one to show respect for evil-doers.

Creon — Then is not she tainted with that malady?

Hæmon — Our Theban folk, with one voice, denies it.

Creon — Shall Thebes prescribe to me how I must rule?

Hæmon — See, there thou hast spoken like a youth indeed.

Creon — Am I to rule this land by other judgment than mine own?

Hæmon — That is no city which belongs to one man.

Creon — Is not the city held to be the ruler's?

Hæmon — Thou wouldst make a good monarch of a desert.

Creon — This boy, it seems, is the woman's champion.

Hæmon — If thou art a woman; indeed, my care is for thee.

Creon — Shameless, at open feud with thy father!

Hæmon — Nay, I see thee offending against justice.

Creon — Do I offend, when I respect mine own prerogatives?

Hæmon — Thou dost not respect them, when thou tramplest on the gods' honors.

Creon — O dastard nature, yielding place to a woman!

Hæmon — Thou wilt never find me yield to baseness.

Creon — All thy words, at least, plead for that girl.

Hæmon — And for thee, and for me, and for the gods below.

Creon — Thou canst never marry her, on this side the grave.

Hæmon — Then she must die, and in death destroy another.

Creon — How! doth thy boldness run to open threats?

Hæmon — What threat is it, to combat vain resolves?

Creon — Thou shalt rue thy witless teaching of wisdom.

Hæmon — Wert thou not my father, I would have called thee unwise.

Creon — Thou woman's slave, use not wheedling speech with me.

Hæmon — Thou wouldst speak, and then hear no reply?

Creon — Sayest thou so? Now by the heaven above us — be sure of it — thou shalt smart for taunting me in this opprobrious strain. Bring forth that hated thing, that she may die forthwith in his presence — before his eyes — at her bridegroom's side!

Hæmon — No, not at my side — never think it — shall she perish; nor shalt thou ever set eyes more upon my face: — rave, then, with such friends as can endure thee. [*Exit* HÆMON.

Chorus — The man is gone, O King, in angry haste; a youthful mind, when stung, is fierce.

Creon — Let him do, or dream, more than man — good speed to him! — But he shall not save these two girls from their doom.

Chorus — Dost thou indeed purpose to slay both?

Creon — Not her whose hands are pure: thou sayest well.

Chorus — And by what doom mean'st thou to slay the other?

Creon — I will take her where the path is loneliest, and hide her, living, in a rocky vault, with so much food set forth as piety prescribes, that the city may avoid a public stain. And there, praying to Hades, the only god whom she worships, perchance she will obtain release from death; or else will learn, at last, though late, that it is lost labor to revere the dead. [*Exit* CREON.

THE DOWNFALL AND DEATH OF KING ŒDIPUS.

BY SOPHOCLES.

(Version of Edward Fitzgerald.)

ŒDIPUS, PRIEST, *and* SUPPLIANTS *assembled before his Palace Gate*, CHORUS.

Œdipus —

Children of Cadmus, and as mine to me,
When all that of the plague-struck city can
With lamentation loud, and sacrifice,
Beset the shrines and altars of the Gods
Through street and market, by the Temples twain
Of Pallas, and before the Tomb that shrouds
Ismenus his prophetic ashes — why
Be you thus gathered at my palace door,
Mute, with the Suppliant's olive branch in hand?
Asking, or deprecating, what? which I,
Not satisfied from other lips to learn,
Myself have come to hear it from your own.
You, whose grave aspect and investiture
Announce the chosen oracle of all,
Tell me the purport: I am here, you see,
As King, and Father of his people too,

To listen and what in me lies to do;
For surely mine were but a heart of stone
Not to be moved by such an embassy,
Nor feel my people's sorrows as my own.

Priest —

O Œdipus, our Father, and our King!
Of what a mingled company you see
This Supplication gathered at your door;
Even from the child who scarce has learned to creep,
Down to old age that little further can,
With all the strength of life that breathes between.
You know how all the shattered city lies
Reeling a-wreck, and cannot right herself
Under the tempest of this pestilence,
That nips the fruitful growth within the bud,
Strangles the struggling blossom in the womb,
With sudden death infects the living man,
Until the realm of Cadmus wastes, and Thebes
With her depopulation Hades feeds.
Therefore, myself and this mute company
In supplication at your altar sit,
Looking to you for succor; looking not
As to a God, but to the Man of men,
Most like the God in man's extremity:
Who, coming here a stranger to the land,
Didst overcome the Witch who with her song
Seduced, and slew the wisest and the best;
For which all but divine deliverance Thebes
Called the strange man who saved her to the throne
Left void by her hereditary king.
And now the kingdom looks to you once more —
To you, the Master of the master mind,
To save her in a worse extremity:
When men, not one by one, but troop by troop,
Fall by a plague more deadly than the Sphinx,
Till Thebes herself is left to foreign arms
Assailable — for what are wall and tower,
Divinely built and founded as they be,
Without the rampart of the man within? —
And let not what of Cadmus yet survives
From this time forth regard you as the man
Who saved them once, by worse to perish now.

Œdipus —

Alas, my children! telling me of that
My people groans with, knowing not yourselves

How more than any man among you, I,
Who bear the accumulated woes of all;
So that you find me, coming when you may,
Restlessly all day pacing up and down,
Tossing all night upon a sleepless bed,
Endeavoring all that of myself I can,
And all of Heaven implore — thus far in vain.
But if your King have seemed to pause awhile,
'Tis that I wait the issue of one hope,
Which, if accomplished, will accomplish all.
Creon, my brother, and my second self
Beside the throne I sit on, to the shrine
Of Delphian Phœbus, — man's assured appeal
In all his exigence, — I have dispatched:
And long before you gathered at my door
Within my soul was fretting, lest To-day
That should have lighted him from Delphi back
Pass over into night, and bring him not.
But come he must, and will; and when he comes,
Do I not all, so far as man may do,
To follow where the God shall point the way,
Denounce me traitor to the State I saved
And to the people who proclaimed me King.

Chorus — Your words are as a breath from Delphi, King,
Prophetic of itself; for even now
Forerunning Rumor buzzes in our ear
That he whose coming all await is here.

Œdipus — And as before the advent of a God,
The moving multitude divides — O Phœbus!
Be but the word he carries back to me
Auspicious as well-timed!

Chorus — And shall no less;
For look! the laurel wreath about his brow
Can but announce the herald of Success.

Enter CREON.

Œdipus — Son of Menœceus! Brother! Brother king! —
Oh, let impatience for the word you bring
Excuse brief welcome to the messenger!
Be but the word as welcome! —

Creon — As it shall,
Have you your ancient cunning to divine
The darker word in which the God of Light
Enshrines his answer.

Œdipus — Speak! for till I hear,
I know not whether most to hope or fear.

Creon —
Am I to speak before the people here,
Or to yourself within?
Œdipus — Here, before all,
Whose common cause it is.
Creon — To all then thus:
When Delphi reached, and at the sacred shrine
Lustration, sacrifice, and offering made,
I put the question I was charged withal,
The Prophetess of the three-footed throne,
Conceiving with the vapor of the God
Which wrapt her, rising from Earth's center, round,
At length convulsed to sudden answer broke: —
"O seven-gated City, by the Lyre
Compact, and peopled from a Dragon Sire!
Thebes feeds the Plague that slays her, nourishing
Within her walls the slayer of her King."
Œdipus —
The slayer of her King? What king?
Creon — None else
I know than Laius, son of Labdacus,
Who occupied the throne before you came;
That much of Oracle, methinks, is plain.
Œdipus —
A story rises on me from the past.
Laius, the son of Labdacus — of whom
I know indeed, but him I never saw.
Creon —
No; he was slain before you set your foot
Over the country's threshold.
Œdipus — Slain! By whom?
Creon —
That to divine were to interpret all
That Œdipus himself is called to answer.
Thus much is all we know,
The King was murdered by some roving band
Of outlaws, who waylaid him on his road
To that same Delphi, whither he had gone
On some such sacred mission as myself.
Œdipus —
Yet of those roving outlaws, one at least
Yet breathes among us in the heart of Thebes.
Creon —
So saith the Oracle.
Œdipus — In the midst of all

The citizens and subjects of the King
He slew:

Creon —
So saith the Oracle.

Œdipus — But hold!
The story of this treason — all, you say,
Now known of it, how first made known in Thebes?

Creon —
By the one man of the King's retinue,
Who having 'scaped the fate which took the rest,
As if the assassin's foot were at his heels,
Half dead with fear, just reached the city gates
With breath to tell the story.

Œdipus — And breathes still
To tell it once again?

Creon — I know not that:
For having told it, the bewildered man,
As fast as hither he had fled, fled hence,
Where, if the assassin's foot not on him then,
His eye, the God declares, were on him now —
So fled he to his native field again
Among his flocks and fellow-husbandmen.

Œdipus —
And thus the single witness you let slip,
Whose eye might even have singled out the man,
As him the man's! Oh, had I but been by,
I would have driven interrogation home,
Would the bewildered memory so have sifted
Of each minutest grain of circumstance —
How many, accoutered how, what people like —
Now, by the lapse of time and memory,
Beyond recall into oblivion passed!
But not to lose what yet of hope there is —
Let him be sent for, sought for, found, and brought.

Creon —
Meanwhile, default of him for whom you send,
Or of uncertain memory when he comes,
Were it not well, if still the God withhold
His revelation of the word we need,
To question it of his Interpreter?

Œdipus —
Of his Interpreter?

Creon — Of whom so well,
As of Tiresias, the blind Seer of Thebes,
Whose years the God hath in his service counted
Beyond all reach of human memory?

Œdipus —

So be it. But I marvel yet why Thebes,
Letting the witness slip, then unpursued,
Or undetected, left the criminal,
Whom the King's blood, by whomsoever spilt,
Cried out aloud to be revenged upon.

Creon —

What might be done we did. But how detect
The roving robber, in whatever land,
Of friend or foe alike, outlawed of all,
Wherever prey to pounce on on the wing,
Or housed in rock or forest, save to him
Unknown, or inaccessible? Besides,
Thebes soon had other business on her hand.

Œdipus —

Why, what of business to engage her more
Than to revenge the murder of her King?

Creon —

None other than the riddle-singing Sphinx
Who, till you came to silence her, held Thebes
From thinking of the dead to save herself.

Œdipus —

And leaving this which then you might have guessed,
To guess at that which none of you could solve,
You have brought home a riddle on your heads
Inextricable and more fatal far!
But I, who put the riddling Witch to rest,
This fatal riddle will unravel too,
And by swift execution following
The revelation, once more save the realm,
And wipe away the impiety and shame
Of Laius' yet unexpiated death.
For were no expiation to the God,
And to the welfare of this people due,
Were't not a shame thus unrevenged so long
To leave the slaughter of so great a King —
King Laius, the son of Labdacus,
Who from his father Polydore his blood
Direct from Cadmus and Agenor drew?
Shame to myself, who, sitting on the throne
He sat on, wedded to the very Queen
Who should have borne him children, as to me
She bore them, had not an assassin's hand
Divorced them ere their wedded life bore fruit!
Therefore to this as 'twere my father's cause,

As of my people's — nay, why not my own,
Who in his death am threatened by the hand
Of him, whose eye now follows me about? —
With the Gods' aid do I devote myself.
I, Œdipus, albeit no Theban born,
By Thebes herself enthroned her sovereign King,
Thus to the citizens of Thebes proclaim:
That whosoever of them knows by whom
King Laius, son of Labdacus, was slain,
Forthwith let him disclose it undismayed;
Yea, though the criminal himself he were,
Let not the dread of deadly consequence
Revolt him from confession of crime;
For he shall suffer nothing worse than this, —
Instant departure from the city, but
Uninjured, uninsulted, unpursued;
For though feloniously a King he slew,
Yet haply as a stranger unaware
That king was Laius; and thus the crime
Half cleared of treason, half absolved by time.
Nor, on the other hand, if any knows
Another guilty, let him not for love,
Or fear, or whatsoever else regard,
Flinch from a revelation that shall win
More from myself than aught he fears to lose —
Nay, as a second savior of the State
Shall after me be called; and who should not
Save a whole people at the cost of one?
But Him — that one — who would not at the cost
Of self-confession save himself and all —
Him — were he nearest to my heart and hearth —
Nearest and dearest — thus do I renounce:
That from the very moment that he stands,
By whatsoever, or by whom, revealed,
No man shall him bespeak, at home, abroad,
Sit with at table, nor by altar stand,
But, as the very Pestilence he were
Incarnate which this people now devours,
Him slay at once, or hoot and hunt him forth
With execration from the city walls.
But if, in spite of promise or of threat,
The man who did, or knows who did, this deed,
Still hold it in his bosom unrevealed —
That man — and he is here among us now —
Man's vengeance may escape when he forswears

Participation in the crime, but not
The Gods', himself involving in the Curse
Which, with myself and every man in Thebes,
He shall denounce upon the criminal,
The Gods invoking to withhold from him
That issue of the earth by which he lives,
That issue of the womb by which himself
Lives after him; that in the deadly curse
By which his fellows perish he and his
May perish, or, if worse there be, by worse!

Chorus —

Beside Apollo's altar standing here,
That oath I swear, that neither I myself
Nor did myself, nor know who did this deed;
And in the curse I join on him who did,
Or, knowing him who did, will not reveal.

Œdipus —

'Tis well: and, all the city's seven gates closed,
Thus solemnly shall every man in Thebes
Before the altars of his country swear.

Chorus —

Well have you done, O Master, in so far
As human hand and wit may reach; and lo!
The sacred Seer of Thebes, Tiresias,
To whom, next to God himself, we look
For Heaven's assistance, at your summons comes,
In his prophetic raiment, staff in hand,
Approaching, gravely guided as his wont,
But with a step, methinks, unwonted slow.

Enter TIRESIAS.

Tiresias, Minister and Seer of God,
Who, blind to all that others see without,
See that within to which all else are blind;
Sequestered as you are with Deity,
You know, what others only know too well,
The mortal sickness that confounds us all;
But you alone can tell the remedy.
For since the God whose Minister you are
Bids us, if Thebes would be herself again,
Revenge the murder of King Laius
By retribution on the murderer,
Who undetected walks among us now;
Unless by you, Tiresias, to whose lips,
As Phœbus his Interpreter we cling,

To catch the single word that he withholds,
And without which what he reveals is vain —
Therefore to you, Tiresias, you alone,
Do look this people and their Ruler — look,
Imploring you, by that same inward light
Which sees, to name the man who lurks unseen,
And whose live presence is the death of all.

Tiresias —
Alas! how worse than vain to be well armed
When the man's weapon turns upon himself!

Œdipus —
I know not upon whom that arrow lights.

Tiresias —
If not on him that summoned, then on him
Who, summoned, came. There is one remedy;
Let those who hither led me lead me hence.

Œdipus —
Before the single word — which you alone
Can speak — be spoken? How is this, Tiresias,
That to your King on such a summons come,
You come so much distempered?

Tiresias — For the King,
With all his wisdom, knows not what he asks.

Œdipus —
And therefore asks that he may know from you,
Seeing the God hath folded up his word
From human eyesight.

Tiresias — Why should I reveal
What He I serve has chosen to conceal?

Œdipus —
Is't not your office to interpret that
To man which he for man vouchsafes from Heaven?

Tiresias —
What Fate hath fixed to come to pass come will,
Whether revealed or not.

Œdipus — I know it must;
But Fate may cancel Fate, foretelling that
Which, unpredicted, else would come to pass.

Tiresias —
Yet none the less I tell you, Œdipus,
That you, though wise, not knowing what you ask,
I, knowing, shall not answer.

Œdipus — You will not!
Inexorable to the people's cries —
Plague-pitiless, disloyal to your King —

Tiresias —
Oh! you forsooth were taunting me but now
With my distempered humor —
Œdipus — Who would not,
When but a word, which you pretend to know,
Would save a people?
Tiresias — One of them at least
It would not.
Œdipus — Oh, scarce any man, methinks,
But would himself, though guiltless, sacrifice,
If that would ransom all.
Tiresias — Yet one, you see,
Obdurate as myself —
Œdipus —
You have not heard, perchance, Tiresias
(Unless from that prophetic voice within),
How through the city, by my herald's voice,
With excommunication, death, or banishment,
I have denounced, not him alone who did,
But him who, knowing who, will not reveal?
Tiresias —
I hear it now.
Œdipus — And are inflexible
To Fear as Pity?
Tiresias — It might be, to Fear
Inflexible by Pity; else, why fear
Invulnerable as I am in Truth,
And by the God I serve inviolate?
Œdipus —
Is not your King a Minister of Zeus,
As you of Phœbus, and the King of Thebes
Not more to be insulted or defied
Than any Priest or Augur in his realm?
Tiresias —
Implore, denounce, and threaten as you may,
What unrevealed I would, I will not say.
Œdipus —
You will not! Mark then how, default of your
Interpretation, I interpret you:
Either not knowing what you feign to know,
You lock your tongue in baffled ignorance;
Or, knowing that which you will not reveal,
I do suspect — Suspect! why, stand you not
Self-accused, self-convicted, and by me
Denounced as he, that knowing him who did,

Will not reveal — nay, might yourself have done
The deed that you with some accomplice planned,
Could those blind eyes have aimed the murderous hand?

Tiresias —

You say so! Now then, listen in your turn
To that one word which, as it leaves my lips,
By your own Curse upon the Criminal
Denounced, should be your last in Thebes to hear.
For by the unerring insight of the God
You question, Zeus his delegate though you be
Who lay this Theban people under curse
Of revelation of the murderer
Whose undiscovered presence eats away
The people's life — I tell you — You are he!

Chorus —

Forbear, old man, forbear! And you, my King,
Heed not the passion of provoked old age.

Œdipus —

And thus, in your blind passion of revenge,
You think to 'scape contempt or punishment
By tossing accusation back on me
Under Apollo's mantle.

Tiresias — Ay, and more,
Dared you but listen.

Chorus — Peace, O peace, old man!

Œdipus —

Nay, let him shoot his poisoned arrows out;
They fall far short of me.

Tiresias — Not mine, but those
Which Fate had filled my Master's quiver with,
And you have drawn upon yourself.

Œdipus — Your Master's?

Your Master's; but assuredly not His
To whom you point, albeit you see him not,
In his meridian dazzling overhead,
Who is the God of Truth as well as Light,
And knows as I within myself must know
If Memory be not false as Augury,
The words you put into his lips a Lie!
Not He, but Self — Self only — in revenge
Of self-convicted ignorance — Self alone,
Or with some self whom Self would profit by —
As were it — Creon, say — smooth, subtle Creon,
Moving by rule and weighing every word
As in the scales of Justice — but of whom

Whispers of late have reached me — Creon, ha!
Methinks I scent another Master here!
Who, wearied of but secondary power
Under an alien King, and would belike
Exalt his Prophet for good service done
Higher than ever by my throne he stood —
And, now I think on't, bade me send for you
Under the mask of Phœbus —

Chorus — Oh, forbear —
Forbear, in turn, my lord and master!

Tiresias — Nay,
Let him, in turn, his poisoned arrows, not
From Phœbus' quiver, shoot, but to recoil
When, his mad Passion having passed —

Œdipus — O vain
Prerogative of human majesty,
That one poor mortal from his fellows takes,
And, with false pomp and honor dressing up,
Lifts idol-like to what men call a Throne,
For all below to worship and assail!
That even the power which unsolicited
By aught but salutary service done
The men of Thebes committed to my hands,
Some, restless under just authority,
Or jealous of not wielding it themselves,
Even with the altar and the priest collude,
And tamper with, to ruin or to seize!
Prophet and Seer forsooth, and Soothsayer!
Why, when the singing Witch contrived the noose
Which strangled all who tried and none could loose,
Where was the Prophet of Apollo then?
'Twas not for one who poring purblind down
Over the reeking entrail of the beast,
Nor gaping to the wandering bird in air,
Nor in the empty silence of his soul
Feigning a voice of God inaudible,
Not he, nor any of his tribe — but I —
I, Œdipus, a stranger in the land,
And uninspired by all but mother wit,
Silenced and slew the monster against whom
Divine and human cunning strove in vain.
And now again when tried, and foiled again,
This Prophet — whether to revenge the past,
And to prevent discomfiture to come,
Or by some traitor aiming at my throne

Suborned to stand a greater at his side
Than peradventure e'er he stood at mine,
Would drag me to destruction! But beware!
Beware lest, blind and aged as you are,
Wrapt in supposititious sanctity,
You, and whoever he that leagues with you,
Meet a worse doom than you for me prepare.

Tiresias —
Quick to your vengeance, then; for this same day
That under Phœbus' fiery rein flies fast
Over the field of heaven, shall be the last
That you shall play the tyrant in.

Œdipus — O Thebes,
You never called me Tyrant, from the day
Since first I saved you!

Tiresias — And shall save again;
As then by coming, by departing now.
Enough: before the day that judges both
Decide between us, let them lead me home.

Œdipus —
Ay, lead him hence — home — Hades — anywhere!
Blind in his inward as his outward eye.

Tiresias —
Poor man! that in your inward vision blind,
Know not, as I, that ere this day go down,
By your own hand yourself shall be consigned
To deeper night than now you taunt me with;
When, not the King and Prophet that you were,
But a detested outcast of the land,
With other eyes and hands you feel your way
To wander through the world, begging the bread
Of execration from the stranger's hand
Denied you here, and thrust from door to door,
As though yourself the Plague you brought from Thebes;
A wretch, self-branded with the double curse
Of such unheard, unnatural infamy,
As shall confound a son in the embrace
Of her who bore him to the sire he slew!

DEMUS AND HIS SERVANTS.

By ARISTOPHANES.

(From the "Knights." Translated by John Hookham Frere.)

[ARISTOPHANES, the greatest of Greek comic poets, was born probably between B.C. 450 and 446, and died not later than B.C. 380. Little is known of his personal history beyond the allusions in his own works. His first comedy, the "Banqueters," appeared in B.C. 427, and was followed by over forty others, of which there are extant only eleven: "Acharnians," "Knights," "Clouds," "Wasps," "Peace," "Birds," "Lysistrata," "Thesmophoriazusæ," "Frogs," "Ecclesiazusæ," and "Plutus." Aristophanes is the sole extant representative of the so-called Old Comedy of Athens.]

DEMUS, an old citizen of Athens, and in whom the Athenian people are personified = the John Bull or Uncle Sam of Athens.
DEMOSTHENES } two leading generals of Athens during the Peloponnesian
NICIAS } War, represented as slaves of Demus.
CLEON, a tanner (the PAPHLAGONIAN, from παφλάζω, *I mouth* or *foam*), steward to Demus and the leading democratic politician of Athens.
SAUSAGE SELLER (afterward AGORACRITUS).
CHORUS OF KNIGHTS.

Scene: Space before DEMUS' *House.*

After a noise of lashes and screams from behind the scenes, DEMOSTHENES *and* NICIAS *enter in the dress of slaves.*

Demosthenes —

Out! out alas! what a scandal! what a shame!
May Jove in his utter wrath crush and confound
That rascally new-bought Paphlagonian slave!
For from the very first day that he came —
Brought here for a plague and a mischief amongst us all —
We're beaten and abused continually.

Nicias [*whimpering*] —

I say so too, with all my heart I do,
A rascal, with his scandals and his lies!
A rascally Paphlagonian! so he is!

Demosthenes —

Well, come now, if you like, I'll state your case
To the audience here before us. [*To the audience.*] Here are we
A couple of servants — with a master at home
Next door to the hustings — He's a man in years,

A kind of bean-fed[1] husky, testy character,
Choleric and brutal at times, and partly deaf.
It's near about a month now that he went
And bought a slave out of a tanner's yard,
A Paphlagonian born, and brought him home,
As wicked a slanderous wretch as ever lived.
This fellow, the Paphlagonian, has found out
The blind side of our master's understanding.
Moreover, when we get things out of compliment
As a present from our master, he contrives
To snatch 'em and serve 'em up before our faces.
I'd made a Spartan cake at Pylos lately,[2]
And mixed and kneaded it well, and watched the baking;
But he stole round before me and served it up:
And he never allows us to come near our master
To speak a word; but stands behind his back
At mealtimes, with a monstrous leather flyflap,
Slapping and whisking it round and rapping us off.
[*Turning to* NICIAS]—
So now, my worthy fellow, we must take
A fixed determination. Where's the Paphlagonian?

Nicias—
He's fast asleep—within there, on his back,
On a heap of hides—the rascal! with a belly full
With a hash of confiscations half digested.

Demosthenes—
That's well!—Now fill me a hearty, lusty draught.

Nicias—
Make the libation first, and drink this cup
To the good Genius.

Demosthenes [*after a long draught*]—
O most worthy Genius!
Good Genius! 'tis your genius that inspires me!

[DEMOSTHENES *remains in a sort of drunken burlesque ecstasy.*

Nicias—
Why, what's the matter?

Demosthenes— I'm inspired to tell you
That you must steal the Paphlagonian's oracles
Whilst he's asleep.

Nicias— Oh dear, then, I'm afraid.
[*Exit* NICIAS.

[1] Allusion to the beans used in balloting.

[2] After Demosthenes had blockaded four hundred of the principal citizens of Sparta in an island in the bay of Pylos, Cleon was sent to supersede him. Aided by the advice of Demosthenes, whom he retained as his lieutenant, he compelled the Spartans to surrender.

Demosthenes —
Come, I must meditate, and consult my pitcher;
And moisten my understanding a little more.
[*While* NICIAS *is absent,* DEMOSTHENES *is drinking repeatedly and getting drunk.*
Nicias [*reëntering with a packet*] —
How fast asleep the Paphlagonian was!
How mortally, Lord bless me! did he snore!
However, I've contrived to carry off
The sacred Oracle that he kept so secret.
I've stolen it from him.
Demosthenes [*very drunk*] — That's my clever fellow!
Here, give us hold; I must read them.
[*With the papers in his hand.*
Ay, there it is, — you rascally Paphlagonian!
This was the prophecy that you kept so secret.
Nicias —
What's there?
Demosthenes — Why, there's a thing to ruin him,
With the manner of his destruction all foretold.
Nicias —
As how?
Demosthenes [*very drunk*] —
Why, the Oracle tells you how, distinctly,
And all about it — in a perspicuous manner —
That a jobber in hemp and flax is first ordained
To hold the administration of affairs.[1]
Nicias —
Well, there's one jobber. Who's the next? Read on!
Demosthenes —
A cattle jobber must succeed to him.[1]
Nicias —
More jobbers! well — then what becomes of him?
Demosthenes —
He, too, shall prosper, till a viler rascal
Shall be raised up and shall prevail against him,
In the person of a Paphlagonian tanner,
A loud, rapacious, leather-selling ruffian.
Nicias —
Is it foretold, then, that the cattle jobber
Must be destroyed by the seller of leather?
Demosthenes — Yes.

[1] After the death of Pericles, Eucrates and Lysicles were the leaders of the people for a short time.

Nicias —
Oh, dear! our sellers and jobbers are at an end.
Demosthenes —
Not yet; there's still another to succeed him,
Of a most uncommon notable occupation.
Nicias —
Who's that? Do tell me!
Demosthenes — Must I?
Nicias — To be sure —
Demosthenes —
A sausage seller it is that supersedes him.
Nicias —
A sausage seller! marvelous, indeed!
Most wonderful! But where can he be found?
Demosthenes —
We must seek him out.
Nicias — But see there, where he comes!
Sent hither providentially, as it were!
Demosthenes —
O happy man! celestial sausage seller!
Friend, guardian, and protector of us all:
Come forward; save your friends, and save the country.
Sausage Seller —
Do you call me?
Demosthenes — Yes, we called to you to announce
The high and happy destiny that awaits you.
Nicias —
Come now, you should set him free from the incumbrance
Of his table and basket; and explain to him
The tenor and the purport of the Oracle,
While I go back to watch the Paphlagonian.
[*Exit* NICIAS.
Demosthenes [*to the* SAUSAGE SELLER, *gravely*] —
Set these poor wares aside; and now, — bow down
To the ground; and adore the powers of earth and heaven.
Sausage Seller —
Heyday! Why, what do you mean?
Demosthenes — O happy man!
Unconscious of your glorious destiny,
Now mean and unregarded; but to-morrow,
The mightiest of the mighty, Lord of Athens!
Sausage Seller —
Come, master, what's the use of making game?
Why can't ye let me wash the guts and tripe,
And sell my sausages in peace and quiet?

Demosthenes —
O simple mortal, cast these thoughts aside!
Bid guts and tripe farewell! — Look there! — Behold
[*Pointing to the audience.*
The mighty assembled multitude before ye!
Sausage Seller [*with a grumble of indifference*] —
I see 'em.
Demosthenes — You shall be their lord and master,
The sovereign and ruler of them all,
Of the assemblies and tribunals, fleets and armies.
You shall trample down the Senate underfoot,
Confound and crush the generals and commanders,
Arrest, imprison, and confine in irons.
Sausage Seller —
What I?
Demosthenes — Yes, you; because the Oracle
Predestines you to sovereign power and greatness.
Sausage Seller —
Are there any means of making a great man
Of a sausage-making fellow such as I?
Demosthenes —
The very means you have must make ye so,
Low breeding, vulgar birth, and impudence,
These, these must make ye what you're meant to be.
Sausage Seller —
I can't imagine that I'm good for much.
Demosthenes —
Alas! But why do you say so? What's the meaning
Of these misgivings? Tell me, are ye allied
To the families of the gentry?
Sausage Seller — Naugh, not I.
I'm of the lower order.
Demosthenes — What happiness! —
What a footing it will give ye! What a groundwork
For confidence and favor at the outset.
Sausage Seller —
But bless ye! only consider my education!
I can but barely read — in a kind of way.
Demosthenes —
That makes against ye! — the only thing against ye —
The being able to read in any way,
For now no lead nor influence is allowed
To liberal arts or learned education,
But to the brutal, base, and underbred.

Sausage Seller —
Still, I'm partly doubtful how I could
Contrive to manage an administration.
Demosthenes —
The easiest thing in nature! — nothing easier!
Stick to your present practice: follow it up
In your new calling. Mangle, mince, and mash,
Confound and hack and jumble things together!
And interlard your rhetoric with lumps
Of mawkish, sweet, and greasy flattery.
Be fulsome, coarse, and bloody! — For the rest,
All qualities combine, all circumstances.
To entitle and equip you for command,
A filthy voice, a villainous countenance,
A vulgar birth and parentage and breeding.
Place then this chaplet on your brow and rouse
Your spirits to meet him.
Sausage Seller — Ay, but who will help me?
For all our wealthier people are alarmed
And terrified at him; and the meaner sort
In a manner stupefied, grown dull and dumb.
Demosthenes —
Why there's a thousand lusty cavaliers,
Ready to back you, that detest and scorn him;
And every worthy, well-born citizen;
And every candid, critical spectator;
And I myself; and the help of Heaven to boot. —
Nicias [*in alarm from behind the scenes*] —
Oh dear! oh dear! the Paphlagonian's coming.

Enter CLEON *with a furious look and voice.*

Cleon —
By heaven and earth! you shall abide it dearly,
With your conspiracies and daily plots
Against the sovereign people! Hah! what's this? —
Dogs! villains! every soul of ye shall die.
[*The* SAUSAGE SELLER *runs off in a fright.*
Demosthenes —
Where are ye going? Where are ye running? Stop!
Stand firm, my noble, valiant sausage seller!
Never betray the cause. Your friends are nigh.
[*During the last lines the* CHORUS OF KNIGHTS *are entering.*
[*To the Chorus*] —
Cavaliers and noble captains, now's the time! advance in sight!

March in order — make the movement, and outflank him on the right!

[*To the Sausage Seller*] —

There I see them bustling, hasting! — only turn and make a stand,

Stop but only for a moment, your allies are hard at hand.

[*The* CHORUS, *after occupying their position in the orchestra, begin their attack on* CLEON.]

Chorus —

Close around him and confound him, the confounder of us all.

Pelt and pummel him and maul him; rummage, ransack, overhaul him,

Overbear him and out-bawl him; bear him down and bring him under.

Bellow, like a burst of thunder, robber! harpy! sink of plunder!

Rogue and villain! rogue and cheat! rogue and villain I repeat!

Oftener than I can repeat it, has the rogue and villain cheated.

Close around him left and right; spit upon him, spurn and smite:

Spit upon him as you see; spurn and spit at him like me.

Cleon —

Yes! assault, insult, abuse me! this is the return I find

For the noble testimony, the memorial I designed:

Meaning to propose proposals for a monument of stone,

On the which your late achievements should be carved and neatly done.

Chorus —

Out, away with him! the slave! the pompous, empty, fawning knave!

Pelt him here and bang him there; and here and there and everywhere.

Cleon —

Save me, neighbors! oh, the monsters! O my side, my back, my breast!

Chorus —

What! you're forced to call for help? you overbearing, brutal pest!

Sausage Seller [*turning back towards* CLEON] —

I'll astound you with my noise, with my bawling looks and voice.

Chorus —

If in bawling you surpass him, you'll achieve a victor's crown;

If again you overmatch him in impudence, the day's your own.

Cleon —
I denounce this traitor here for sailing on clandestine trips,
With supplies of tripe and stuffing to careen the Spartan ships.
Sausage Seller —
I denounce then and accuse him for a greater worse abuse:
That he steers his empty paunch and anchors at the public board;
Running in without a lading to return completely stored!
Chorus —
Yes! and smuggles out moreover loaves and luncheons not a few,
More than ever Pericles, in all his pride, presumed to do.
Cleon [*in a thundering tone*] —
Dogs and villains, you shall die!
Sausage Seller [*in a still louder tone*] —
Ay! I can scream ten times as high.
Cleon —
I'll overbear ye and out-bawl ye.
Sausage Seller —
But I'll out-scream ye and out-squall ye.
Cleon —
What! do you venture to invade
My proper calling and my trade?
Chorus to CLEON —
Even in your tender years,
And your early disposition,
You betrayed an inward sense
Of the conscious impudence
Which constitutes a politician.
Hence you squeeze and drain alone the rich milch kine of our allies;
Whilst the son of Hippodamus licks his lips with longing eyes.
But now with eager rapture we behold
A mighty miscreant of baser mold!
A more consummate ruffian!
An energetic, ardent ragamuffin!
Behold him there! — He stands before your eyes
To bear you down, with a superior frown,
A fiercer stare,
And more incessant and exhaustless lies.
[*To the Sausage Seller*] —
Now then do you that boast a birth from whence you might inherit,

And from your breeding have derived a manhood and a spirit
Unbroken by the rules of art, untamed by education,
Show forth the native impudence and vigor of the nation!

Sausage Seller —
Well; if you like then, I'll describe the nature of him clearly,
The kind of rogue I've known him for.

Cleon — My friend, you're somewhat early.
First give *me* leave to speak.

Sausage Seller — I won't, by Jove! Ay, you may bellow!
I'll make you know before I go that I'm the baser fellow.

Chorus —
Ay! stand to that! Stick to the point; and for a further glory,
Say that your family were base time out of mind before ye.

Cleon —
Let me speak first.

Sausage Seller — I won't.

Cleon — You shall, by Jove!

Sausage Seller — I won't, by Jove, though!

Cleon —
By Jupiter, I shall burst with rage!

Sausage Seller — No matter, I'll prevent you.

Chorus —
No, don't prevent, for Heaven's sake! don't hinder him from bursting.

Cleon —
I'll have ye pilloried in a trice.

Sausage Seller —
I'll have you tried for cowardice.

Cleon —
I'll tan your hide to cover seats.

Sausage Seller —
Yours shall be made a purse for cheats
The luckiest skin that could be found.

Cleon —
Dog, I'll pin you to the ground
With ten thousand tenter-hooks.

Sausage Seller —
I'll prepare you for the cooks,
Neatly prepared, with skewers and lard.

Cleon —
I'll pluck your eyebrows off, I will.

Sausage Seller —
I'll cut your collops out, I will.

[*A scuffle ensues between the two rivals, in which the* SAUSAGE SELLER *has the best of it.*

Cleon [*released and recovering himself*]—

May I never eat a slice at any public sacrifice,
If your effrontery and pretense shall daunt my steadfast impudence.

Sausage Seller [*to the* CHORUS]—

Oh, there were many pretty tricks I practiced as a child;
Haunting about the butchers' shops, the weather being mild,
"See, boys," says I, "the swallow there! Why, summer's come, I say."
And when they turned to gape and stare, I snatched a steak away.

Chorus—

A clever lad you must have been, you managed matters rarely,
To steal at such an early age, so seasonable and fairly!

Sausage Seller—

But if by chance they spied it, I contrived to hide it handily,
Clapping it in between my hams, tight and close and even,
Calling on all the powers above and all the gods in heaven;
And there I stood and made it good with staring and forswearing;
So that a statesman wise and good, a ruler shrewd and witty,
Was heard to say, "That boy one day will surely rule the city."

Chorus—

'Twas fairly guessed, by the true test, by your address and daring.
First in stealing, then concealing, and again in swearing.

Cleon—

I'll settle ye! yes, both of ye! The storm of elocution
Is rising here within my breast, to drive ye to confusion,
And with a wild commotion overwhelm the land and ocean.

Sausage Seller—

But I'll denounce ye
And I'll trounce ye.

Cleon—

Go for a paltry vulgar slave.

Sausage Seller—

Get out for a designing slave.

Chorus—

Give him back the cuff you got!

Cleon—

Murder! Help! A plot! A plot!
I'm assaulted and beset!

Chorus —
Strike him harder! harder yet!
Pelt him — Rap him!
Slash him — Slap him
Across the chops there, with a wipe
Of your entrails and your tripe.
Keep him down. The day's your own.
O cleverest of human kind! the stoutest and the boldest,
The savior of the state and us, the friends that thou beholdest;
No words can speak our gratitude; all praise appears too little.
You've fairly done the rascal up; you've nicked him to a tittle.

Cleon —
Now I'll set off this instant to the Senate,
To inform them of your conspiracies and treasons.
By Hercules, I'll have ye crucified! [*Exit* CLEON.

Chorus [*to the* SAUSAGE SELLER] —
Rouse up your powers! If ever in your youth
You swindled and forswore as you profess,
The time is come to show it. Now this instant
He's hurrying headlong to the senate house
To accuse us all, to storm and rage and rave.

Sausage Seller —
Well, I'll be off.

Chorus — Make haste.

Sausage Seller — Why, so I do. [*Exit.*

Chorus —
Show blood and game. Drive at him and denounce him!
Dash at his comb, his coxcomb; cuff it soundly!
Peck, scratch and tear, conculcate, clapper, claw!
And then return in glory to your friends.
[*Reëntrance of the* SAUSAGE SELLER.
O best of men! thou tightest, heartiest fellow!
Say what was the result of your attempt.

Sausage Seller —
Ay, ay — it's well worth hearing, I can tell ye;
I followed after him to the senate house;
And there was he roaring his biggest words
To crush the cavaliers, calling them traitors,
Conspirators — what not? There sat the Senate,
With their arms folded and their eyebrows bent,
Like persons utterly humbugged and bamboozled.
Seeing the state of things, I paused awhile,
Praying in secret with an under voice: —

"Ye influential, impudential Powers
Of sauciness and jabber, slang and jaw!
Ye spirits of the market place and street,
Where I was reared and bred — befriend me now!
Grant me a voluble utterance and a vast,
Unbounded voice, and steadfast impudence!"
Then burst I through the crowd and bustled up,
And bolted in at the wicket, and bawled out: —
"News! news! I've brought you news! the best of news!
Yes, senators, since first the war began,
There never has been known, till now — this morning,
Such a haul of pilchards." Then they smiled, and seemed
All tranquilized and placid at the prospect
Of pilchards being likely to be cheap.
I then proceeded and proposed a vote
To meet the emergence secretly and suddenly:
To seize at once the trays of all the workmen,
And go with them to market to buy pilchards
Before the price was raised. Immediately
They applauded, and sat gaping all together,
Attentive and admiring. He perceived it;
And framed a motion suited, as he thought,
To the temper of the assembly. "I move," says he,
"That, on occasion of this happy news,
We should proclaim a general thanksgiving,
With a festival moreover, and a sacrifice
Of a hundred head of oxen to the goddess."
Then, seeing he meant to drive me to the wall
With his hundred oxen, I overbid him at once,
And said, "Two hundred!" and proposed a vow
"For a thousand goats to be offered to Diana,
Whenever sprats should fall to forty a penny."
With that the Senate smiled on me again,
And he grew stupefied and lost and stammering;
And, attempting to interrupt the current business,
Was called to order and silence, and put down.

[*Enter* CLEON.]

Cleon —
May I perish and rot, but I'll consume and ruin ye;
I'll leave no trick, no scheme untried, to do it.

Sausage Seller —
It makes me laugh, it amuses one to see him
Bluster and storm! I whistle and snap my fingers.

Cleon —
You sha'n't insult me, as you did before the Senate.
Come, come before the Assembly.
Sausage Seller [*coolly and dryly*] —
Ay, yes; why not?
With all my heart! Let's go there. What should hinder us?

The scene is supposed to be in front of DEMUS' *house.*

Cleon —
My dear, good Demus, do step out a moment!
Sausage Seller —
My dearest little Demus, do step out!
Demus —
Who's there? Keep off! What a racket you are making!
Bawling and caterwauling about the door,
To affront the house and scandalize the neighbors.
Cleon —
Come out; do you see yourself how I'm insulted?
Demus —
O my poor Paphlagonian! What's the matter?
Who has insulted you?
Cleon — I'm waylaid and beaten,
By that rogue there, and the rakehelly young fellows,
All for your sake.
Demus — How so?
Cleon — Because I love you,
And court you, and wait on you to win your favor.
Demus —
And you there, sirrah! Tell me what are you?
Sausage Seller [*very rapidly and eagerly*] —
A lover of yours and a rival of his, this long time,
That have wished to oblige ye and serve ye in every way.
And many there are besides, good gentlefolks,
That adore ye, and wish to pay their court to ye,
But he contrives to baffle and drive them off.
In short, you're like the silly, spendthrift heirs,
That keep away from civil, well-bred company
To pass their time with grooms and low companions,
Cobblers and curriers, tanners, and such like.
Cleon —
Well, Demus, call an assembly then directly
To decide between us which is your best friend;
And when you've settled it, fix and keep to him.

The scene changes and discovers the Pnyx with CLEON *on the bema in an oratorical attitude.*

Cleon —

To Minerva the sovereign goddess I call,
Our guide and defender, the hope of us all;
With a prayer and a vow, — that even as now —
If I'm truly your friend, unto my life's end,
I may dine in the hall, doing nothing at all!
But if I despise you, or ever advise you
Against what is best for your comfort and rest;
Or neglect to attend you, defend you, befriend you,
— May I perish and pine; may this carcass of mine
Be withered and dried, and curried beside;
And straps for your harness cut out from the hide.

Sausage Seller —

Then, Demus — if I tell a word of a lie,
If any man more can dote and adore,
With so tender a care, I make it my prayer,
My prayer and my wish — to be stewed in a dish;
To be sliced and slashed, minced and hashed,
And the offal remains that are left by the cook,
Dragged out to the grave with my own flesh hook.

Cleon —

O Demus. Has any man shown such a zeal,
Such a passion as I for the general weal?
Racking and screwing offenders to ruin;
With torture and threats extorting your debts.

Sausage Seller —

All this I can do, and more handily too,
With ease and dispatch; I can pilfer and snatch,
And supply you with loaves from another man's batch, —
But now to detect his saucy neglect —
He leaves you to rest on a seat of the rock
Naked and bare, without comfort or care,
Whilst I — Look ye there! — have quilted and wadded
And tufted and padded this cushion so neat
To serve for your seat! Rise now, let me slip
It there under your hip, that, on board of the ship,
With the toil of the oar, was blistered and sore,
Enduring the burden and heat of the day
At the battle of Salamis working away.

Demus —

Whence was it you came? Oh, tell me your name —
Your name and your birth; for your kindness and worth
Bespeak you indeed of a patriot breed;
Of the race of Harmodius sure you must be,
So popular, gracious, and friendly to me.

Cleon —
Can he win you with ease with such trifles as these?
Sausage Seller —
With easier trifles you manage to please.
Cleon —
This is horrible quite, and his slander and spite
Has no motive in view but my friendship for you,
My zeal —
Demus —
There, have done with your slang and your stuff,
You've cheated and choused and cajoled me enough.
Sausage Seller —
My dear little Demus! you'll find it is true,
He behaves like a wretch and a villain to you;
He haunts your gardens and there he plies,
Cropping the sprouts of the young supplies,
Munching and crunching enormous rations
Of public sales and confiscations.

The struggle between the rivals now begins in good earnest. It is a contest of presents to Demus, chiefly of a culinary character, and that everlasting dish, the affair at Pylos, is again served up to the cantankerous old man, whom the poet seems determined to disgust with the only exploit which Cleon ever accomplished. The Sausage Seller has the advantage in presents for some time, until he is alarmed by learning that Cleon has got a fine dish of hare for Demus. He is disconcerted at first, and then has recourse to a stratagem. "Some ambassadors came this way to me," he says, "and *their purses seem well filled.*" "Where are they?" exclaims Cleon eagerly, turning round. The hare flesh is immediately in the hands of his rival, who presents the dainty in his own name to Demus. Cleon is naturally indignant. "I had all the trouble of catching the hare," he cries. "And I had all the trouble of dressing it," retorts the Sausage Seller. "Fools," says the practical Demus, "I care not who caught it, or who dressed it; all I regard is the hand which served it up at table." Cleon loses ground more and more. His rival proposes a new test of affection. "Let our chests be searched," says he. "It will then be seen who is the better man to Demus and his stomach." This is done, and the chest of the new candidate is found empty. "Because," says he, "I have given dear little Demus everything." In Cleon's there is

abundance of all good things, and a tempting cheese cake particularly excites Demus' surprise. "The rogue!" he cries, "to conceal such a prodigious cheese cake as this, and to have cut me off a mere morsel of it; and that, too, after I had made him a present of a crown and many other things beside." Cleon has to take off the crown (or garland) and place it on the head of his enemy. The Sausage Seller, who has now adopted the name of Agoracritus, is no sooner in power than he feeds up Demus and treats him to such a regimen that the old man becomes strong and young again. He is once more the manly, splendid fellow he was in the days of Marathon and Salamis. Of course all this has reference to the military and political events of the time.

AGORACRITUS (*the* SAUSAGE SELLER) *and* CHORUS.

Chorus —

O thou, the protector and hope of the state,
Of the isles and allies of the city, relate
What happy event do you call us to greet,
With bonfire and sacrifice filling the street?

Agoracritus —

Old Demus within has molted his skin.
I've cooked him and stewed him to render him stronger,
Many years younger, and shabby no longer.

Chorus —

O what a change! How sudden and strange!
But where is he now?

Agoracritus — On the citadel's brow,
In the lofty old town of immortal renown,
With the noble Ionian violet crown.

Chorus —

What was his vesture, his figure and gesture?
How did you leave him, and how does he look?

Agoracritus —

Joyous and bold, as when feasting of old
When his battles were ended, triumphant and splendid,
With Miltiades sitting carousing at rest,
Or good Aristides, his favorite guest.
You shall see him here straight; for the citadel gate
Is unbarred; and the hinges — you hear how they grate?

The scene changes to a view of the Propylæum.

Give a shout for the sight of the rocky old height!
And the worthy old wight that inhabits within.

Chorus —

That glorious old hill! preëminent still
For splendor of empire and honor and worth!
Exhibit him here for the Greeks to revere,
Their patron and master, the monarch of earth!

Demus comes forward in his splendid old-fashioned attire. The features of his mask are changed to those of youth, and he has throughout the scene the characteristics that, in the opinion of the Athenians, should mark youth, warmth, eagerness, with some little bashfulness and embarrassment.

Demus —

My dearest Agoracritus, come here —
I'm so obliged to you for your cookery!
I feel an altered man, you've quite transformed me.

Agoracritus —

What! I? That's nothing. If you did but know
The state you were in before, you'd worship me.

Demus —

What was I doing? How did I behave?
Do tell me — inform against me — let me know.

Agoracritus —

Why first then, if an orator in the Assembly
Began with saying, "Demus, I'm your friend,
Your faithful, zealous friend, your only friend,"
You used to chuckle, and smirk, and hold your head up.

Demus —

No, sure!

Agoracritus —

So he gained his end, and bilked and choused you.

Demus —

But did I not perceive? Was I not told?

Agoracritus —

By Jove, and you wore those ears of yours continually
Wide open or close shut, like an umbrella.

Demus —

Is it possible? Was I indeed so mere a driveler
In my old age, so superannuated?

Agoracritus —

Moreover, if a couple of orators
Were pleading in your presence, one proposing
To equip a fleet, his rival arguing
To get the same supplies distributed
To the jurymen, the patron of the juries
Carried the day — But why do you hang your head so?

Demus —
I feel ashamed of myself and my follies.
Agoracritus —
'Twas not your fault — don't think of it. Your advisers
Were most to blame. But, for the future, tell me,
Now answer me, in other respects how do you mean
To manage your affairs.
Demus — Why, first of all,
I'll have the arrears of seamen's wages paid
To a penny the instant they return to port.
Agoracritus —
There's many a worn-out salt will bless and thank ye.
Demus —
Moreover, no man that has been enrolled
Upon the list for military service
Shall have his name erased for fear or favor.
Agoracritus —
That gives a bang to Cleonymus' buckler.
Demus —
I'll not permit those fellows without beards
To harangue in our assemblies, boys or men.
Agoracritus —
It's your own fault; in part you've helped to spoil 'em.
But what do you mean to do with them for the future?
Demus —
I shall send them into the country, all the pack of them,
To learn to hunt, and leave off making laws.
Agoracritus —
And what will you say if I give you a glorious peace,
A lusty, strapping truce of thirty years?
Come forward here, my lass, and show yourself.
Demus —
By Jove, what a face and figure! I should like
To ratify and conclude incontinently.
Where did you find her?
Agoracritus — Oh, the Paphlagonian,
Of course, had huddled her out of sight, within there.
But now you've got her, take her back with you
Into the country.
Demus — But the Paphlagonian,
What shall we do to punish him? What d'ye think?
Agoracritus —
Oh, no great matter. He shall have my trade,
With an exclusive sausage-selling patent
To traffic openly at the city gates,

And garble his wares with dogs' and asses' flesh,
With a privilege, moreover, to get drunk,
And bully among the strumpets of the suburbs
And the ragamuffin waiters at the baths.

Demus —

That's well imagined; it precisely suits him;
His natural bent, it seems, his proper element
To squabble with poor trulls and low rapscallions.
As for yourself, I give you an invitation
To dine with me in the hall. You'll fill the seat
Which that unhappy villain held before.
Take this new robe! Wear it and follow me!
And you, the rest of you, conduct that fellow
To his future home and place of occupation,
The gate of the city, where the allies and foreigners
That he maltreated may be sure to find him.

[*Exeunt.*

ARISTOPHANES TO THE PUBLIC.

(From the same.)

If a veteran author had wished to engage
Our assistance to-day, for a speech from the stage,
We scarce should have granted so bold a request;
But this author of ours, as the bravest and best,
Deserves an indulgence denied to the rest,
For the courage and vigor, the scorn and the hate,
With which he encounters the pests of the state;
A thoroughbred seaman, intrepid and warm,
Steering outright, in the face of the storm.
But now for the gentle reproaches he bore
On the part of his friends, for refraining before
To embrace the profession, embarking for life
In theatrical storms and poetical strife;
He begs us to state, that for reasons of weight,
He has lingered so long, and determined so late.
For he deemed the achievements of comedy hard,
The boldest attempt of a desperate bard!
The Muse he perceived was capricious and coy, —
Though many were courting her, few could enjoy.
And he saw without reason, from season to season,
Your humor would shift, and turn poets adrift,
Requiting old friends with unkindness and treason,

Discarded in scorn as exhausted and worn.
Seeing Magnes's fate, who was reckoned of late,
For the conduct of comedy, captain and head;
That so oft on the stage, in the flower of his age,
Had defeated the Chorus his rivals had led;
With his sounds of all sort, that were uttered in sport,
With whims and vagaries unheard of before,
With feathers and wings, and a thousand gay things,
That in frolicsome fancies his Choruses wore —
When his humor was spent, did your temper relent,
To requite the delight that he gave you before?
We beheld him displaced, and expelled, and disgraced,
When his hair and his wit were grown aged and hoar.
Then he saw, for a sample, the dismal example
Of noble Cratinus so splendid and ample,
Full of spirit and blood, and enlarged like a flood,
Whose copious current tore down, with its torrent,
Oaks, ashes, and yew, with the ground where they grew,
And his rivals to boot, wrenched up by the root,
And his personal foes, who presume to oppose,
All drowned and abolished, dispersed and demolished,
And drifted headlong, with a deluge of song.
And his airs and his tunes, and his songs and lampoons,
Were recited and sung, by the old and the young —
At feasts and carousals what poet but he?
And "The Fair Amphibribe," and "The Sycophant Tree,"
"Masters and masons and builders of verse!" —
Those were the tunes that all tongues could rehearse;
But since in decay, you have cast him away,
Stript of his stops and his musical strings,
Battered and shattered, a broken old instrument,
Shoved out of sight, among rubbishy things.
His garlands are faded, and what he deems worst,
His tongue and his palate are parching with thirst;
And now you may meet him alone in the street,
Wearied and worn, tattered and torn,
All decayed and forlorn, in his person and dress;
Whom his former success should exempt from distress,
With subsistence at large, at the general charge,
And a seat with the great, at the table of state,
There to feast every day and preside at the play,
In splendid apparel, triumphant and gay.
Seeing Crates the next, always teased and perplext,
With your tyrannous temper, tormented and vext;
That with taste and good sense, without waste or expense,

From his snug little hoard provided your board
With a delicate treat, economic and neat.
Thus hitting or missing, with crowns or with hissing,
Year after year he pursued his career,
For better or worse, till he finished his course.
These precedents held him in long hesitation;
He replied to his friends, with a just observation,
"That seaman in regular order is bred
To the oar, to the helm, — and to look out ahead;
Till diligent practice has fixed in his mind
The signs of the weather, and changes of wind.
And when every point of the service is known,
Undertakes the command of a ship of his own."
For reasons like these,
If your judgment agrees
That he did not embark,
Like an ignorant spark,
Or a troublesome lout,
To puzzle and bother, and blunder about,
Give him a shout,
At his first setting out!
And all pull away
With a hearty huzza
For success to the play!
Send him away,
Smiling and gay,
Shining and florid,
With his bald forehead!

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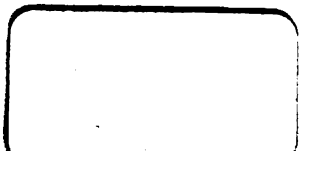

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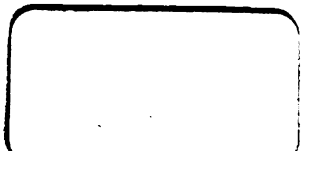

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